

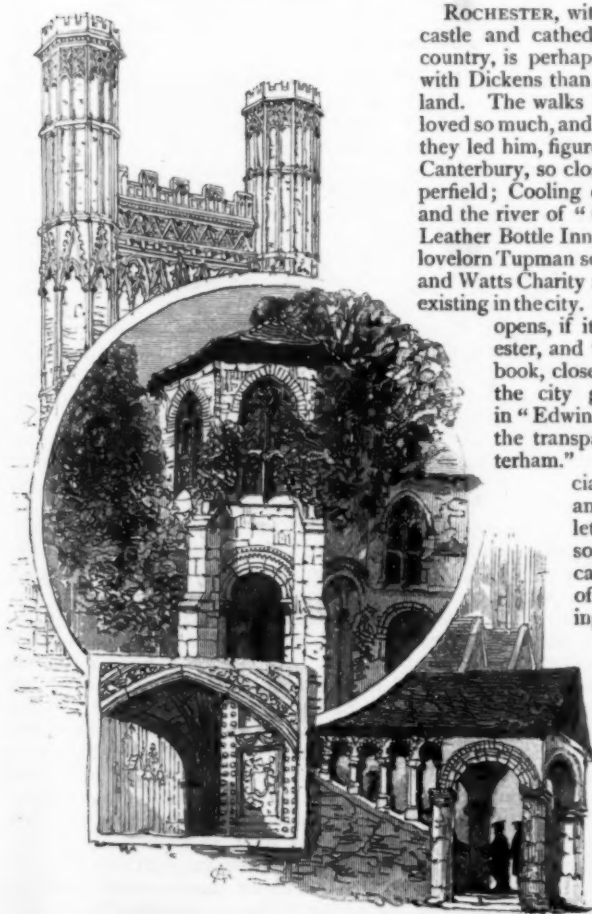
SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY.

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MR. PICKWICK AND NICHOLAS NICKLEBY.



COPPERFIELD'S RECOLLECTIONS OF CANTERBURY.

ROCHESTER, with its bridge and river, its castle and cathedral, and its surrounding country, is perhaps more closely associated with Dickens than any other place in England. The walks in the vicinity which he loved so much, and the favorite spots to which they led him, figure in many of his books:—Canterbury, so closely associated with Copperfield; Cooling church-yard, the marshes and the river of "Great Expectations," the Leather Bottle Inn, at Cobham, in which the lovelorn Tupman sought retreat. Salis House and Watts Charity are veritable buildings still existing in the city. "Pickwick," his first book, opens, if it does not begin in Rochester, and "Edwin Drood," his last book, closes there. In "Pickwick" the city goes by its own name; in "Edwin Drood" it is veiled under the transparent disguise of "Cloisterham."

So intimate is this association with Dickens's life and works that a brass tablet has been erected in the south-west transept of the cathedral, bearing as part of its inscription the following words: "To connect his memory with the scenes in which his earliest and his latest years were passed, and with the associations of Rochester Cathedral and its neighborhood, which extended over all his life."

In the immediate vicinity of the city is Gad's Hill Place, the goal toward which his childish aspirations reached out, and the



ROCHESTER CASTLE.

place where he drew his last breath. In a letter to his friend, M. de Cerjat, he speaks of the feeling with which it inspired him when scarcely more than a baby :

"It has always a curious interest for me, because, when I was a small boy down in these parts, I thought it the most beautiful house (I suppose because of its famous old cedar-trees) ever seen. And my poor father used to bring me to look at it, and used to say that, if ever I grew up to be a clever man, perhaps I might own that house, or such another house. In remembrance of which I have always, in passing, looked to see if it was to be sold or let, and it has never been to me like any other house ; it has never changed at all."

The contrast between the rollicking fun of the Pickwickians on their first outing, and the pathos of those last words which the great novelist ever penned,—the opening and closing scenes of his imaginative work,—is very striking. Jingle's "Old cathedral, too,—earthy smell—pilgrims' feet worn away the old steps—little Saxon doors—confessionals like money-takers' boxes at theaters—queer customers those monks—Popes and Lord Treasurers and all sorts of fellows," forms a pathetic contrast to the touching description of the same place in Edwin Drood : "A brilliant sun shines on the old city. Its antiquities and ruins are surpassingly beautiful, with the lusty ivy gleaming in the sun, and the rich trees waving in the balmy air. Changes of glorious light from moving boughs, songs of birds, scents from gardens, woods and fields, or rather from the one great garden of the whole cultivated island in its yielding time,—penetrate into the Cathedral, subdue

its earthy odor, and preach the Resurrection and the Life. The cold stone tombs of centuries ago grow warm, and flecks of brightness dart into the sternest marble corners of the building, fluttering there like wings."

On just such a morning as is here described, within sight of Rochester Cathedral and within sound of its bells, these words were penned, not forty-eight hours before his death.

The old stone bridge across the Medway which David Copperfield crossed, weary and footsore, on his journey to Dover, and over which Mr. Pickwick leaned, meditatively looking at the cathedral, the ruined castle, the placid Medway, is no longer in existence, having been replaced by a handsome iron structure. When the old bridge was demolished, one of its massive balustrades was sent to Dickens in token of the many associations it had with his works. That balustrade, surmounted by a sun-dial, still stands in the grounds of Gad's Hill Place.

The view from the bridge remains unchanged, and cannot better be described than in Dickens's own words : "On the left of the spectator lay the ruined wall, broken in many places, and in some overhanging the narrow beach below, in rude and heavy masses. Huge knots of sea-weed hung upon the jagged and pointed stones, trembling in every breath of wind ; and the green ivy clung mournfully around the dark and ruined battlements. Behind it rose the ancient castle, its towers roofless, and its massive walls crumbling away, but telling us proudly of its old might and strength, as when seven hundred years

ago it rang with the clash of arms or resounded with the noise of feasting and revelry." The description which follows, though charming, is too long for insertion here.

"Pickwick," with the mere thread of plot upon which its stories, adventures and characters are loosely strung, has in it a certain charm, a freedom in the touches of nature and of character, which Dickens does not seem to possess in perfection when hampered by a more intricate plot and a more serious purpose. His works show more ambitious, perhaps more eloquent, descriptions of natural scenery than those found in "Pickwick,"

"four by the day," in the morning of the robbery at Gad's Hill. Said Dickens, pointing it out "That is the inn with the new chimney. I discovered it as I was walking into Rochester one morning at the same hour, and saw the constellation in that very position." You enter the inn through an archway; on each side-post sign are Jingle's words: "Nice house, good beds, *vide* Pickwick." The great beams above are hung with sides of bacon, with fowls and geese, with huge joints of beef and mutton: through this "mutton grove" one passes to the bar and the coffee-room. These, the wide staircases, hung with old-time engravings, the long cor-



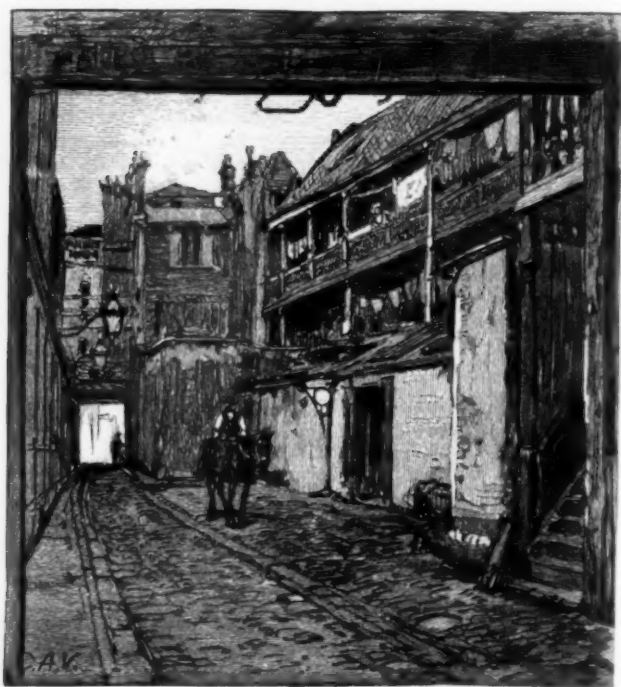
BULL INN AT ROCHESTER.

but none which flow in a more simple, spontaneous way, or have a flavor so idyllic. This view of the valley of the Medway, the walks through the charming lanes of Kent, or the "deep and shady woods cooled by the light winds," are redolent of the very breath of the country. Kent was alike the home of his childhood and of his imagination; he rarely failed to respond with open heart to her invitations.

The Bull Inn still exists as when Mr. Pickwick and his friends with Jingle drove up; perhaps it remains unchanged since the days when the carrier in King Henry IV. saw Charles's wain rising over its new chimney at

ridors, the unexpected corners, the sitting-room half a mile from the bedroom, all stand for what is ironically called the comfort of the old-fashioned English inn. The great ball-room—indispensable adjunct of all old county inns—is now empty and desolate, except to us, who people it with Tuppman and Jingle in Winkle's coat, making violent love to the plump widow, and little Dr. Slammer, wild with jealousy.

Mr. Pickwick's enumeration of the products of Stroud, Rochester, Chatham and Brompton, supplemented by Mr. Jingle's still more laconic description of Kent, give many characteristic features in a very small space.



WHITE HART INN, HIGH STREET.

"The principal productions of these towns," says Mr. Pickwick, "appear to be soldiers, sailors, Jews, chalk, shrimps, officers and dock-yard men. The commodities chiefly exposed for sale in the public streets are marine stores, hard-bake, apples, flat-fish and oysters." "Kent, sir," says Mr. Jingle,—"everybody knows Kent,—apples, cherries, hops and women."

Dingley Dell, to which the Pickwickians so often turned their steps, is probably a creation of the author's fancy,—at least, nothing corresponding to it is to be found in that locality. Mr. Frost, in his rambles in Kent, looking up the various points associated with Dickens, made an ineffectual though exhaustive search for the manor farm. Since Muggleton is unquestionably an imaginary place, Dingley Dell and Mr. Wardle's home are no doubt to be classed in the same category.

The chapter introducing Sam Weller opens with a delightful description of the London inns. Even in the days of Pickwick, these rambling old buildings were giving way before the stately hostleries of more mod-

ern times. To discover them, the record goes on to say, one "must direct his steps to the obscurer quarters of the town, and there, in some secluded nooks, he will find several still standing with a kind of gloomy sturdiness amidst the modern innovations which surround them. Great, rambling, queer old places they are, with galleries and passages and staircases wide enough and antiquated enough to furnish material for a hundred ghost stories, supposing we should ever be reduced to the lamentable necessity of inventing any." High street was for centuries the great, and, indeed, the only road from the south and west to London Bridge, before crossing which the horses were put up in one of its many inns. It was emphatically a quarter of inns and shops for farmers, carriers and drovers. Many of these inns are still in existence. Crossing the Thames by London Bridge, we find an immense traffic still pouring through High street Borough: we pass the "George," the "King's Head," the "Queen's Head," famous old inns in their day, now dropping to pieces. Their great yards,—once the

starting-place of the mail-coaches, were in Shakspeare's day the spot on which the temporary stages were erected for their performances, the spectators grouped about or looking down from the balustraded galleries,—are now filled with huge vans loading the goods for the railway companies, who make use of these yards as local receiving stations for their freight and packages, while the dingy little tap-rooms do a flourishing business with the drivers of the carts and vans. The remains of the "Tabard" inn, from which the Canterbury pilgrims set out, were still standing in 1875, but nothing but the name on the sign of a miserable little drinking-den now remains; the building, or what was left of it, having been replaced by a large warehouse. "It was in the yard of one of these inns—of no less celebrated a one than the White Hart—that a man was busily employed in brushing the dirt off a pair of boots." The White Hart Inn is scarcely so memorable from its association with Jack Cade as it is from that with Sam Weller. Strolling into its yard, we find Sam brushing the boots in the open quadrangle, while the

plump chambermaid from the galleries above amuses herself with chaffing him. Sam's view of society from the stand-point of boots,—inverted, as it were,—is exquisitely funny. "There's a wooden leg in number six," said Sam; "there's a pair of Hessians in thirteen; there's two pair of halves in the commercial; there's these here painted tops in the snuggerly inside the bar, and five more tops in the coffee-room." "Nothing more?" said the little man. "Stop a bit," said Sam, suddenly recollecting himself. "Yes; there's a pair of Vellingtons a good deal worn, and a pair o' lady's shoes in number five." "What sort of shoes?" hastily inquired Mr. Wardle, who, together with Mr. Pickwick, had been lost in bewilderment at the singular catalogue of visitors. "Miss Rachel's precautions not having extended to her feet, she is discovered by means of her shoes."

Before the arrival of Mr. Wardle, in pursuit of the mature spinster, Sam gives the story, which has made him immortal, of the inveigling of his famous father by the "two porters as touts for licenses" around Doctors' Commons. To this very



DEAN'S COURT—DOCTORS' COMMONS.



THE ABBEY GATE, BURY ST. EDMUND'S.

day, as one strolls through that quiet court, just off St. Paul's, with the school for the choir boys on its opposite side, "a cove in a white apron" will glide up, and with a significant show of secrecy and of sympathy, whisper: "License, sir, license?" The will office to which the elder Mr. Weller was going to prove his deceased wife's will, when he was thus inveigled into making his "second ventur," has been removed from Doctors' Commons to Somerset House, though the license office still remains in the old place.

Bury St. Edmund's, to which place Mr. Pickwick and Sam followed Jingle, is described by Dickens as a well-paved, "handsome little town, of thriving and cleanly appearance." The Angel Inn, at which they drew up, is still standing, and in as perfect preservation as it was in on the day made memorable by the appearance of Mr. Job Trotter, with his pink pocket-handkerchief, mulberry suit, and unfailing fountain of tears. Here Sam Weller, for once and only once, met his match; and then follows the absurd scene of Mr. Pickwick's discomfiture at Miss Smithers's school.

The abbey in the square opposite the Angel Inn is the magnificent abbey of St. Edmund, and though it is now seven or eight centuries old, the carvings upon the tower, as well as those upon the ruin, are almost as sharp and clear as they were on the day when it was demolished.

From Bury St. Edmund's let us follow Mr. Pickwick and Sam to Ipswich, whither the elder Weller had directed them, in search of both Jingle and Trotter. They put up at the great White Horse, "rendered the more

conspicuous by a stone statue of some rampacious animal, with a flowing mane and tail, distantly resembling an insane cart-horse, which is elevated above the principal door." Here occurred the episode of Mr. Pickwick's invasion of the chamber sacred to the lady in yellow curl-papers, and the consequent wrath of Mr. Peter Magnus.

"The morning after this distressing occurrence, Tony Weller sat in a small room in the vicinity of the stable-yard, awaiting his son, and beguiling the time over a liberal allowance of cold beef, bread and ale, till Sam entered.

"I am very sorry, Sammy," said the elder Mr. Weller, shaking up the ale by describing small circles with the pot, preparatory to drinking,—"I'm very sorry, Sammy, to hear from your lips as you let yourself be gammoned by that 'ere mulberry man. I always thought, up to three days ago, that the name of Veller and gammon would never come into contact, Sammy—never."

"Always exceptin' the case of a widdler, of course," said Sam.

"Widders, Sammy," replied Mr. Weller, slightly changing color, "Widders are 'ceptions to every rule. I have heerd how many ordinary women one widdler is equal to in pint o' comin' over you. I think it's twenty-five, but I don't rightly know vether it aint more."

Sam's repentance in St. Clement's churchyard was soon dispelled by a sudden opportunity for reprisals which offered itself.

"Mr. Samuel Weller had been staring up at the old red brick houses, now and then, in his deep abstraction, bestowing a wink upon some healthy-looking servant-girl, as she drew up a blind or threw up a bedroom window, when the green gate of a



THE GREEN GATE, ST. CLEMENT'S CHURCH-YARD, IPSWICH.

garden at the bottom of the yard opened, and a man, having emerged therefrom, closed the green gate very carefully after him, and walked briskly toward the very spot where Mr. Weller was standing." This man, in spite of his ingenious attempt to avoid recognition, by the violent contortions of his features, Sam soon discovered to be Job Trotter.

The last garden gate, in the church-yard shown in the illustration, is the gate which Dickens himself has indicated as the one he meant. The inhabitants of Ipswich take great pride in this gate, as showing the precise place of meeting between Sam and Job Trotter, on the "return match."

Ipswich is a most interesting place, retaining many ancient dwelling-houses, with

have at last reached the condition of shops.

Though a large part of the street has completely changed character, being now a busy thoroughfare filled with noisy drays and horse-cars, there still remains in the lower part of the street a row of buildings which answer to the description of Mrs. Bardell's house, where, in the pathetic language of Sergeant Buzfuz, the disconsolate widow "courted the retirement and tranquillity of Goswell street, and placed in her front-parlor window a written placard bearing the inscription: 'Apartments furnished for single gentlemen.'"

The view which Mr. Pickwick saw is still the view to be seen from these windows. "Samuel Pickwick burst like another



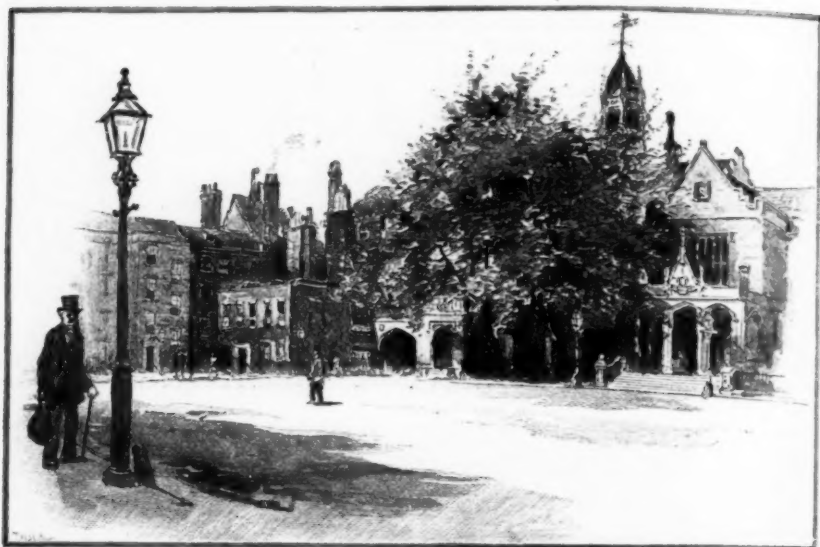
"THE OPPOSITE SIDE OF GOSWELL STREET."

quaint overhanging gables, not unlike the houses of the old Flemish towns. The gate-way built by Cardinal Wolsey remains, and other evidence to his residence here is still extant in the names of the streets—Cardinal street and Wolsey street, for instance, bearing testimony to the fact.

Now let us return to London for the trial, which brings us to the house of Mrs. Bardell, in Goswell street. This street affords an excellent type of the part of London in which it is situated. It is bordered on either side with long rows of roomy dwelling-houses, which have for many years been steadily descending from their original estate; they were once tenanted by fashionable people, but through the successive stages of surgeries and lodging-houses, they

sun from his slumbers; threw open his chamber-windows and looked out upon the world beneath. Goswell street was at his feet, Goswell was on his right; as far as eye could reach Goswell street extended on his left, and the opposite side of Goswell street was over the way."

The eloquent words of Sergeant Buzfuz just quoted, his "chops and tomato sauce," the little judge's irascibility, Winkle's confusion, Sam's coolness, all the fun of the immortal trial, take visible shape as we stand in Guildhall, where the trial was held. The original building dated back as far as the fifteenth century. In the western side of the hall the tutelary divinities of London are to be seen—the gigantic wooden images of Gog and Magog. The personages thus repre-



GRAY'S INN.

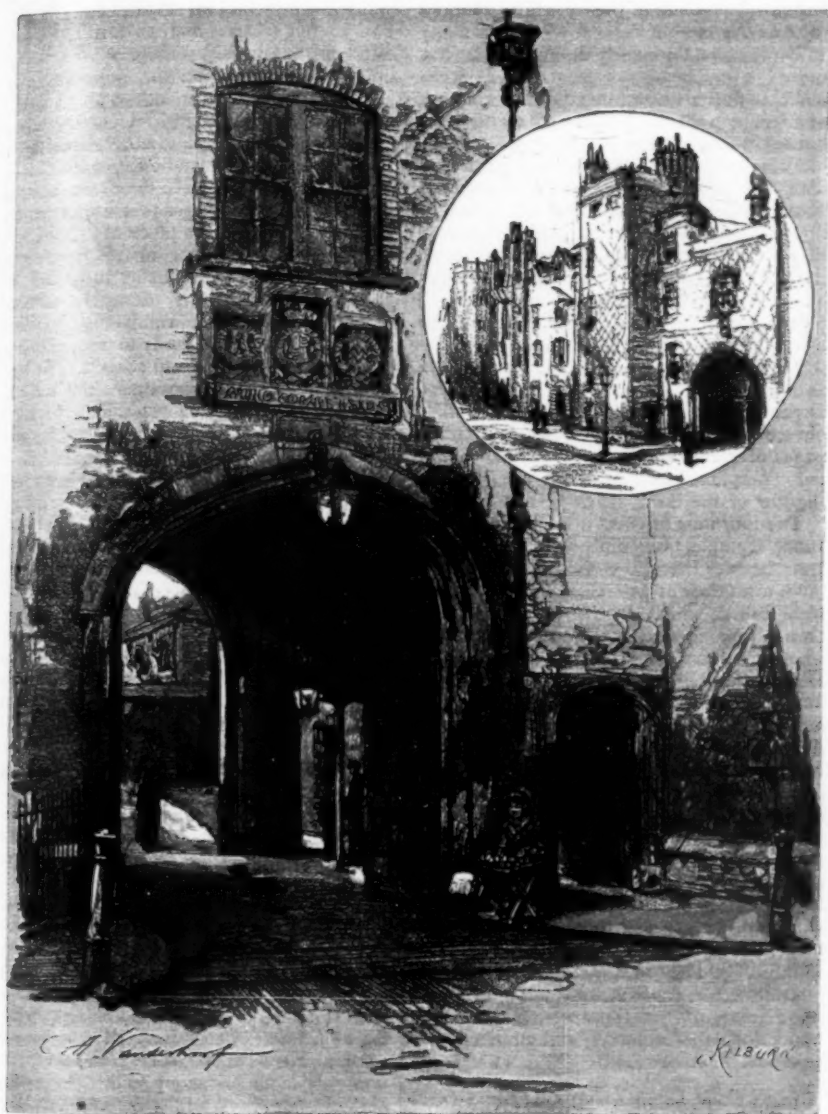
sented boast of a magnificent antiquity, having been found, so saith the chronicler, when the son of Athenor, King of Troy, conquered Britain and founded the city of London, three thousand years ago. Nearly the whole of Guildhall building was destroyed, together with the ancient images, in the great fire of 1666, but both were restored some years afterward.

Fleet street, where Mr. Pickwick was incarcerated for his refusal to pay the costs and damages in the case of *Bardell versus Pickwick*, is one of London's busiest thoroughfares. Its name is derived from Fleet River, the course of which it follows, the brook finding outlet by a sewer-main, running through Holborn valley. On the south side of Fleet street, just opposite the point where Chancery Lane opens into it, lies the Temple Inn and its gardens, stretching formerly to the river but now bordering on the embankment.

Back from the Thames for a mile or more extend the beautiful gardens of the several inns of court—those of the Temple, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and again the gardens of Gray's Inn, with only the break of Fleet street and Holborn. There is scarcely a part of London more interesting to an American than these inns of court. The life which they house is so alien to our experience that a reader on this side the At-

lantic, unless he has either visited or studied up these places, is bewildered in attempting to understand the constant allusions he meets in English books. Of these, the Temple is the oldest; the youngest dates from Elizabeth's time. These inns, with their rich medieval architecture, carving and stained glass, and their associations, infinitely richer still, lie in the very heart of London. Around the ancient gardens, where the York and Lancaster badges—the red and the white roses—were plucked, pours the flood of the modern city's life. The old buildings embowered in their trees or shrubbery form one of those delightful anachronisms which carry to Americans, with their consciousness of youth and rawness, such a peculiar charm.

The Temple was founded thirty years before England had wrested her freedom from the craven John, at Runnymede. It was at first a lodge of the Knights Templar. Upon the dissolution of that order, in 1313, it reverted to the crown; but in 1346 it became the property of the knights of St. John, who leased it to the students of the common law. In 1608, it was declared the free, hereditary property of the corporations of the Inner and Middle Temple. The name inn is somewhat misleading to an American reader, and is yet perfectly appropriate, since the great collection of buildings which go to make up each one of these inns is not



GATE-WAY, LINCOLN'S INN.

only a school of law, but contains sets of chambers, in which lawyers and law students live. The reply of one of the old *habitues* of the inns to Mr. Pickwick's remark about them condenses in a paragraph the ideal history of these places. "I was observing," said Mr. Pickwick, "what singular places they are." "You," said the old man, contemptu-

ously,— "what do you know of the time when young men shut themselves up in those lonely rooms and read and read, hour after hour, and night after night, till their reason wandered beneath their midnight studies; till their mental powers were exhausted; till morning's light brought no freshness or health to them; and they sank beneath the

unnatural devotion of their youthful energies to their dry old books? * * How many vain pleaders for mercy do you think have turned away heart-sick from the lawyer's office, to find a resting-place in the Thames, or a refuge in the jail? They are no ordinary houses, those. There is not a panel in the old wainscoting but what, if it were endowed with the powers of speech and memory, could start from the wall and tell its tale of horror—the romance of life, sir, the romance of life. Commonplace as they may seem now, I tell you they are strange old places, and I would hear many a legend with a terrific-sounding name rather than the true history of one old set of chambers."

Lincoln's Inn, which comes second in antiquity, is an especial favorite of Dickens; he characterizes it in a single phrase more happily than could be done in pages of mere description, when he calls it the "perplexed and troublous valley of the shadow of the law."

The four inns of court are the Middle and Inner Temple, Lincoln's Inn and Gray's Inn; besides these, there are associated with them a number of inns of chancery, as they were called, which were formerly a sort of preparatory school to the higher inns, but which are now used entirely as chambers. Dickens himself lived in Furnival's Inn early in his literary career. Forster states that he heard Thackeray say, at one of the Royal Academy dinners: "I can remember, when Mr. Dickens was a very young man, and had commenced delighting the world with some charming humorous works, in covers which were colored light green, and came out once a month, that this young man wanted an artist to illustrate his writings; and I recollect walking up to his chambers in Furnival's Inn, with two or three drawings in my hand, which, strange to say, he did not find suitable." The author of an article in SCRIBNER for June throws some discredit upon this story. It, however, comes direct upon Forster's testimony, and admits of no question.

Unlike "Pickwick," "Nicholas Nickleby" was written with a serious purpose. In his early childhood, the horrors practiced upon the victims of the Yorkshire cheap schools caught the attention of Dickens, and impressed his imagination. "I cannot call to mind now," he says, "how I came to hear about Yorkshire schools when I was not a very robust child, sitting in by-places near Rochester Castle, with a head full of Par-

tridge, Straps, Tom Pipes, and Sancho Panza; but I know that my first impression of them was picked up then. * * * The impression made upon me, however, never left me. I was always curious about them; fell long afterward, and at sundry times, into the way of hearing more about them. At last, having an audience, resolved to write about them." He then tells how he went to Yorkshire under pretense of having a poor widow's son to place at school, and endeavored to extract information about these schools. The person to whom he carried letters for this ostensible purpose was a free-hearted, ruddy-complexioned man, whom he found ready to discuss everything *but* Yorkshire cheap schools. At last, however, after vainly dodging the subject, being hard pressed, he "suddenly took up his hat, and leaning over the table, and looking me straight in the face, said, in a low voice: 'Weel, Misther, we've been vary pleasant toogather, and ar'll spak my moind tiv'ee. Dunot let the weedur send her lattle boy to yan o' our school-measters while there's a harse to hooold in a' Lunnun, or a goother to lie asleep in. Ar wouldn't mak' ill words among my neeburs, and ar speak tiv'ee quiet, loike. But I'm dom'd ef ar can gang to bed and not teller, for weedur's sak', to keep the lattle boy from a' sike scoondrels, while there's a harse to hooold in a' Lunnun, or a goother to lie asleep in!'" Repeating these words with great heartiness, and with a solemnity on his jolly face that made it look twice as large as before, he shook hands and went away. I never saw him afterward, but I sometimes imagine that I descry a faint reflection of him in John Browdie."

In going through England one cannot fail to be impressed with the great inns, which now scarcely support a landlord in any position above that of a publican. The interior of the house gives back only echoes from the vast, empty rooms and long, winding and deserted corridors. The coffee and smoking rooms are tenantless, and every portion only bears testimony to the glory of the old coaching days, which the railroads have so completely superseded that their very memory has almost faded away. These old county inns are only galvanized into a semblance of life, for a brief period, on a market or fair day, to fall back into forlorn desolation after it has passed,—affording a perfect illustration of Dickens's expression, "the coachfulness of the past and the coachlessness of the present time." In London,

the inns which were the starting points of the mail-coaches, the Saracen's Head, the Belle Sauvage, the George and Vulture, are gone, while the Golden Cross is replaced by a new inn bearing the same name.

Closely related with the ancient hostelrys, so often and so lovingly depicted by the author, the mail-coach of the period of his earlier works lives now only in such descriptions as he and others have left us.

in cocked hats and laced coats, flourished, and took their tribute in defiance of the guard's blunderbuss, gave place to something more modern, and regarded in its day as the *ne plus ultra* of rapid transit. What school-boy has not followed with envious interest young Tom Brown, in his journey from the Peacock, Islington, down to Rugby, on the top of the fast "Tally-Ho"? What pictures there are of English road-side scen-

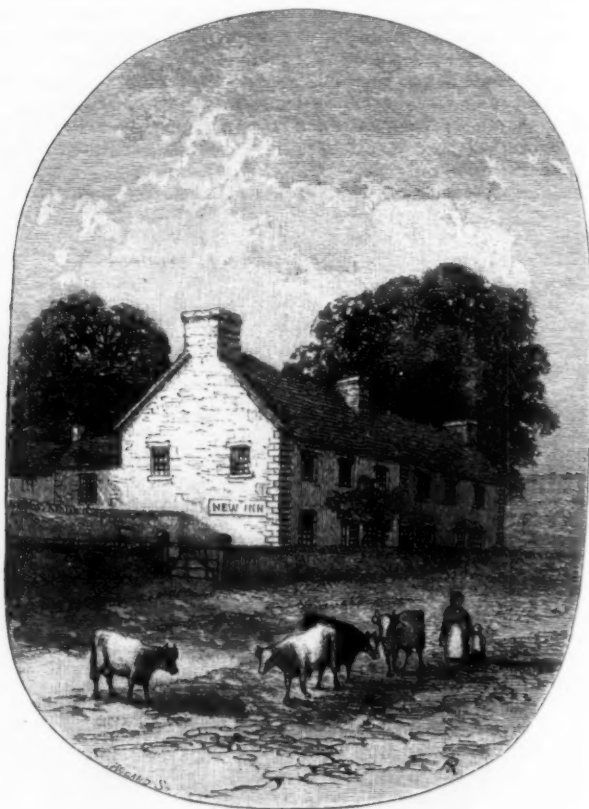


GEORGE INN.

In the serious business of this age of steam the classic vehicle has no place, though in England, and even in this country, may occasionally be seen a spurious imitation, laboriously and expensively contrived for the delectation of those who aspire to handle the ribbons after the fashion of the days when England rallied around the road as one of her institutions. What a world of cheery, hearty associations revolve about the old coaching times; how the king's highway runs more or less through half the fiction since the reign of the Stuarts! The old lumbering coach, which did the service in the days when Turpin and Duval, and the rest of the gallant crew of road-agents,

ery and incident in this graphic description! Less attractive is the experience of Nicholas Nickleby when, in company with Squeers and the unhappy little recruits for the discipline of Dotheboys Hall, he made his journey by coach to York:

"The night and the snow came on together, and dismal enough they were. There was no sound to be heard but the howling of the wind; for the noise of the wheels and the tread of the horses' feet were rendered inaudible by the thick coating of snow which covered the ground, and was fast increasing every moment. * * * Twenty miles further on, two of the front outside passengers, wisely availing them-



NEW INN.

selves of their arrival at one of the best inns in England, turned in for the night at the George, at Grantham. The remainder wrapped themselves more closely in their coats and cloaks, and, leaving the light and warmth of the town behind them, pillowed themselves against the luggage, and prepared, with many half-suppressed moans, again to encounter the piercing blast which swept across the open country."

In the description given in "Tom Brown," there are some capital suggestions of the type which Dickens has individualized and personified in the senior Weller—husky of voice and purple of visage from much facing of all weathers and fortifying of the inner man against the same, and bulky of body from the combined effect of these tonics and the good cheer of a more substantial sort for which the road-side inns were justly famed ;

condescendingly gracious with hostlers and jocosely gallant with bar-maids; supreme authority upon all matters pertaining to the road generally, and with horseflesh in particular; whose society and acquaintance were esteemed rather in the light of an honor by young bloods of a sporting turn—the Kews, the four-in-hand Fosbrookes—who made a point of booking for the box-seat always when on their travels. "Is there any young fellow of the present time who aspires to take the place of a stoker?" says Thackeray; "Where are you, charioteers? Where are you, O rattling 'Quicksilver,' O swift 'Defiance'?" You are passed by racers stronger and swifter than you! Your lamps are out and the music of your horns has died away.

Dickens, either intentionally or by accident, says that "Nicholas, Mr. Squeers, and

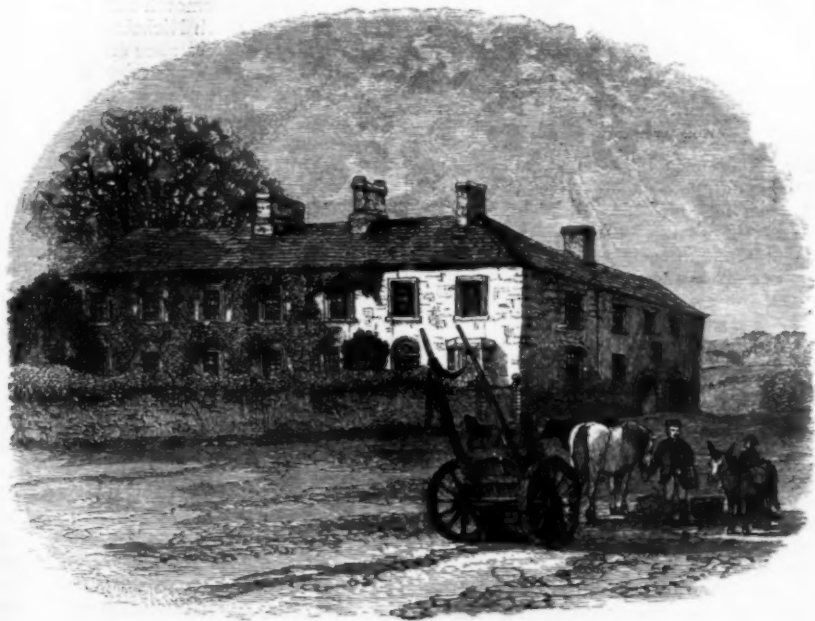
the little boys and their united luggage, were all put down together at the George and New Inn, Greta Bridge," as though it were a single inn with a double name, whereas, in fact, there are two separate inns several hundred yards apart, each bearing one of these names. It is very possible that he made the change purposely; a name which struck his fancy he often transplanted to another place. Tony Weller's inn, for example,—the "Markis o' Granby,"—does not exist in Dorking, where the story places it, but in Esher, where it still stands, a queer old road-side tavern on the edge of the village green. The inn described under the name of the Marquis of Granby is, indeed, the King's Head, at Dorking, the name alone having been transplanted, Mr. Hassard tells us. It is hardly probable that Dickens made any mistake, for this was a road he had occasion to travel probably more than once in his capacity of newspaper reporter.

Both of these hostelries, the George and the New Inn, have been converted into comfortable dwellings, while their ample stables, where the post-horses lodged, serve as farm out-buildings. The George seems almost to rise out of the beautiful river Tees.

The principal point of interest in "Nicholas

Nickleby" is Dotheboys Hall. It is almost impossible to believe that such enormities as are depicted in this book could ever have been committed upon defenseless children. And yet the testimony already cited from the original of Mr. John Browdie, as well as Dickens's own refutation of the charges preferred against him, in the preface to a later edition, bears evidence to the correctness of his delineation. "The author's object in calling public attention to the system would be very imperfectly fulfilled if he did not state now in his own person, emphatically and earnestly, that Mr. Squeers and his school are faint and feeble pictures of an existing reality, purposely subdued and kept down lest they should be deemed impossible; that there are upon record trials at law, in which damages have been sought as a poor recompense for lasting agonies and disfigurements inflicted upon the children by the treatment of the master in these places, involving such offensive and foul details of neglect, cruelty and disease as no writer of fiction would have the boldness to imagine."

It is an old story, but none the less to the point, that several Yorkshire school-masters found Mr. Squeers's cap to be such a perfect



DOTHEBOYS HALL.

fit that they threatened to sue the author for damages, as a plaster for their wounded vanity and injured business. It is also well known, and also to the point, that the cheap-school system in Yorkshire from that day began to die.

As a matter of fact, the school-masters



PUMP AT DOTHEBOYS HALL.

were not alone to blame for these outrages upon humanity. Some refuge was demanded for repudiated children,—step-children who had no one to stand up for their rights; natural children, who stood as a bar in the way of position, promotion or a desirable settlement in life; children who, having lost their parents, were left to the tender mercies of some distant relation. And those who demanded such a place, where they might hustle out of sight and memory the poor little waifs at the least possible expense to themselves, were equally guilty with those who supplied the demand. The unhappy children were delivered over to a power from which there was no appeal, and which was totally irresponsible—a power which acted with the certainty that, whatever it might effect, the interest of its employer would serve to secure it from punishment or publicity.

Dickens has given such clear indications of the school which stood for the picture

of Dotheboys Hall, that it is confidently pointed out by the villagers. We read that Nicholas had time to observe that the "school was a long, cold-looking house, one story high, with a few straggling out-buildings behind, and a barn and stable adjoining." The dwelling-house, as seen here, still remains, but the school-room and dormitories have been pulled down. The house would here be called two-storied, but in Yorkshire the term one-story is applied to buildings like this, the ground floor not being counted as a story.

By an oversight, or as a touch of burlesque, which, however, seemed scarcely in keeping with the earnest purpose of the book, Dickens makes the exercises of the school to include "weeding the garden" by "No. Two," on the day following a violent snow-storm, and on the very morning when the pump was frozen, and Nicholas requested to make himself contented with a dry polish in place of a wash.

After Nicholas has broken out into open revolt of the many weeks of dastardly cruelty which he was called upon to witness, he comes with poor Smike—the most touching figure in the book—to London, and there, starting out afresh to seek his fortune, meets Crummles's troop and enlists as a theatrical character. In Portsmouth still remains the little theater in which Nicholas makes positively "his first appearance on any stage."

It is not a very impressive edifice, but who can look at it without smiling at the remembrance of the delicious drollery of the infant phenomenon, the real tubs and pump, and the dramatic company in general?

The story at this point turns aside from following the fortunes of Nicholas, and takes up those of his sister. We find ourselves in a curious old part of London which still stands, unchanged since the days when Kate visited her uncle in Golden Square. This is a favorite spot with Dickens, and he introduces it into several of his books. A stranger might not readily find it, though it lies directly between the two great arteries through which the life of London pours,—Piccadilly and Oxford streets,—and only a few seconds' walk from the brilliant and crowded Regent street. But "it is not exactly in anybody's way to or from anywhere, and is one of the squares that have been a quarter of the town that has gone down in the world, and taken to letting lodgings. Many of its first and second floors are let furnished to single gentlemen; and it takes boarders besides. It is a great resort of for-

eigners. The dark-complexioned men who wear large rings, and heavy watch-guards, and bushy whiskers, and who congregate under the opera colonnade and about the box-office in the season, between four and five in the afternoon, where they give away the orders,—all live in Golden Square, or within a street of it. Two or three violins and a wind-instrument from the opera band reside within its precincts. Its boarding-houses are musical, and the notes of pianos and harps float in the evening time around the head of the mournful statue—the guardian genius of a little wilderness of shrubs in the center of the square." Ralph Nickleby's dwelling can be identified without question, since it is the only double house on the square.

Around this house on Golden Square and its master the incidents of the story gather. Nicholas, Kate, Smike, Newman Noggs,

says that Nicholas Nickleby had taught him singing in his own youth, and that he often wondered how so mild a mannered man could have tackled the school-master. His wonder, however, ceased when he had an opportunity of seeing the original Nicholas passing through Manchester, at the time of the riots. He also speaks of calling at the warehouse, in Cannon street, of the Grant Brothers (the well-known originals of the Cheeryble Brothers). Although finding but one person in the office, and this a clerk perched on a high stool, it did not occur to him, till the old clerk, sticking his pen behind his ear and turning around upon his stool, said, "What is your pleasure, sir?" that here was Tim Linkenwater in the flesh. "It is quite true," he says; "the old fellow refused to be pensioned off."



THEATER AT PORTSMOUTH.

are all closely associated with it, from first to last.

The sunny side of this story is most happily touched in the delineation of Miss La Creery, the good-hearted little portrait-painter, and in the Cheeryble Brothers, with their old clerk, Tim Linkenwater. A writer in the "London Literary World" gives some pleasant glimpses of the originals of some of the characters in this novel. He

Dickens, having mentioned in the preface to one of the early editions of "Nicholas Nickleby" that the portrait of the benevolent brothers was from nature, quotes the paragraph in which he makes that statement, and then adds: "If I were to attempt to sum up the hundreds upon hundreds of letters, from all sorts of people, in all sorts of latitudes and climates, to which this unlucky paragraph has given rise, I



RALPH NICKLEBY'S MANSION.

should get into an arithmetical difficulty from which I could not easily extricate myself. Suffice it to say, that I believe the applications for loans, gifts and offices of profit which I have been requested to forward to the original of the brothers

Cheeryble (with whom I never interchanged any communication in my life) would have exhausted the combined patronage of all the Lord Chancellors since the accession of the House of Brunswick, and would have broken the rest of the Bank of England."

RECOMPENSE.

HEART of my heart! when that great light shall fall,
 Burning away this veil of earthly dust,
 And I behold thee, beautiful and strong,
 My grand, pure, perfect Angel, wise and just;
 If the strong passion of my mortal life
 Should in the vital essence still remain,
 Would there be then—as now—some cruel bar
 Whereon my tired hands should beat in vain?
 Or should I, drawn and lifted, folded close
 In eager-asking arms, unlearn my fears
 And in one transport, ardent, wild and sweet,
 Receive the promise of the endless years?

EIGHTEEN YEARS ALONE.

A TALE OF THE PACIFIC.

I.

Or the group commonly called the Santa Barbara Islands, so near the main-land that on the map they seem mere crumbs of the Pacific coast, little is known even by Californians. Scarcely an American but has read of the tropical islands where the mythical Robinson Crusoe was wrecked, yet few persons know that over the desolate steeps of a nearer island of the same vast sea hang the mystery, the horror and the pathos of a story of a captive woman; a story, if it could be fully told, more thrilling than that of Crusoe, inasmuch as one is fiction, the other fact; one, the supposed exploits of a hardy man, the other, the real desolation of a suffering woman; one, the tale of a mariner whom the waters flung against his will into a summer-land, the other, of one who voluntarily breasted the waves, and fought death, in response to the highest love of which the human heart is capable.

The Santa Barbara Islands, on one of which this strange romance was enacted, lie to the southward of Santa Barbara channel, the nearest of the group being about twenty-five miles distant from the main-land. The names of the islands are Anacapa, Santa Rosa, San Miguel, Santa Cruz, Santa Catalina, San Clemente, Santa Barbara, San Nicolas. They are now uninhabited, and have been so for years. The islands nearer the coast are used for sheep-grazing; a sail-boat carries over the shearers and brings back the wool. The more distant are known to trappers as fine beds of otter and seal. The sea-lions and sea-elephants in the Centennial Exposition, New York Aquarium and Cincinnati Zoological Gardens were lassoed off the outlying islands of the Santa Barbara group. Boats visit the beaches for abalones, the meat of which is dried and shipped to China for food, while the shells (*Haliotis splendens*, *Haliotis rufescens* and *Haliotis cracherodii*), sold at an average price of fifty dollars per ton at the San Francisco wharf, are bought by dealers in marine shells, cut into jewelry to be sold to tourists, or shipped to Europe, to be manufactured into buttons and other pearl ornaments. Excepting the occasional camps of shearers, seal-hunters and abalone-packers, the islands are totally deserted.

Vol. XX.—43.

Yet, wild and desolate as they now are, Cabrillo says that in the fifteenth century they were densely peopled by a superior race, and that the main-land was dotted by villages. The children of the islanders are described by early navigators as being "white, with light hair and ruddy cheeks," and the women as having "fine forms, beautiful eyes and a modest demeanor." The men wore loose cloaks, the women dressed in petticoats and capes of seal-skin, heavily fringed and handsomely ornamented. The more industrious and wealthy embroidered their garments with pearl and small pink shells. Necklaces of sparkling stones and carved ivory were worn by the higher caste, and ear-rings of irised abalone were not uncommon. They cooked their food in soapstone vessels, or in water heated by dropping hot stones into water-tight baskets. Bancroft, in his "Native Races," mentions, among articles of their manufacture, needles, awls and fish-hooks of bone or shell; water-tight baskets, ollas of stone, and canoes, deep and long, with both stem and stern equally elevated above the water. Fletcher wrote of the coast when he visited it with Sir Francis Drake in 1579.

In the year 1542, Cabrillo landed at what is now known as San Miguel, and christened it *Ysal de Posesion*. He died on the island in 1543, and is buried in its sands.

Going back still further in our search, we find that before the Spanish fleet, Sir Francis Drake or Cabrillo ever visited the coast, the villages thereon were thrifty and populous, and the isles of the sea swarming cities of the period.

Of San Nicolas, on which the scenes of this wild romance are laid, very little has been known until a recent date. It is the outermost of the group, distant seventy miles from the coast, and thirty miles away from its nearest neighbor. It is thought to have been at one time the abode of a people differing in manners, habits and mode of life from the inhabitants both of the main-land and the neighboring islands. Mons. De Cessac, a gentleman engaged in collecting archaeological specimens for the French Government, says that the relics found by him on San Nicolas are more elaborate in form and finish, and show a superiority of

workmanship. This testimony tends to confirm the story of the early voyagers concerning the cultivation and remarkable taste of the handsome dwellers in Gha-las-hat, centuries ago. Mons. De Cessac has found also upon San Nicolas articles of warfare and domestic use, evidently belonging to a northern tribe, similar to those picked up by him on the borders of Alaska. Hence, he infers that the place was at one time the dwelling of north country tribes.

Corroborating Mons. De Cessac's opinion, search through ancient manuscript has brought to light the fact that, many years ago, a ship belonging to Pope and Boardman, of Boston, and commanded by one Captain Whitmore, brought down from Sitka a lot of Kodiaks for the purpose of otter-hunting on San Nicolas Island. They were left upon the island, and years of feud resulted in a massacre, in which every grown male islander was killed by the powerful and well-armed Kodiaks. The women were taken by the victors, lived with them as wives and bore children to the murderers of their husbands and fathers. The fact is recorded that the inhabitants of San Nicolas faded away strangely and rapidly, so that, in 1830, less than two score men, women and children remained of the once dense population.

Meantime, Franciscan zealots poured from the south of Europe into America, and under lead of Father Junipero Serra found their way up the coast, building churches beside the sea, planting gardens of olive and palm, making aqueducts and altars, founding a kingdom of temporal and spiritual splendor, which leaves to Protestant America the names of saints set indelibly on every stream, headland and island along the southern slope of the Pacific. It was the dawn of a temporary civilization, imposing and wonderful, a civilization whose ruins are most artistic and fascinating.

The missionaries pressed the Indians into service. They set them to tilling the soil, herding the flocks and quarrying the rock. The coast Indians having been put to labor, the thrifty padres turned their gaze to the islands in the offing, and brought to the main-land the people from Santa Rosa, San Miguel, Santa Cruz and Santa Catalina. The more distant island of San Nicolas was left a while to repose in its heathen darkness. How affairs progressed during that time on the island we have no account. At this day the queen isle of Gha-las-hat lies bare and silent as a tomb amidst the sea.

In this deserted spot, for eighteen years, a human being lived alone. Here she was found at last by fishermen who are living, and whose affidavits, properly witnessed, stamp as true every detail of the remarkable incident.

II.

In the year 1835, Isaac Sparks and Lewis L. Burton, Americans, chartered a schooner of twenty tons burthen, for otter-hunting on the lower California coast. The vessel was owned by a rich Spaniard of Monterey, and was commanded by Captain Charley Hubbard. The schooner bore the name *Peor és Nada*, and she started out of Santa Barbara harbor, on a fine April morning, followed by the eyes of the entire population. In those times, the sight of a sailing vessel was not an every-day occurrence. It drew the men to the beach, the women to the casements, and attracted the friars from their usual meditative gaze on ground or book. For hours previous to the departure of the schooner, the curving stretch of sand had been alive with racing horse-men and lazy pedestrians, exchanging in Spanish words of praise concerning their visitor.

After a successful cruise, the *Peor és Nada* came, three months later, into the more southerly harbor of San Pedro, unloaded her pelts, and immediately, under direction of Captain Williams, collector of the port, set sail for San Nicolas to bring the islanders to the main-land, in accordance with the will of the church fathers. Before they reached their destination a sudden gale came up, rising almost to the severity of a tempest. The winds—which by the Santa Yuez mountains are deflected from the valleys of the southern coast—struck with full force upon the upper end of San Nicolas, lashing the shoal waters into fury, and shooting the spray in volleys through the picturesque carvings of the low cliffs. The landing was effected with difficulty. The wind increased in violence. The weather became so boisterous as to endanger the safety of the vessel. No time was wasted. The islanders, some twenty in number, were hurried into the boats and all speed was made to reach the schooner.

In the excitement and confusion of the final abandonment of their home, it was not known until they were on the ship that a child had been left behind. The mother supposed it to have been carried aboard in

the arms of an old sailor. She frantically implored the men to return. The captain replied that they must get to a place of safety; after the storm—to-morrow, perhaps—they would come back for the baby. Finding that they were going out to sea, the young mother became desperate, and, despite all efforts to detain her, jumped overboard and struck out through the kelpy waters for the shore. She was a widow, between twenty and thirty years of age, of medium height and fine form; her complexion was light, and her hair of a dark, rich brown. No attempt was made to rescue her, and in a moment she was lost in the seething waves. The ship, already under headway, staggered through the storm; the affrighted islanders huddled together on deck, and fear shut every other emotion for the time from their hearts.

After an adventurous voyage, the *Peor és Nada* eventually reached San Pedro, where the exiles were landed. Some of them were sent to Los Angeles, fifteen miles back from the coast; some were put to work in the neighboring mission of San Gabriel; two of the women were soon married to wealthy men of Los Angeles.

It was the intention of Captain Hubbard to return to San Nicolas immediately, to see if the woman or child were living. But the schooner had orders to come direct to Santa Barbara, to take George Nidiver and a party of otter-hunters to Santa Rosa Island; afterward, carry from Monterey a cargo of timber to San Francisco. The boat was in urgent demand along the coast, and these two trips were imperative before a second visit could be made to San Nicolas. Delaying their errand of humanity and justice a few weeks, they lost it forever; for on that very trip the *Peor és Nada* capsized at the entrance to the Golden Gate. The men were washed ashore in an almost exhausted condition, and the schooner drifted out to sea. It was reported long after, though without confirmation, to have been picked up by a Russian ship.

After the loss of the Monterey schooner, there was no craft of any kind larger than the canoes and fishing-boats on the lower coast. No one cared to attempt a passage of seventy miles to San Nicolas in an open boat, and after a time the excitement and interest faded out. Those who at first had been most solicitous that assistance should be sent, settled into the belief that the couple had perished during the days of waiting; the remainder of the community, never having believed that

the woman had reached shore through the storm, were indifferent, supposing that the child had died soon after the tragic death of the mother.

Their uncertain fate lay heavy on the more tender-hearted of the Mission fathers; but it was not until 1850 that Father Gonzales found an emissary to search for the lost. Thomas Jeffries had come into possession of a small schooner, and was offered \$200 should he find and bring the woman or child to Santa Barbara alive. Fifteen years having passed since the abandonment of the island and no one having visited the spot during that time, the probability of the death of the parties was universally accepted, although no actual proof of death had been sought or found.

But when Thomas Jeffries's boat was seen, at the close of a balmy day of midwinter, coming up the bay without the signal he was to have displayed provided his search had been successful, the matter was settled. Groups of persons congregated on the sands. Some watched from shore the small craft fold her wings and settle to rest on the mirror-like water, others put off in canoes to meet the boatmen, and gossip concerning the trip. Jeffries had found no trace of living beings on the island, and whether the woman had been beaten to death in the surf, or died after gaining the land, would probably never be known. The schooner was left idly rocking close to shore; sailors and landmen strolled slowly up to the town. Night mantled the moaning waters, and the great deep was left in possession of another secret.

The return of Jeffries brought up afresh the incident which by some had been almost forgotten. For a few hours, little was talked of save the heroic young mother and her child in the sea-girt isle.

Time passed swiftly on, and in the dreamy full contentment of the land the dead woman of San Nicolas slipped from mind, and thought, and speech.

III.

TOM JEFFRIES's visit to San Nicolas was the theme of more than one day's gossip. The island he described as seven or eight miles long, by three or four in width; the body of the land near six hundred feet above the beach, the plateau falling in steep gulches to the sea. There were quantities of small lark inland, but no other fowl, save sea-

gulls, pelicans and shags. Numbers of red foxes were seen in the hills, and droves of curious wild dogs, tall and slender, with coarse, long hair and human eyes. On a flat, near the upper end of the island, and half hidden by sand dunes, he found the remains of a curious hut, made of whales' ribs planted in a circle, and so adjusted as to form the proper curve of a wigwam-shaped shelter. This he judged to have been formerly either the residence of the chief, or a place of worship where sacrifices were offered. He had picked up several ollas, or vessels of stone, and one particularly handsome cup of clouded green serpentine. But of all the wonders of the island, the features on which Jeffries liked best to dwell were the fine beds of otter and seal in the vicinity of San Nicolas. So fabulous were his yarns, that the interest of the other hunters was aroused, and early in the following year a boat was fitted out, and George Nidiver, accompanied by Thomas Jeffries and a crew of Indians, started on an otter hunt to the wonderful otter-beds seventy miles away.

A landing was effected near the southern end of the island, and, climbing the cliffs to see where the otter lay, they had a magnificent view of the islands to the north and east. On the south-west the Pacific rolled out its azure breadth, unspiced by shore, or raft, or spot of any kind. The island on which they stood seemed a quiet, calm, deserted spot, in the sunshine that then enfolded it. Butterflies hovered over the wild sage upon the knolls; soft breezes rocked lazily the scant grass about their feet; thickets of chaparral dotted the hills; cactus held out waxen trays, where, on burnished mats of thorns, reposed fringed yellow satin flowers; a trailing sand plant, with thick, doughy leaves, wafted from its pink clusters a most delicious odor,—an odor that had in it the haunting sweetness of the arbutus and the freshness of the salt sea wind.

The otter-hunters did not linger long on the cliff, for on one side they found the rocks swarming with black seal, thousands of them mingling their sharp bark with the heavy roar of sea-lions. The otter were thick on the reefs, and a stranded whale lay in the edge of the crinkling surf.

The party remained six weeks in camp on the beach. Oars stuck upright in the sand, covered by canvas, composed their shelter; a spring was found midway up the cliff, so that during their stay no one had occasion to go inland or wander far from the

otter-beds, which were on the side of the island where their tents were pitched. The seal is caught asleep on the rocks, lassoed or knocked in the head; incisions are made in the flippers, lower jaw, lip and tail, and about four minutes are required by a good workman to skin an ordinary seal. The hides are salted, and, after a week or two, bundled and packed. The otter, most timid of the animals of the sea, is caught in nets spread upon swaying beds of sea-weed, or is shot while lying with head buried in kelp to shut out the sound of a storm. It is very sensitive to noise, and so shy that it takes alarm at every unusual sight. The loose hide is taken from the body with one cut, turned wrong side out, stretched and dried.

Before the schooner left the vicinity of San Nicolas, a terrible storm arose, lasting for eight days, carrying away a mast and dragging the anchor, so that another had to be improvised of a bag filled with stone. During the tempest, a sailor fancied he saw a human figure on the headland of the island. Through the washes of spray it seemed to be running up and down the edge of the plateau, beckoning and shouting. The captain was called, but the apparition had vanished. On the eighth day, the schooner was enabled to run over to San Miguel, and from there to Santa Barbara, where the sailor's story of the beckoning ghost of San Nicolas haunted for a long time the dreams of the superstitious on shore.

A second cruise of the otter-hunters failed to bring any additional news of the phantom of the sea. Everything on land was just as before; not a leaf had been disturbed, not a track was found.

In July, 1853, the otter-men made a third trip to San Nicolas, anchored off the north-east side, and established a camp on shore. The party consisted of Captain Nidiver, a fisherman named Carl Detman, who went among sailors by the *sobriquet* of Charlie Brown, an Irish cook and a crew of Mission Indians.

The evening after their arrival, Nidiver and Brown strolled several miles down the beach, enjoying their pipes and discussing plans for work. It was one of those limpid nights, such as California knows—a night when the stars shine large and warm from the low sky, when the moon burns with an amber blaze, and fragrance is in the air.

As the comrades were about to retrace their steps, Nidiver stopped, looked quickly about him, then stooped and closely exam-

ined something on the ground. In the weird moonlight, plainly outlined on the lonely shore, was the print of a slender, naked foot. "The woman of San Nicolas! My God, she is living!"

He lifted his voice, and shouted in Spanish that friends were come to rescue her. Overcome by the conviction that the lost woman must have been near when he was in camp two years before,—that it was not a creation of fancy, but a living being, they had seen in the storm,—the captain ran to and fro, calling, looking and swearing by turns. Hours were spent by the two men in search, but in vain.

The next day, Nidiver found a basket of rushes hanging in a tree. It contained bone needles, thread made of sinews, shell fish-hooks, ornaments, and a partially completed robe of birds' plumage, made of small squares neatly matched and sewed together. Nidiver proposed replacing the things, but Brown scattered them about, saying that, if they were picked up, it would be proof that the owner had visited the spot. Inland they discovered several circular, roofless inclosures, made of woven brush. Near these shelters were poles, with dried meat hanging from elevated cross-pieces. The grass was growing in the pens, and nothing indicated their recent habitation. In fissures of perpendicular rocks near the springs were wedged dried fish and seals' blubber; but no sign of the near presence of the hermitess.

After several days, the men abandoned the chase. There was no doubt that some one had been on the island very lately. Either the woman, or the child grown to womanhood, had lived there, or, perhaps, both mother and child had survived until recently. But they must have been dead months at least. The footprint was older than at first supposed. The robe had not been replaced in the tree. The captive perchance died of despair after they left her beckoning in the storm.

After that, the fishing went on for weeks, and they were about returning home, when Nidiver said he believed a person was hiding on the island. If she was living he was bound to find her. If dead, he would find her body if he had to scrape the island inch by inch. This provoked a laugh of derision. Of course the wild dogs had devoured her remains. But Nidiver was convinced that the woman was afraid; had concealed herself, possibly on the opposite side of the island, where the shore was precipitous, difficult of access, containing perhaps gulches

and caves unknown to them. The men murmured at the delay, were incredulous as to the success of the raid, rebelled at the long tramps over a wild country.

The old captain was firm; suitable preparations were made, and the entire force of otter-men started on their final hunt for a ghost. Near the head of the island they came across the bone house Jeffries had described. Rushes were skillfully interlaced in the rib frame-work, an olla and old basket were near the door. It stood amidst untrampled weeds. After several days' march, a dangerous climb over slippery rocks brought Brown to a spot where there were fresh footprints. He followed them up the cliffs until they were lost in the thick moss that covered the ground. Walking further, he found a piece of drift-wood, from which he concluded the person had been to the beach for fire-wood, and dropped the faggot on her way home. From a high point on the ridge he saw the men moving about below. Then his eye caught a small object a long way off on the hills. It appeared like a crow at first glance, but it moved about in a singular manner. Advancing toward it stealthily, he was dumbfounded to find that it was the head of a woman, barely visible above the low woven-brush sides of her roofless retreat in the bushes.

As Brown drew nearer, a pack of dogs reclining close to the woman growled; but without looking around the woman uttered a peculiar cry which silenced them, and they ran away to the hills. Brown halted within a few yards of her, and, himself unseen, watched every movement within the hut. Inside the inclosure was a mound of grass, woven baskets full of things, and a rude knife made of a piece of iron hoop, thrust into a wooden handle. A fire smouldered near, and a pile of bones lay in the ashes. The complexion of the woman was much fairer than the ordinary Indian, her personal appearance pleasing, features regular, her hair, thick and brown, falling about her shoulders in a tangled mat. From the time Brown arrived within hearing, she kept up a continual talking to herself. She was leaning forward, shading her eyes with her hand, watching the men crossing the flat below her dwelling. After looking at them with an anxiety impossible to be depicted, she crouched in terror, but immediately started up as if to run. The men on the flat had not seen her, and Brown, putting his hat on the ramrod of his gun, alternately lifted and lowered it to attract their attention, then by

signs he intimated that the woman was found, and they should spread out so as to catch her if she tried to escape. Before the men reached the knoll, Brown stepped around in sight and spoke. She gave a frightened look into his face, ran a few steps, but, instantly controlling herself, stood still, and addressed him in an unknown tongue. She seemed to be between forty and fifty years of age, in fine physical condition, erect, with well-formed neck and arms and unwrinkled face. She was dressed in a tunic-shaped garment made of birds' plumage, low in the neck, sleeveless, and reaching to the ankle. The dress was similar to the one found in the tree. As the men came up, she greeted them each in the way she had met Brown, and with a simple dignity, not without its effect on both Indians and white men, made them welcome and set about preparing food for them from her scanty store. The meal consisted of roasted roots, called by Californians *carcomites*; but when was there known a more touching hospitality?

Among the Indian crew, there were several dialects spoken, but none of the party were able to converse with their hostess, or understand a word she uttered, and they were forced to try and make her know by signs that she was expected to go with them. Brown went through the motion of packing her things in baskets, shouldering them, and walking toward the beach. She comprehended instantly, and made preparations to depart. Her effects were neatly placed in pack-baskets, one of which she swung over her back, and, taking a burning stick from the fire, she started with a firm tread after the Indians to the shore. Beside the load the female Crusoe carried, Nidiver and Brown had their arms full. Upon reaching the boat, she entered without hesitation, going forward to the bow, kneeling and holding to either side. When the schooner was reached, she went aboard without any trouble, sat down near the stove in the cabin, and quietly watched the men in their work on board. To replace her feather dress, which he wished to preserve, Brown made her a petticoat of ticking; and with a man's cotton shirt and gay neckerchief, her semi-civilized dress was complete. While Brown was sewing she watched him closely, and laughed at his manner of using a needle. She showed him that her way was to puncture the cloth with her bone needle, or awl, and then put the thread through the perforations. She signified that

she wished to try a threaded needle, and Brown good-naturedly gave her sewing materials, but she could not thread the needle. Brown prepared it, and gave her an old cloak of Nidiver's to mend, and while she took her first lesson in sewing, she told her teacher on shipboard, by signs, portions of her life on the island.

She had from time to time seen ships pass, but none came to take her off. She watched as long as she could see them, and, after they were out of sight, she threw herself on the ground and cried, but after a time she walked over the island until she forgot about it and could smile again. She had also seen people on the beach several times. She was afraid and hid until they were gone, and then wept because she had not made herself known. She said that he had taken her by surprise and she could not run, and she was glad because he would take her to her people; her people had gone away with white men in a ship. Brown understood by her signs that at the time of the desertion of the island she had a nursing baby, which she represented by sucking her finger, and placing her arm in position of holding an infant at the breast; she waved her hand over the sea, to indicate that the ship sailed away, calling back "*Mañana*" (to-morrow); then she could not find her child, and wept until she was very ill, and lay prostrate for days, in a bed of plants resembling cabbage, and called by Californians "*Sola Santa*." She had nothing to eat but the leaves. When she revived somewhat, she crawled to a spring, and after a time, as her strength returned, she made fire by rapidly rubbing a pointed stick along the groove of a flat stick until a spark was struck. It was a difficult task, and she was careful not to let her fire go out; she took brands with her on her trips, and covered the home fire with ashes to preserve it.

She lived during her captivity on fish, seals' blubber, roots and shell-fish; and the birds, whose skins she secured for clothing, were sea-birds, which she caught at night off their roosts in the seams of the crags. The bush inclosures she made for a screen from the winds, and as a protection while asleep from wild animals. She made frequent excursions over the island from her main dwelling, which was a large cave on the north end of San Nicolas. She kept dried meat at each camping-station; the food in the crevices by the springs was for the time when, from sickness or old age, she would only be able to crawl to the water and

live on what she had there stored out of reach of the dogs.

That the woman had faith in a supreme power was evinced soon after the schooner set sail from the fishing-grounds. A gale overtook them, and the passenger made signs that she would stop the wind. With her face turned in the direction from which the storm came, she muttered words of prayer until the wind had abated, then turned with a beaming countenance and motioned that her petition had been answered. They anchored under the lee of Santa Cruz, where the woman was highly interested in seeing another island than her own. When they approached the shores of Santa Barbara, an ox-team passed along the beach. The stranger was completely bewildered. Captain Nidiver's son, who had been on the look-out for his father's sail, rode down to the landing on a handsome little bronco. The islander, who had just stepped ashore, was wild with delight. She touched the horse and examined the lad, talking rapidly, and, if the sailors turned away, calling to them to come back and look. Then she tried to represent the novel sight by putting two fingers of her right hand over the thumb of her left, moving them to imitate the horse walking.

Captain Nidiver conducted the woman to his home, and put her in charge of his Spanish wife. The news spreading, Father Gonzales, of Santa Barbara Mission, came to see her; many persons gathered from the ranches round about, and the house was crowded constantly. The brig *Fremont* came into port soon after, and the captain offered Nidiver the half of what he would make, if he would allow her to be exhibited in San Francisco. This offer was refused, and also another from a Captain Trussil. Mrs. Nidiver would not hear of the friendless creature being made a show for the curious.

The bereft mother evinced the greatest fondness for Mrs. Nidiver's children, caressing and playing with them by the hour, and telling the lady, by signs, that when she swam back to the shore her baby was gone, and she believed the dogs had eaten it. She went over, again and again, her grief at its loss; her frantic search for it, even after it had been gone a long time; her dread of being alone; her hope, for years, of rescue, and at last the despair that in time became resignation.

The visitors sometimes gave her presents, which she put aside until the donors had

departed, seeming to know by intuition that they would be offended if she refused to accept them; but as soon as the guests were gone she called the little children, and distributed her gifts among them, laughing if they were pleased, and happy in their joy.

A few days after her arrival, Father Antonio Jimeño sent for Indians from the missions of San Fernando and Santa Yuez, in hope of finding some one who could converse with the islander. At that time there were Indians living in Los Angeles county, belonging to the Pepimaras, who, it was said, had in former years communication with the San Nicolas Indians. But neither these, nor those from San Buena Ventura, or Santa Barbara, could understand her, or make themselves understood. In less than two decades after the little band had left San Nicolas, their whereabouts could not be discovered. They were a mere drop in the stream of serfs known by the general name of Mission Indians. Beyond a few words, nothing was ever known of her tongue. A hide she called *to-co* (*to-kay*); a man, *nache* (*nah'-chey*); the sky, *te-gua* (*tay-gwah*); the body, *pinche* (*pin-oo-chey*). She learned a few Spanish words: *pan* (bread), *papas* (potatoes), *caballo* (horse). Sometimes she called Captain Nidiver, in Spanish, *tata* (father), sometimes *nana* (mother).

The gentleness, modesty and tact of the untutored wild woman of the Pacific were so foreign to ideas of the savage nature, that some parties believed that she was not an Indian, but a person of distinction cast away by shipwreck, and adopted by the islanders before their removal from their home. Others were certain, from her evident refinement, that she had not been long alone, but had drifted to San Nicolas after the Indian woman perished in the surf, and had by mistake been taken for the original savage. The old sailors who rescued her affirm that she was an Indian, the same who jumped from the schooner to save her child. The representative of a lost tribe, she stands out from the Indians of the coast, the possessor of noble and distinctive traits; provident, cleanly, tasteful, amiable, imitative, considerate, and with a maternal devotion which civilization has never surpassed.

She was greatly disappointed when none of her kindred were found. She drooped under civilization; she missed the out-door life of her island camp. After a few weeks she became too weak to walk; she was carried on to the porch every day in a chair. She dozed in the sunshine, while the children

played around her. She was patient and cheerful, looking eagerly into every new face for recognition, and sometimes singing softly to herself. Mrs. Nidiver hoped a return to her old diet would help her. She procured seal's meat, and roasted it in ashes. When the sick woman saw it, she patted her nurse's hands affectionately, but could not eat the food. She fell from her chair one morning, and remained insensible for hours. Seeing the approach of death, Mrs. Nidiver sent for a priest to baptize her *protégé*. At first he refused, not knowing but that she had been baptized previously, although the burden of proof was against it. At length, heeding the kind Catholic lady's distress, he consented to administer the rite, conditionally. As she was breathing her last, the sign of the cross was pressed on her cold brow, and the unknown and nameless creature was christened by Father Sanchez, in the beautiful Spanish, "Juana Marie." In a walled cemetery, from whose portals gleam ghastly skull and cross-bones, close to the Santa Barbara Mission, under the shelter of the tower, is the neglected grave of a devoted mother, the heroine of San Nicolas.

The abandonment of San Nicolas occurred forty-six years ago. The survivor of eighteen years' solitary captivity arrived in Santa Barbara the 8th of September, 1853. Captain Nidiver's house, where the stranger died, stands in sight of the ocean, and can be pointed out by any school-boy in the town. Nidiver and his wife are living, and their son George follows the sea, as his father did before him. Carl Detman, or Charlie Brown,

as he is called by old sailors, may be found any day where the retired boatmen congregate. Thomas Jeffries walks the streets in blouse, wide hat, and flowing gray hair. Dr. Brinkerhoff, who attended the woman of San Nicolas, is a well-known physician of the city. Father Gonzales died a few years ago, after a continuous residence of more than a quarter of a century in the Mission. For a long time he was partially paralyzed, and was carried about in a chair. I remember him as a little dark man, with eyes that blazed unnaturally from sunken sockets, his appearance rendered more startling by a white turban bound around his head. He is buried under the floor of the old chapel. The rambling mansion on State street, known as the Park Hotel, may have sheltered tourists who read this account. It was the first brick house built in Santa Barbara, and was the private residence of Isaac Sparks, the lessee of the sail-boat from which, in 1835, the woman jumped overboard. "Burton's Mound," a picturesque knoll, threaded by rows of olive trees, belongs to Lewis L. Burton, another lessee of the *Peor és Nada*. A lady in San Francisco has some of the island's needles. Nidiver and Brown retain her curious water-tight baskets. The Mission fathers sent her feather robes to Rome. They were made of the satiny plumage of the green cormorant, the feathers pointing downward, and so skillfully matched as to seem one continuous sheen of changeful luster.

The record of baptism is in the church register. Her grave will be pointed out to any one by the Franciscan brothers on the hill.

THE ROSE.

'Tis Summer: the days are long,
 Long with the breath of June,
 And the air is full of song,
 And broken snatches of tune,
 And broken whispers of winds that pass;
 The butterflies drop in the tender grass,
 And breezes die on the fainting air
 That throbs with the heat of the sun,
 And the earth is full of a power rare,
 And the earth and the air are one!

And now, in the heart of June,
 With her sudden life and light,
 With the fullness of her noon,
 With the silence of her night,
 The rosebud loosens her outer dress
 And blushes in fainting loveliness,
 Nor opens her heart to the common air,
 Nor shows you her inmost light,
 But leaves you to dream what is hidden there
 With the dew of the falling night.

WORLD-MUSIC.

JUBILANT the music through the fields a-ringing,—
 Carol, warble, whistle, pipe,—endless ways of singing;
 Oriole, bobolink, melody of thrushes,
 Rustling trees, hum of bees, sudden little hushes,
 Broken suddenly again—
 Carol, whistle, rustle, humming,
 In reiterate refrain,
 Thither, hither, going, coming;
 While the streamlets' softer voices mingle murmurously together;
 Gurgle, whisper, lapses, splashes,—praise of love and summer weather.

Hark! A music finer on the air is blowing,—
 Throbs of infinite content, sounds of things a-growing,
 Secret sounds, flit of bird under leafy cover,
 Odors shy floating by, clouds blown swiftly over,
 Kisses of the crimson roses,
 Crossings of the lily-lances,
 Stirrings when a bud uncloses,
 Tripping sun and shadow dances,
 Murmur of aerial tides, stealthy zephyrs gliding,
 And a thousand nameless things sweeter for their hiding.

Ah! There is a music floweth on forever,
 In and out, yet all beyond our tracing or endeavor,
 Far yet clear, strange yet near, sweet with a profounder sweetness,
 Mystical, rhythmical, weaving all into completeness;
 For its wide, harmonious measures
 Not one earthly note let fall;
 Sorrows, raptures, pains and pleasures,
 All in it, and it in all.
 Of earth's music the ennobler, of its discord the refiner,
 Pipe of Pan was once its naming, now it hath a name diviner.

GEORGETOWN COLLEGE, D. C.*

It is well that the distant prospect of a college should have in it something picturesque and poetic—some liberal suggestion of other than commonplace life. He who gets from the Virginia shore a glimpse of the towers of Georgetown College, through the kindly haze of a September sunset, with the yellow vineyard and wooded slopes beyond and above them, the noble many-bridged and islanded river rolling a golden

flood below, may dream for a moment of the Rhine. Nor does a nearer approach too rudely shake the illusion. The quaint old town, whose rest the disenchanting hand of traffic has lightly touched, with its old-fashioned houses, and drowsy streets, attunes itself easily to his fancy, and if he came from a bustling place, there will be in its very quiet something foreign and remote. By the college gates stands a

* Since the following account was written, some three years ago, many changes and improvements have been effected in the college grounds and buildings, chief of which is the completion of the new college, pictured on page 675. This will explain to the friends of the college certain discrepancies between its present aspect and its description here.



DECATUR'S MEDAL.

church which might have been caught up bodily out of some old California mission, and near it a queer little house that has, if not a history, at least that sort of poor-relationship with history which enables it to hold its shaky head up among its thrifter neighbors. Here Stephen Decatur's widow lived for twenty years, and here she died, bequeathing to the college museum many curious relics of the gallant sailor. The house is picturesque enough to make the idea of dying in it more attractive than that of living in it.

Once inside the gates, our illusion fades a little "into the common light of day." Yet the view has still a placid charm of its own. Passing between two whitewashed gate-houses which look like guard-houses, and were, indeed, used as such during the military occupation of the College in the war, we are in the play-ground, some half-dozen acres of greensward, divided into two nearly equal fields by a road bordered with trees. The field to the left is used for the foot-ball matches, and the odd-looking structure of brick at its upper end, like the standing center-wall and gable of a ruined house, is the ball alley. Here, in days gone by, the "joyous science" of hand-ball had fit interpretation. More modern pastimes, base-ball, boating, billiards, now usurp its place. Here, too, after class-time, would sometimes repair belligerent youths, who had learned to scoff at Dr. Watts. For these dark deeds, however, "The Walks" were preferred, because, being then "out of bounds," to go there was to break several rules at once—a temptation irresistible to the under-graduate mind. "The Walks"

are a charming sylvan road through the college grounds, which comprise in all one hundred and fifty-six acres, sixty-four of them woodland. These we shall visit later. Now we must hasten to the college pump in the middle of the yard, whence, after a draught of waters that are thought to have the age, if not the virtues, of Hippocrene, we are at leisure to view the buildings.

These are some half-score in number, and include the North Building, that of the Towers, the South Row and Infirmary overlooking the Potomac, the Observatory on a slight eminence, distant some 400 yards to the west, the Gymnasium and greenhouse, together with various shops and offices connected with the College Farm. In the North Building are the dormitories and class-rooms of the senior department, the college library and museum, the chemical laboratory and philosophical cabinet, besides a billiard-room, reading-room and smoking-room for the students. Here, too, are the visitors' reception parlor, and the president's room, where hangs a fine painting by Luca Giordano, surnamed Fa Presto, "The Calling of St. Matthew," one of the few art-treasures the college can boast. In the South Row, the West Building contains the students' refectory and chapel and the senior study-hall; the Middle Building, the oldest of all, is the community house, and the East Building holds the dormitory, study-hall, and class-rooms of the junior students, who have likewise a separate play-ground, and whose domain is known as the "small boys' side." The Infirmary, kept in excellent order, is the college hospital, where the sick student is cured and the lazy one sometimes gets himself endured, until found and put out. The views from its windows up and down the river, and away over smiling farm and forest land to the blue Virginia hills, are almost enough of themselves to make a sick man well, or to entice a well man to be sick.

Seen thus near, the buildings hardly bear out the gracious promise of the further shore. The North Building is said to have been built upon the model of a French chateau, but the pattern seems to have been followed with a freedom of detail not perhaps unbecoming in a republic. One of these amendments, no doubt, is the spacious porch, a favorite lounging-place at all times, especially in summer. In its shadows famous men have sat and talked. Thirty or forty years ago the statesmen of the capital would

sometimes stroll up to the college for a chat with the learned fathers, or perhaps a dip into their library. Benton, Clay and Calhoun are said to have been fond of it. Another departure from the plan was the famous towers, which were only (sad irony of chance!) an after-thought, to strengthen the rear wall. The view from their upper windows repays the climb, and has, no doubt, lent a pensive solace to the captivity of many prisoners of state, confined there for forbidden trips to the ball-alley or "The Walks."

The other buildings, like this, are of brick, and designed with that severe simplicity which marks our earlier college architecture. The first founders thought more of adorning minds than of embellishing façades, and indeed, had seldom means for both. Of Georgetown this is pre-eminently true. From the first, want of money was a let and a hindrance. Wholly unhelped, as its faculty have been, by endowment, subscription or donation, it is a wonder they have been able to do so much with the tuition fees which have been practically their sole resource. Yet they have at most times had free scholars—an ornament better, perhaps, than Gothic finials. The general effect of the pile, plain as it is, is not unimpressive even at hand, and (one feels that) a more pretentious architecture might have had a less happy effect. Chance and time sometimes render the justice the architect denies to a landscape's divine right that nothing unseemly shall be obtruded on its beauty.

About the close of the Revolution, the opportunity came to a young Maryland priest to carry out a pet project of founding a Catholic college. The undertaking could have had no better sponsor. First cousin to Carroll of Carrollton, and afterward the first American Catholic Bishop and Archbishop, John Carroll was even then a man of mark. With his cousin he had done yeoman service in the struggle just ended. The opening of the Revolution found him domiciled at Wardour Castle as chaplain to Lord Arundel, the suppression of the Jesuits, of whom he was one, in 1773, having driven him from his professorship at Bruges to England. The revolt once a certainty, Father Carroll sailed instantly for home to cast his lot with his countrymen. In 1776, by request of Congress, he went with a committee of that body, Benjamin Franklin, Samuel Chase and Charles Carroll, to Montreal, to aid in securing the alliance or neutrality of the Canadians. To the friend-

ship with Franklin thus begun, F. Carroll owed perhaps his miter, for when the former was Minister to France, in 1784, it was partly on his advice to the Papal Nuncio that Carroll's name was chosen from the list submitted, for appointment as "Superior of the Catholic Clergy in the United States." Dr. Carroll was a man of learning, of lofty character and unaffected piety, of courtly address and winning manners. (From the Archbishop's portrait by Gilbert Stuart our engraving is taken.)

Dr. Carroll's removal to another sphere, with its engrossing duties, left him little leisure for personal supervision of the infant college; but his character and influence had certainly much to do with its final success. The site was chosen by himself. Though the first building was put up in 1789, classes were not formally opened till the fall of 1791, when the first Catholic college in the United States started with the Rev. Robert Plunkett for first president and William Gaston, of North Carolina, for first pupil. The career of that eminent jurist and statesman made it an auspicious beginning. A pane in one of the windows of the old college still bears his name where he cut it in 1791. His son and namesake was a student at the college many years after, and, graduating at West Point, was killed by the Indians in the Mormon war. In the same first class with the elder Gaston were Enoch and Benedict Fenwick, both in turn presidents of the college, and the latter subsequently Bishop of Boston. From the first, attention was given to the classics, which soon won for the college a reputation not since lost, and the new school grew so rapidly in favor that the corner-stone of the North Building was laid in 1794, though lack of funds deferred its completion to 1808. Father Plunkett was succeeded by Rev. Robert Molyneux, who, after a short service, gave way to the Abbe Dubourg, afterward Bishop of New Orleans and Archbishop of Besançon, in France.

Father Dubourg's term yields us one interesting episode—a formal visit of Washington to the college, in response to a call of its Faculty upon him. This must have been in 1797, since "he was received with a poetical address of welcome by Robert Walsh, ætat 12," afterward to become widely known as editor and publicist, and, later, as United States Consul to Paris. Robert Walsh was twelve when he entered college in 1797. Washington rode up unattended to the gate, where he alighted and

hitched his horse to the palings. He was welcomed by Professor Matthews, afterward president of the college (in 1808). This visit of the first President may almost be said to have set a precedent, since for many years his successors have not failed to give out the medals and premiums at the college commencements. The name is a familiar one on the college rolls, Augustine and Bushrod, sons of Judge Bushrod Washing-

not only removed one great stumbling-block—the lack of skilled teachers, but their *ratio studiorum* supplied for the first time a full and symmetrical college course. The completion of the North Building soon after gave house-room to the students and professors who had been, the former always, the latter often, forced to reside in the town.

Nevertheless, the new custodians had to



"BE TO MY FAULTS A LITTLE BLIND."

ton, the General's nephew, having entered in 1793, George W., son of the younger Bushrod, then residing at Mount Vernon, in 1830, and Henry, son of Lawrence Washington, of Westmoreland County, Virginia, in 1834.

Mr. Dubourg was succeeded, in 1799, by another of the Bishops, for whom the college seems then to have been a nursery—Rev. Leonard Neale, second Archbishop of Baltimore.

About this time the change occurred which raised the college from the level of an academy to something nearer the promise of its name. In 1806, the society of Jesus, having been re-organized in the Province* of Maryland, the schools at Georgetown were put under their care, where they have since remained. The severe and systematic training of the Order

face serious difficulties. The number of students in 1806 had sunk to fifteen, and the faculty were often put to sore straits. The earlier presidents, being for the most part missionary priests, were much of their time in the saddle, and could naturally give but a divided attention to their office. Energy and perseverance, however, so far overcame these obstacles that not only was the North Building finished, as we have seen, in 1808, but in the following year the faculty were able to establish in New York, under the Rev. Benedict Fenwick, a seminary which may be regarded as the first of the many offshoots of the college, planted, from time to time, in various cities. This was called "The New York Literary Institution," and the school-building was erected on the site of the Fifth Avenue Cathedral, the land being bought at the then high price of \$13,000.

Congress, on May 1st, 1815, granted to the University of Georgetown the charter which empowers it to confer degrees in any

* In the internal polity of the Society, a "province" answers nearly to a secular diocese, and its "provincial" to a Bishop.

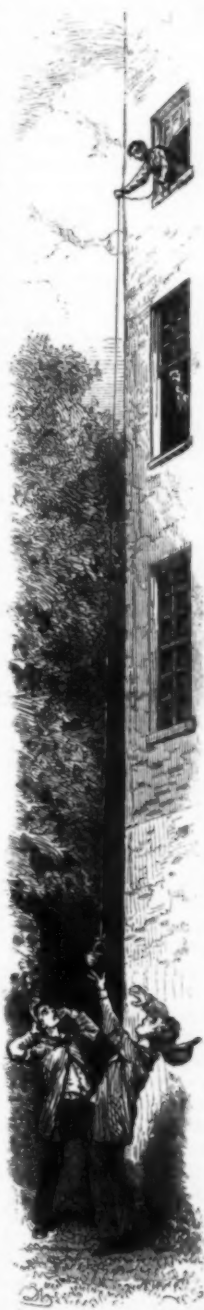
of the faculties. It was not, however, till many years later that the departments of Medicine and Law could be established, the former in 1851, the latter in 1870. A school of theology, for many years held at the college, was some time since removed to Woodstock, Md.

The charter was obtained under the presidency of Fr. Grasse, and had, no doubt, its share in swelling the attendance to 100 in 1817. In that year the college established in the capital Washington Seminary, now Gonzaga College. From that point, however, the number of students fell off till it touched low-water mark with 30, in 1826. But in that year a new departure again turned the tide, and began an era of prosperity, which continued steadily brightening till the war, and is now, after weathering that almost fatal storm, nearly restored.

The initial impulse came with the return of several young American Jesuits from Rome, whither they had been sent to perfect their literary culture. Assuming various positions in the faculty, these new-comers speedily infused fresh life and vigor into every department. Foremost among them were Messrs. Mulledy, Ryder, George Fenwick, Young and McSherry, the first of whom became president in 1829, with F. Ryder as vice-president and Father Fenwick as prefect, or director of studies. To these three men Georgetown College owes, no doubt, in great measure, whatever prominence she has since won.

Father Mulledy, or Father "Tom," as he was generally called, was a man not only of great executive ability, but a certain brusque geniality combined with a native force and resolution, by no means unserviceable in dealing with the turbulent elements then common among the students. More than once concerted rebellions threatened not only the life of the college but even of some obnoxious prefect, as the officers charged with the discipline of the school are called. In the famous *émeute*, still fondly embalmed in college legend as the Great Rebellion of '37, a prefect, it is said, had to intrench himself in his room against a mob of malcontents, thus unpleasantly reversing the old-time school trick of "barring-out." A story is told of President Mulledy, while still a scholastic,—a Jesuit is so known previous to ordination,—which marks the temper of the man, and the occasional roughness of the material he had to mold to ways of peace and gentleness. While teaching class one day, a burly backwoods-

man, renowned for fistic prowess, defied his authority, and proposed to throw him out of the window if he insisted on it. It was a crisis, as all present knew, and unless the teacher could command it, his usefulness was gone. Mr. Mulledy, without stopping the lesson, quietly sent to his President for permission to treat the defiance in his own way, and, that obtained, tucked up his *soutane* and gave battle to his refractory pupil, polishing him off artistically, to the delight of his class. It is even said that he completed the challenger's prescription by pitching him out of the window, which, for the story's sake, as the window was a low one, one would like to believe. However this may be, it is safe to say that that teacher's authority was not again questioned, nor was there ever a more popular president. Boys do not dislike to see their teacher abdicate his throne on occasion, and show himself of the same flesh and blood as themselves. Perhaps few schools in the country had a wilder set of students than sometimes gathered in Georgetown, and about the borders of the skating pond and



FEEDING THE PRISONER.

the canal yet linger vague but thrilling traditions of terrific "town and gown" rows in days gone by.

President Mulledy's term of eight years was a period of activity and progress. The number of students was largely increased, especially from Virginia, his native State, where his popularity was great. Many improvements were made, and new buildings erected. In 1831 the west building of the south row was begun, and finished in 1833. This gave a long-needed hall for studies and commencement exercises, which, up to that, had been held in old Trinity Church. At the same time the west half of the infirmary was built.

A no less important achievement in the eyes of every true lover of the college was the completion of "The Walks." The origin of this charming woodland promenade is said to have been an ordinary cow-path, first enlarged by the then owner of the land in 1826. Upon his joining the Order as a lay brother, soon after he extended his labors, and with no other instrument than a spade, a natural turn for landscape gardening, produced a little sylvan paradise. Starting from the greenhouse and gymnasium at the east end of the north building, "The Walks" wind along the sides of a romantic, deeply wooded glen, in an irregular semicircle about the college buildings, for nearly a mile. Through the center of this glen bickers a slim rivulet, under hospitable shades of pine and poplar that make one think involuntarily of the lovely lines he dares not quote, however, even in academic solitudes. Nowadays Huxley has dismounted Horace, and only the pedantry of science is forgiven. Here has always centered much of the poetry and pleasure of college life; here the student came to fight his battles, physical and metaphysical—to cram for examination in its cool silence or to pummel his enemy in its unguarded remoteness; hither stole to enjoy the furtive pipe in days when smoking was a college crime. It sometimes chanced that an amiable professor was encountered "on like errand bent," when the freemasonry of the weed would triumph over the harshness of discipline in a pleasant little comedy of diplomatic blindness. Now that "The Walks" are free, and smoking is no longer forbidden to the senior students, these fearful joys of the past must be sadly curtailed. It seems improbable that a collegian should ever enjoy a permitted pastime as thoroughly as a forbidden

one. But since these privileges are sometimes denied by way of penalty, even the student of the present may have his taste of precarious delight.

During Father Mulledy's term also, in 1830, the college museum and library were arranged in the rooms they now occupy, at opposite ends of the tower corridor in the north building. These quarters are quite inadequate, and the library, in particular, needs urgently the roomier accommodations designed for it in the new building which is to make the west side of the college quadrangle, and which it is hoped to begin during the current year.* The present library, 23 by 33, holds, with the octagonal tower chamber adjoining, only a part of the 30,000 books of the college. The usefulness of the collection, in many respects valuable and in some unique, is impaired by its enforced want of order. The museum has a rare assortment of shells, a good one of birds, and, for its size, an excellent cabinet of mineralogy and geology. There are, too, many interesting reminders of famous men besides those of Decatur already mentioned. But, for the reasons given, neither library nor museum is quite what the friends of the college should wish, though far better than could have been expected from the limited means at the command of the faculty.

Considering the small number of her alumni, Georgetown counts among them a fair proportion of distinguished names in every walk of life: United States senators and congressmen, judges and lawyers of eminence, bishops and governors of States.

The record of this period would be incomplete without some notice of Father George Fenwick. An admirable talker, a good teacher, a sound scholar, he seems to have had an especial gift in winning the affections of all with whom he came in contact, and no one has left a deeper personal impression upon the college history. Father Fenwick did much to improve and expand the order of studies; but it is as a man and not as professor, though an excellent one, that he is still fondly remembered. The "boys" of his day have scores of stories concerning his kindness, his wit, his good-humored help in shielding them against the consequences of college scrapes. He died at the college in 1857, and is buried in its pretty little grave-yard.

* 1877. As already stated, this building is now completed, and the library, museum, etc., removed to it.

Father McSherry, who had been the first provincial in Maryland, succeeded F. Mulledy; he was in ill health at the time, and died during his term. Thence till 1851 Dr. Ryder alternated with Dr. Mulledy in the rectorship, and the college continued to prosper. Under the former, in 1843, with the aid of Fathers Stonestreet, Curley and Thomas Meredith Jenkins, of Baltimore, the Astronomical Observatory was established.

At the observatory Father Curley has since been in charge, and here he first determined the true meridian of Washington. A distinction his unassuming nature would value more highly is to have won an abiding place in the affections of so many generations of his pupils, for whom his gentle erudition has realized Pope's character of Gay.

In 1843, also, was established the fourth of the colleges that trace their origin to Georgetown—the College of the Holy Cross, at Worcester, opened on November 2d of that year, with Father Mulledy as president, and a faculty from the banks of the Potomac. For many years, also, the parent university conferred degrees on the graduates of Worcester, to which a charter had been denied by the Massachusetts Legislature. This disability was removed, and a charter to confer all degrees but that of medicine granted to the college at Worcester, in 1865. A like charter had been given two years before to Boston College, the faculty of which was in like manner chiefly supplied from Georgetown. Both Worcester and Boston colleges have already attained a vigorous and independent growth. It is not the least of Georgetown's claims to praise that she has been able, out of her slender resources, to establish such schools, and to furnish such masters for them.

In 1848, the political troubles in Europe gave the college faculty an accession of strength, including Fathers Sestini, Ciampi Rosa, Secchi and Sacchi—Secchi being the famous Roman astronomer, and Sacchi perhaps the most finished Latin poet we have had in America, and one of the foremost linguists of the day. At this time the gas-works were constructed, by which the college buildings became the first in Georgetown to be lighted with gas, and in 1851 the medical department was opened and has since been in successful operation.

The Reverend C. H. Stonestreet brought to the presidency in 1851 many admirable qualifications for the office, which he had,

however, short time to exercise. Being made provincial the year after, he was succeeded by the Reverend B. A. Maguire, a name familiar to Washington ears, under whose energetic guidance the college reached its climax of success. In 1854, the large east building of the south row was erected for younger students, and a greenhouse built and gardens laid out behind the north building.

Since 1859 the college has boasted of two military companies (of senior and junior students), drilling as light infantry, with arms and accouterments furnished by the Government. Their parades in Washington, when, to the inspiring strains of the college band, they were sometimes reviewed by the Secretary of War, were occasions of much joy and excitement, not only in college but in Georgetown, the staid old borough actually waking up to honor her youthful warriors. The war came, to turn, for many of them, their mimic wars to deadly earnest, and kept them facing each other on Southern battle-fields, from which too few were to return.

The war was a sad blow to the college, not alone in lessening the attendance, but in the military occupation which, beginning on May 1st, 1861, at an hour's notice, lasted till the 4th of July following. In turn the Sixty-ninth New York and the Seventy-ninth Highlanders were quartered in the south row, which they nearly filled,—professors and students being often halted for the countersign in going about their necessary duties. So, for two months, the gown made way for the sword, and the boys found a new reading for their Cicero. It was a strange medley of war and science—the rattle of musket-butts in the corridors punctuating a recitation, and military battalions deploying on the ball-field. Nor was greater excitement wanting,—the enemy being so near that night-alarms were frequent, and the "long roll" often broke the students' sleep.

Nevertheless, during this and a much longer occupation in the following year,—when the college, having served as a barrack, was again taken for a hospital after the second Bull Run,—studies went on uninterruptedly, though the attendance fell from 350 to 120. The presidency of the Rev. John Early had opened, in 1859, with brilliant prospects, thus speedily clouded. With the close of the war, however, students came back; among them more than one who had made his campaigns, and, like Napoleon's

conscript, was a veteran before his beard; and the college has now something like its old numbers, while it is, in point of comfort for the pupil and efficiency in the methods and appliances of study, better equipped than ever before.

The opening of the Law School, in 1870, added a third faculty to the university. Like the medical department, it is situated in Washington, and gains thereby similar advantages. Besides having the Congressional Law Library at command, the student can follow all the forms of judicial procedure, from the lowest local tribunal to the Supreme Court of the United States. Its usefulness is enhanced by the fact that the lectures are delivered in the evening. Up to this time, the university diploma has been conferred on seventy-nine Bachelors of Law.

Father Early—replaced by Father Maguire in 1866—received the presidency in 1870, but died in 1874, as deeply regretted as he was greatly beloved. He was succeeded by the Rev. P. A. Healey, whose progressive and enlightened policy, administered by an able corps of professors, has promoted at once the comfort of the students and the effectiveness of their studies. In the former respect the college now lacks few of the ameliorations which the modern collegian deems essential to his welfare,



REV. B. A. MAGUIRE, S. J.

except that of separate rooms. This privilege is, as yet, accorded only to the graduating class; for the others the general dormitory system still prevails, but only for want of proper accommodations. With these, in



REV. JAMES RYDER, S. J.

time, it is intended to allot separate rooms to all, at least, of the senior students. A new gymnasium was lately built by the faculty; a billiard-room was opened and a boat-club organized. That other present necessity of American college life, a college paper, has likewise been in existence since 1872. It is called "The Georgetown College Journal," is a neat, twelve-page quarto, published monthly by a stock association of the students, and is edited by a committee of the stockholders chosen by themselves and presided over by a member of the faculty, who acts as editor-in-chief. It is owing perhaps to this that "The Georgetown Journal" shows a degree of thought and a quietness of style not often found in papers of its class.

Such, in its main outlines, is the history of the college. It remains to ask what peculiarities of discipline and study distinguish it from other like institutions. Enough has been said to show that the system is quite unlike that of colleges modeled on the general plan of Yale and Harvard. Georgetown College at present is more akin to an English public school, or to the French Lyceum described by Matthew Arnold in the "Essays in Criticism" as a French Eton. The Petit College of the latter has its counterpart in the "small boys' side" of Georgetown. But the latter has a somewhat wider scope and higher aims than either the French or the English Eton. These are and are meant to be but stepping-stones to a university, of which Georgetown might rather be called the corner-stone.

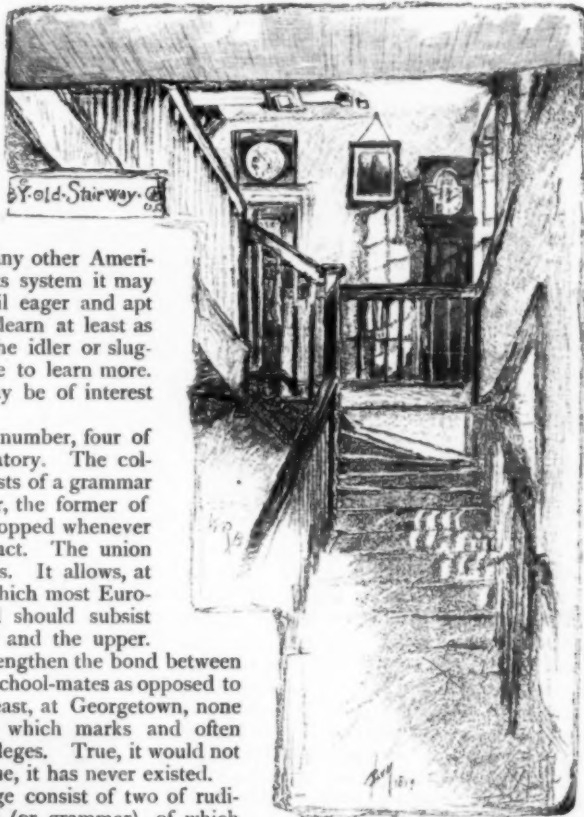
At present, Georgetown College does not

claim to have reached, in its academic department, the highest standard of its hopes and aims. This would be, under existing conditions, impossible to achieve, injudicious to attempt. It does claim to be thorough, so far as it goes, and to dismiss its graduate the equal in scholastic attainments of the graduate of any other American college. Indeed, of its system it may be said that while the pupil eager and apt to learn will be able to learn at least as much here as elsewhere, the idler or slug-gard will perhaps be made to learn more. What that system is, it may be of interest briefly to explain.

The classes are eight in number, four of them being strictly preparatory. The college, indeed, virtually consists of a grammar school and a college proper, the former of which will, no doubt, be dropped whenever the university becomes a fact. The union is not without its advantages. It allows, at least, that unity of design which most European educators are agreed should subsist between the primary school and the upper. It tends, perhaps, also to strengthen the bond between teacher and pupil, between school-mates as opposed to class-mates. There is, at least, at Georgetown, none of that singular class-spirit which marks and often mars so many American colleges. True, it would not be tolerated, but, equally true, it has never existed.

The classes in the college consist of two of rudiments, three of humanities (or grammar), of which the first answers to the freshman; poetry, rheto-

ric and philosophy—these names corresponding to sophomore, junior and senior, with the advantage of having an idea behind them. Up to the class of philosophy, the student follows three parallel courses: the classical and main one embracing Latin, Greek and English grammar, literature and history; the mathematical, as far as calculus and mechanics; and one of modern languages, including French and German, as far as poetry, becoming there eclectic. No attempt is made to read many or recondite authors, the most difficult Latin being Tacitus and Juvenal; the hardest Greek, Sophocles and Demosthenes; the aim is to ground the pupil thoroughly in the principles of each language—to imbue him with its spirit and style. Frequent compositions and translations, in prose and verse, are therefore required in every language studied.



THE OLD STAIR-WAY.



THE OLD PUMP.



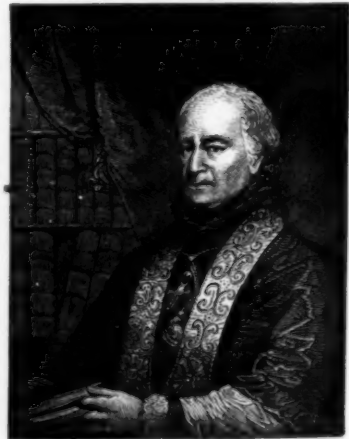
OLD TRINITY CHURCH.

With the latter class the study of belles-lettres and mathematics ends. The pupil has hitherto been providing and sharpening his tools; he is now to learn to use them. The highest class is given to the study of logic, metaphysics, ethics and natural right in rational philosophy, and, in natural science, physics, mechanics, astronomy, geology and botany. In the former branch his text-books and lectures are in Latin, which he is now supposed to have mastered sufficiently for that purpose; and in that language, too, his public disputations once a month are held, and his essays often written. In the latter branch the students deliver public lectures and essays, with experiments. In a post-graduate course, natural right is continued, with the fundamental principles of civil, political and international law.

The merit of this plan seems to consist in its symmetry, its simplicity, and what may be termed a certain elastic reserve. It does not crowd the pupil's mind, while it gives him a taste for study and trains him to think. Certainly it has stood the test of time and success: for practically the same to-day as Father Maldonatus arranged it 300 years ago, this *ratio studiorum* has produced as many men eminent in every branch of human learning as any other system in the world. It does not teach a man everything; it does not try; that would be folly within the limits of an ordi-

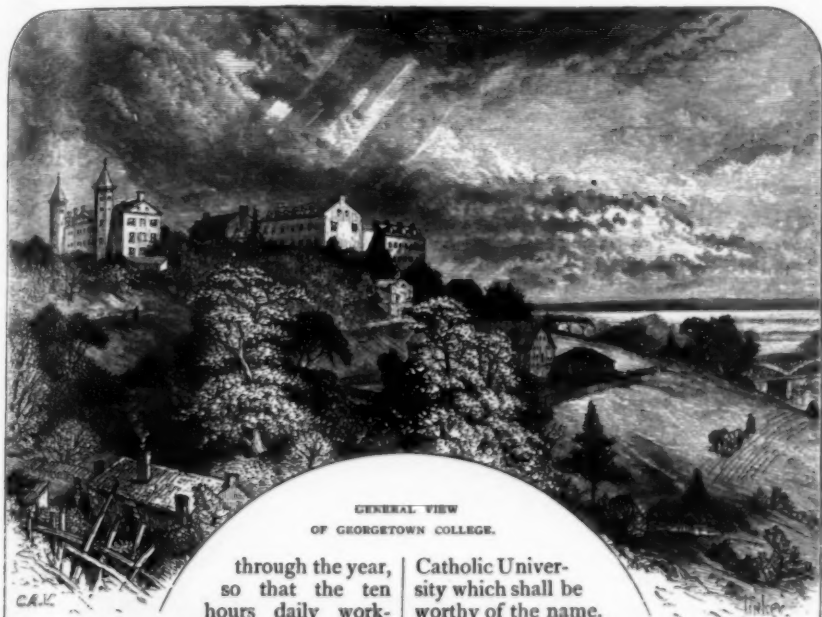
nary college-course; but it teaches him to teach himself.

The discipline is of the kind called paternal, and is, doubtless, in many points stricter than would be possible or useful in the university. For students of the average age of those at Georgetown, an age much below the average of most American colleges, the discipline is probably salutary. From much of it the graduating class is exempt. The students, who, with few exceptions, board in the college, go to bed and get up, go to studies as they go to meals, and to class at stated hours. Studies occupy something over four hours a day, in the common study-hall, under the eye of a teacher; an hour in the morning, before breakfast, known as morning studies; an hour at noon, after dinner, middle studies; and night studies, from supper till bed-time at half-past nine o'clock. Classes take three and a quarter hours in the morning and two and a quarter hours in the afternoon. For sleep eight hours are allotted in summer, eight and a half in winter. The remainder of the day, about six hours, is given to meals and recreation, with the exception of a half-hour in the morning and a quarter-hour in the evening devoted to religious exercises. These, of course, follow the Catholic ritual, and all students—about one-fourth of the number are usually non-Catholic—are



ARCHBISHOP CARROLL.

required to attend them. Of Catholic students it is besides exacted that they shall comply with certain obligations of their faith. Tuesdays and Thursdays are half-holidays, and there are many others



GENERAL VIEW
OF GEORGETOWN COLLEGE.

through the year,
so that the ten
hours daily work-
ing time is not so
arduous as it might seem.

Following this scheme of education, and in the face of difficulties few colleges have had to contend with, Georgetown College has attained a position in which her friends and alumni may take a just pride. Her faculty are not content to stand on this; they mean to go forward. The new building to be begun this year, and which is to include a library and chapel, is an earnest of their sincerity and vigor. With but a tithe of the support so freely lavished on other schools, they would speedily go not forward only but far. There has been much talk in Catholic circles of establishing an American

Catholic Univer-
sity which shall be
worthy of the name.

It might be well for these enthusiasts to try what a little help would do toward lifting to that dignity the one American Catholic College, which has as yet even "saluted it from afar." No university was ever built on tuition fees, or in a day; no real university was ever aught but the slow accretion of years. The university must have traditions; it must have the dignity of age—an ancestry of culture, the "grace of a day that is dead." There must linger about it that aroma of learning which time alone can give. Georgetown has not all of these; but it is nearer, by a century, to having them than any university whose foundation shall be dug to-day.



THE NEW COLLEGE.

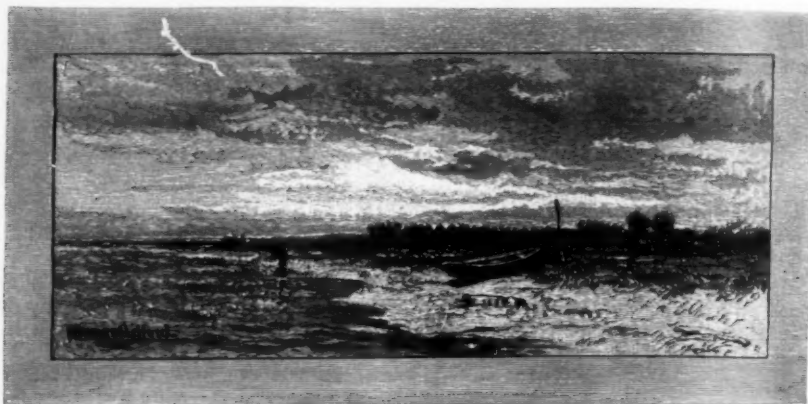
WHEN WOODS ARE GREEN.

"Than longen folks to gon on pilgrimages."

If he is a public benefactor who makes two blades of grass grow where one grew before, surely he is a lover of his kind who discloses one more hidden haunt where woods are green.

It is one requisite of a summer resting-place that it shall be easy of access and yet not easily accessible; by which we mean that those who want to go there must be able to reach it comfortably, while those

general enthusiasm for islands, let us choose rather a peninsula, where the neck of land connecting us with the city shall be so long and so narrow that cottages will be far removed from the dusty highways, and we may walk the woods and fields for barberies or cardinal-flowers with no fear of meeting any but those "rosy tramps of turnpike and of lane" of which we are deliberately in search.

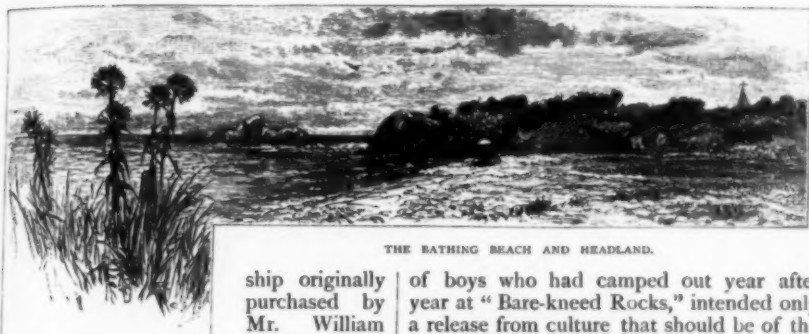


THE SOUTH BEACH.

whom you do not wish to have there will never think of trying it. Few of us really wish to retire to the "interior of Massachusetts" beyond the reach of necessary telegrams; news from the humming city must be able to come to us, even if never deliberately sought. It is scarcely a disadvantage that the New York and New Bedford propeller does not stop at our way-side wharf, when a little steamer of our own will bring travelers back within an hour to a cluster of cottages matronized by one hotel, which, with no glorious rocks like Gloucester, no sounding surf like Narraganset, no notoriety like the Vineyard, no wooded loveliness like Naushon, and no splendid beach like Nantasket, seems at first to offer no attractions that need bind us to pause here rather than at any other point along the shore. The sea is, of course, indispensable; but communication by land is by no means undesirable; and, far from sharing the present

Whatever charm may tempt you to linger here week after week, and lure you back again summer after summer, will be due solely to the place itself. We have positively no associations; no trace is to be found of even the ubiquitous Washington; nor will you find a quaint country-folk, among whose homes you may search for old clocks and china. There will be here none but yourselves, for the few outlying farms that supply the occasional berry and the much-desired tomato are occupied by a sturdy race of practical farmers, who bring your household supplies early in the morning and are gone again before your eyes have opened to the necessity for omelet and beefsteak.

A certain historical haze pervades the atmosphere, it is true; for tradition hath it that this was once part of the hunting-grounds of King Philip, and that the Non-quitt, which is said to bear the name of King Philip's brother, was part of the town-

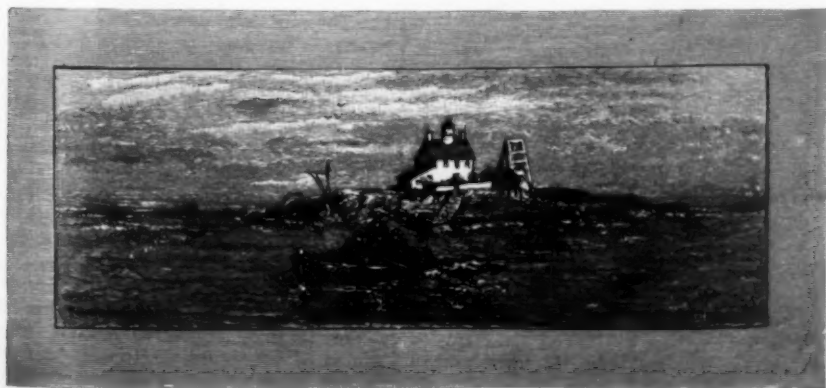


THE BATHING BEACH AND HEADLAND.

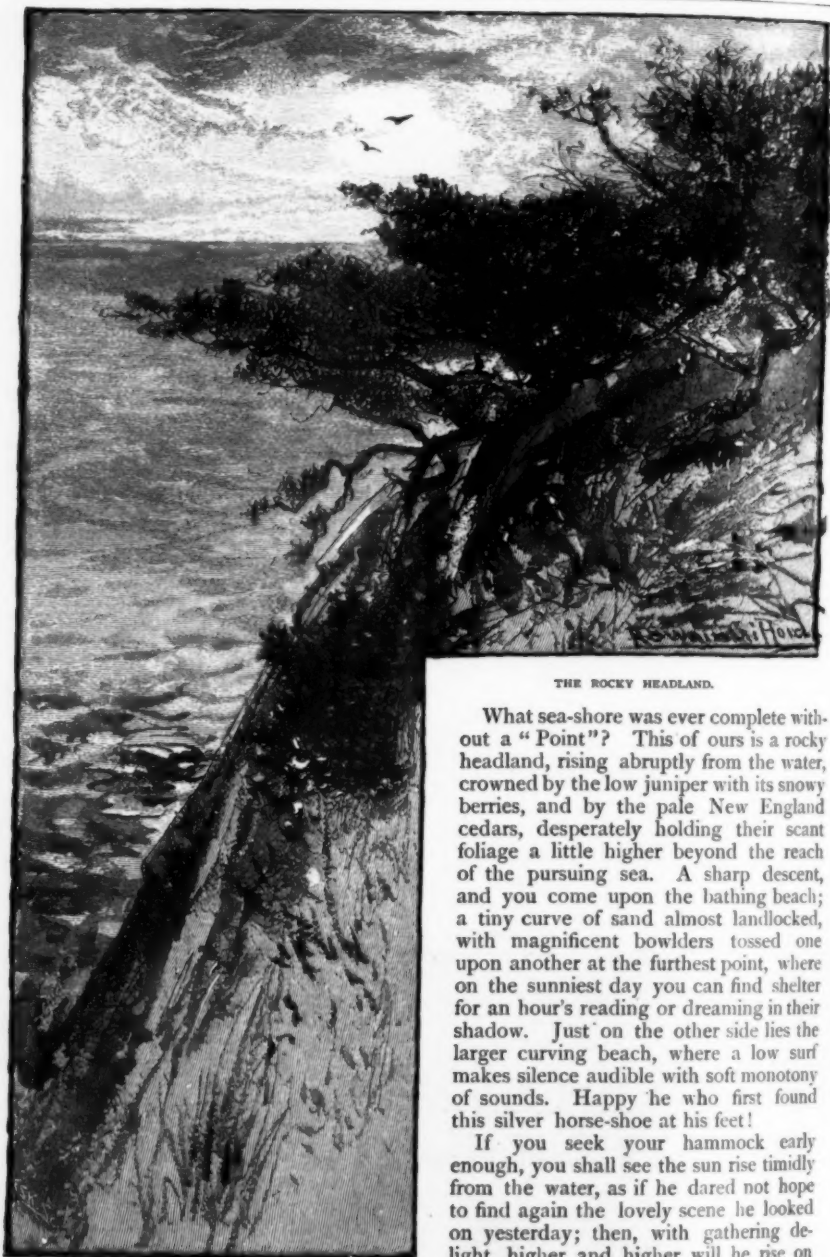
ship originally purchased by Mr. William Bradford, Captain Standish and others, for "thirty yards of cloth, eight moose-skins, fifteen axes, fifteen hoes, fifteen pair of breeches, eight blankets, two kettles, one clock, £2 in wampum, eight pair stockings, eight pair shoes, one iron pot, and ten shillings in another commoditie." But the sign-boards bearing Indian names, which are elaborately erected in the fields and marshes, point rather to the future than the past glories of the place; for a map is known to exist in the minds of present proprietors of the soil, on which those who appear to be lodging in a vast wilderness are seen really to reside on the corner of Pequot and Massasoit avenues, or on the edge of a park skirting the shore, which is still with blossomed furze unprofitably gay.

That its architecture will never be the means of rescuing Nonquitt from oblivion, will be inferred on learning that fifteen days after one of the "first families" decided to build here, they were in the house. The early settlers, attracted hither by the delight

of boys who had camped out year after year at "Bare-kneed Rocks," intended only a release from culture that should be of the most primitive description; but man is at heart a civilized animal; the instinct for luxury is unquenchable in his breast; one day a delicate hammock is swung quietly on a shady piazza, where it is thought it will escape observation, and, finding that we all take kindly to it, a brilliant awning, of the most desirable city make and texture, makes its more conspicuous appearance at the eastern windows. People who thought nothing so delightful as to boil their own eggs for breakfast over a spirit-lamp, begin to build out kitchens and to hire maids. The flannel dresses, that were not only "so sensible," but "so comfortable," are gradually exchanged at twilight for the soft, white camel's-hair, or even for an occasional muslin with knots of pale-pink ribbon. We begin to have three mails a day, and the Sunday papers. One by one we add red roofs and little balconies and quaint towers to our houses, till suddenly we find a real little Newport cottage nestled among us, so graceful, so unassuming with all its beauty, that we have not the heart



LIGHT-HOUSE BY DAY.



THE ROCKY HEADLAND.

What sea-shore was ever complete without a "Point"? This of ours is a rocky headland, rising abruptly from the water, crowned by the low juniper with its snowy berries, and by the pale New England cedars, desperately holding their scant foliage a little higher beyond the reach of the pursuing sea. A sharp descent, and you come upon the bathing beach; a tiny curve of sand almost landlocked, with magnificent bowlders tossed one upon another at the furthest point, where on the sunniest day you can find shelter for an hour's reading or dreaming in their shadow. Just on the other side lies the larger curving beach, where a low surf makes silence audible with soft monotony of sounds. Happy he who first found this silver horse-shoe at his feet!

If you seek your hammock early enough, you shall see the sun rise timidly from the water, as if he dared not hope to find again the lovely scene he looked on yesterday; then, with gathering delight, higher and higher will he rise on the horizon, scattering before him a largess of rosy gold that ripples on till it reaches your very feet, while instantly every

to cast it out, and secretly plan how to make our own look exactly like it.

little light-house flame that has been watching all night for his coming, darts from sight; like Semele, struck dead by the glory of the god she had herself invoked.

And now all the bay dimples with breezy

One cannot find the large white wings to bear
A strong soul where it will,—high in the air
I see the little sea-gulls rise, and fly
Swifter than yon swift ship through her low sky,
Swifter than aught save longing to be there!
Are small white wings then best for daring flight?



"THE SHIP HAS SPREAD HER CANVAS."

life and sunshine. Anon comes the merry company of bathers, swinging their towels; and though at first the little landlocked beach may look monotonous to the bold swimmer from Narraganset or Long Branch, one morning's plunge will convince him that there are compensations in a silvery meadow, where swimming ceases to be exertion and becomes absolute rest. So safe, so gently shelving is the beach, that children of a year venture fearlessly into sunny depths where undertow was never heard of, unchilled by the caress of the warm waters. And this may even be the very morning when the New York yachts, with all sail set,

What is it that the sea-gull hopes to win?—
A nest in the low sand, beyond the white
Cool breakers, where the slender reeds begin
To mark the lonelier marsh; and where two light
Soft-folded wings hide all that lies within.

As the splendor of high noon approaches, and your eyes tire of the dazzling bay, you have only to turn your head on the pillow in your hammock, and look away to the westward, over the restful beauty of the marsh. No dread miasma need be feared from that soft green meadow; it is healthfully drained, and the pools that dot it here and there are full of bright clear water, and edged with deep borders of meadow pinks.

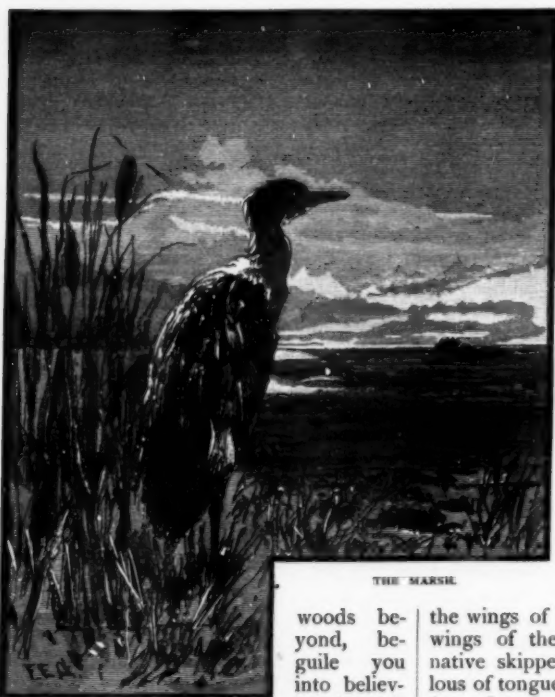


THE LIGHT-HOUSE BY NIGHT.

sweep into the bay, "a sight to make an old man young."

The ship has spread her canvas wide to dare
A cold, defiant deep; and as I lie
Here on the listless shore, and wonder why

The droning hum of insects, "like tiniest bells on the garment of Silence," the distant mowers busy with their scythes, the tall grasses glistening in the sunlight as if sprinkled with bright rain, and the belt of



THE MARSH.

is the country rather than the shore; till, with the lengthening shadows, your eyes gain strength again to sweep slowly to the southward, past Mishaum Point, beyond which the open sea is tossing, past Round Hills, with their sudden slopes of tender green, and over the sunlit bay again to linger on the islands.

You shall spend a summer of three months here, and never see those lovely islands twice alike. Sometimes, indeed, you shall not see them at all, though the sun shines clear in the heavens, and the haze that hides them is so delicate that it is an added grace to the landscape; till here and there it lifts on the horizon, revealing the warm glow of deep-tinted cliffs, a slope of sunny greenery, or a bank of dazzling, snow-white sand.

The shadows gather. Across the bay a lonely fisherman, with steady sweep of the oars, comes bringing for your early tea the delicious lobster, whose life he has considerably relieved you of taking, knowing you to be a director of the "Society for the," etc. The sun sets in a splendor of blue and gold, and instantly the light-house lamp flashes

woods beyond, beguile you into believing that this

the wings of the morning—the large white wings of the *Comet* or the *Flash*, with a native skipper, skillful of hand and garrulous of tongue—to skim over the bright surface of the bay; either dreaming in the lazy shadow of the sail, or pursuing the exhilarating blue-fish. *Pursuing*, did I say? Nay; for there is a charm peculiar to this manner of fishing that renders it especially suitable to the tender conscience of a director of the "Society for the," etc. You are not pursuing the fish, the fish is pursuing you; you flee before him on the wings of the *Comet* or the *Flash*, as if in horror at the temptation to catch him that assails you. If he chooses to follow, if he even catches at the slender line with which you negligently troll, are you to blame? So fair he is, so shining, so eminently adapted to the frying-pan and the fire, that you feel like addressing him in his last writhings with the satire of the cannibal Mother Goose:

"Not *wish* to be eaten? Not *want* to be stewed? Then go and be raw!"

If you prefer to furl your sail and lie at anchor, you may bring up in an hour fifty or more fish with whose names the waiter at the tea-table will startle the uninitiated, by shouting, with an emphasis to which no printer's ink can do justice: "Scup! Squitteague!! Tautog!!!"

across the water, though it is not yet dark,—bringing into the landscape the one element that to Ruskin would have been all day lacking: the element of human endurance, sympathy and valor. For a brief while the timid crescent of a young moon tries to maintain the supremacy of nature; but it soon hides itself, discouraged; while with superb self-reliance the human glow shines on across the sea, and is still shining when you seek your couch, to be wrapped in slumber which even the undismayed mosquito here thoroughly respects.

If, happily, you are not condemned by indolence or invalidism to the slender joys of a hammock, great are the resources for further entertainment. You may take

Or you shall walk; and, if your nature is scientific, you shall make many a discovery in a land so near the favorite Penequese of the lamented Agassiz. And, even if your love of nature is more like Wordsworth's than like Agassiz's,

—"a feeling and a love
That has no need of a remoter charm
By thoughts supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye,"

great shall be your delight in the minuter pleasures of the landscape. The little four-leaved clover will spring up before your feet, entreating to be gathered. The ground is bright everywhere; yellow, not with the plebeian buttercup, but with the sensitive wild acacia, or, later in the season, splendid with golden-rod. It is either red with ripening cranberries, that you may crunch pleasantly beneath your feet if not minded to gather them, or purple with marsh rosemary, or pink and blue with a hundred pretty blossoms that you cannot and do not care to name. It may be to you that the rare Siamese lily reveals itself—two water-lilies growing from a single stem; or the scarlet

leaning forth from it, a silvery, silken cloud of feathery beauty. The boughs of the old apple-trees in the orchard are laden with rich lichen; the cat-o'-nine-tails, stiff and straight in the marshes, and the tall grasses waving in the wind, are ready with a thousand suggestions for embroidery. You will find here woods so beautiful that you shall believe yourself for the moment at Campton or Gorham; and, if you are brave enough to leave the half-worn roads for the tempting wilderness on either side of you, great shall be your reward. Splendid tiger-lilies, seven feet high, shall light you on a path otherwise dark with the heavy underbrush through which you must push your way; now and then you will come upon a noble oak whose magnificent growth is a marvel at the sea-shore; and perhaps you will stumble on a small primeval forest of queer old trees, so different from the lighter woods about them that they seem like a colony of Wends, come down from the north into the very midst of modern life, but refusing to assimilate anything of either the strength or the beauty



"THE SEA-GULLS WHEELING THROUGH THE AIR."

and gold Indian-pipe, growing gorgeous beside her snowy sister. For you the tall and slender milkweed skirts anxiously the road-side, hoarding its white loveliness from common gaze, longing to be borne to a city home, where, in the warm atmosphere of culture and refinement, like the beggar-maid whom King Cophetua loved, it will burst slowly its sheath of green, not casting it away in scorn of old associations, but

that is around them. And the woodland ramble will end at a stone wall, beyond which lies, in the peaceful afternoon sunshine, a farmer's field, with a hay-rick so picturesque that, if you have the soul and pencil of an artist, you may easily compel it to pay all your expenses for the summer; and beyond the field is a leafy lane, where the barberry "droops its strings of golden flowers" and green boughs meet above

your head ; and, as you wander through it, suddenly all the splendor of the sea will burst upon you. It will be as wonderful as, if you had not known all the time it must be there, and, for an instant, there will fill your mind something of the ecstasy of him who stood

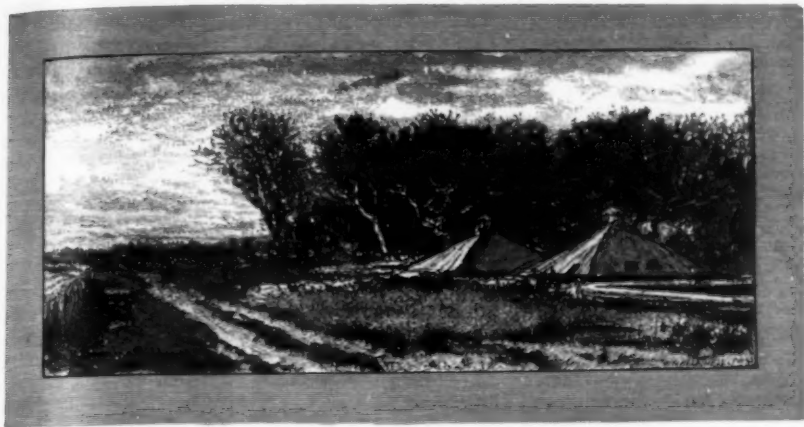
" Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Every summer resort must be like New Hampshire, "a good place to emigrate from." There must be pleasant excursions not only in it, but away from it. Our *pièce de résistance* is Gay Head. There are few days in the summer when wind, weather and tide will combine to let you land there ; three, four or five times, you shall set sail with everything apparently in your favor, yet not be able to reach it. Rare then is the exhilarating excitement when at last you find yourself beyond the swift tides of Quicks Hole, with the glorious headland shining in the distance. In the shifting morning lights, the color of Gay Head is not simply that of a red cliff ; it pales and deepens and changes with ever-varying tinge, till, as we draw nearer, the other colors come out in bold relief, green and purple, yellow and white and black,—not in a mottled mixture of unmeaning brill-

iancy, but in broad, alternate bands, distinct in their separation. Three hours' sail from Nonquitt leaves us at anchor where the Indians of the place, or even strong young oarsmen of our own party, row us easily ashore. We climb the steep bank, feeling it a duty to pause awhile at the beacon crowning the precipice with one of the finest lights on the coast, as if man had felt himself challenged to match his most splendid achievement with the marvelous creation of nature ; then we hurry down the cliff again, feeling as if the red clay beneath our feet must be a burning lava, till we reach the foot and gaze up at it from beneath with ever-increasing sense of its singular beauty. For the charm of Gay Head is stronger the closer you are to it ; to the "peasant gathering brushwood in its ear" it is even more wonderful than to the distant sailor who can scarcely believe his vision. Your awe is never greater than when you stand upon its shore with some of the red clay in your hand ; for so yielding is the beautiful bright surface that you can pick it up in handfuls, or shape it with a penknife into any form you choose. Indeed, so easily does it crumble into a fine powder that perhaps the best way of preserving it, if you care to preserve it, is in vials. But those of us



AUTUMN FLOWERS AND PLANTS.



THE SALT VATS.

who are not geologists, who care in nature for no charm "unborrowed from the eye," and who believe firmly with Emerson that all these things will "leave their beauty on the shore," since we cannot "bring home the river and the sky," prefer to carry away with us only a memory of the splendid headland, as we trim our sail for the afternoon return.

The bay is broad enough to give one a wild, free sense of being unrestrained; yet we have the advantage over places directly on the ocean, that there are innumerable charming spots which can be made the object of a sail, if sailing is not in itself to you its own excuse for being. Of these, perhaps the loveliest is Naushon. First, catch your breeze, and, once caught, you may be reasonably sure of its continuance. It has been the remarkable experience of one summer that no sailing party has been becalmed. Eight o'clock has invariably found us at our moorings, not too late to secure the cup of coffee or tea which is all we ever desire after the delicious lunches that result from the combined resources of the hotel and the housekeepers.

Hadley's Harbor is the most beautiful entrance to Naushon; a narrow opening, more of a river than a cove, compelling you to a series of short tacks by the picturesque windings that lead you on beyond each beckoning bend. Tempting woods skirt the very shore, pleasant with the hum of insects, the flight of birds and drowsy wanderings of cattle. The delicate, shining verdure, the fragrance and freshness and delicious summer-sounds, are in singular contrast to

the barren and uninviting shores of every other island that you know.

And now it is the very last of August. For the beauty and the belle the melancholy days have come when there will be no more visitors, no more officers from the *Constellation*, no more hops, no more clam-bakes, no more moonlight drives. The water is colder, though not yet cold, and the bathing-houses have a pitiable appearance of having outlived their usefulness. There will be fewer sails and very little rowing, for white caps dot the bay, the quickened breezes send a lovely surf upon the shore, and if a south-east storm should come up, glorious will be the fine white spray that dashes high over the rocks. But if the sun shine, what royal pleasure for the domestic "tramp!" Cast aside your shade-hat for the season, and revel in the exhilarating brightness; for who shall sing aright of September sunshine? The pale-pink rose still climbs over the stone wall, beside the more brilliant woodbine; water-lilies still linger on the ponds, though low bushes are beginning to take the vivid coloring that will make them by and by a glory in the marshes. If you still haunt the woods, little brooks will startle you by running suddenly across your path with a handful of cardinal flowers, which they leave gracefully at your feet, and rumor says that after you are gone the shy fringed-gentian ventures out into the sun.

Nor shall you be confined to the silent companionship of flowers and leaves. The sparrows walking your piazza; the little field-mice that build beneath the steps and sit at their door-ways, nibbling fearlessly in

your very presence; the brave quail running through the grass between you and the shore, or the white-throated plover falling an easy prey to your gun; the meadow-lark, with its few lovely notes; the friendly chipmunk, unable to control his curiosity at your invading footsteps; the sea-gulls wheeling through the air, or those will-o'-the-wisps of the sea, the white-winged coots, that dive and re-appear in such unexpected places if you startle them from their stately, swan-like swimming; the lone woodpecker, clinging with forlorn hope to the post of a rail fence; the reflective kingfisher, standing solitary on a small rock in the water, or the still more reflective heron, erect on one leg in the marsh, and stiff as the cat-o'-nine-tails behind him,—all these shall yield their charm to you. You may even go crabbing, and with a slender pole which has a bit of meat fastened to a string, attract the unsuspicious crab, who is lured on to his supper—or, more especially, to your supper—by no cruel hook or treacherous flash of gun.

If he is caught, it is his own claws that catch him, fastened of his own accord in the innocent temptation—type, alas! of so much in human nature! And on your way home across the fields, you may pick up a bird's nest at your feet, built curiously on a tripod of slender grasses, and perhaps tempting the conscience of the little fellow who

woke at midnight to ask, in an impressive whisper: "Jimmie, do you suppose it is wicked to rob birds' nests for purposes of science?"

On the 10th of September, if the weather is favorable, you shall see a pretty sight. Then the swallows begin to think of migrating. In little groups they sweep round and round above a single cottage, or cling to a twig or bending reed,

"Clatterin' in tall trees,
An' settlin' things in windy congresses;"

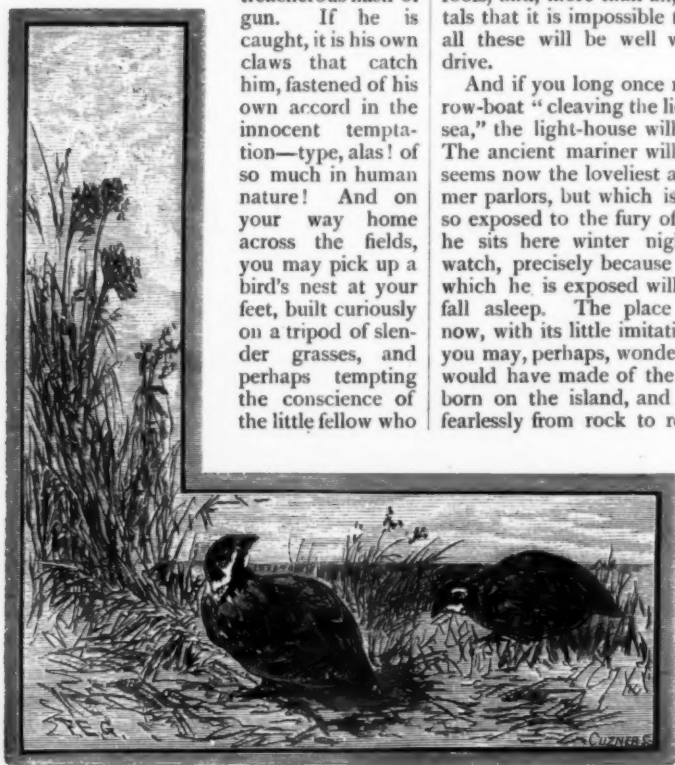
till the sense of the meeting is discovered to be favorable, and they gather in one large group to wing their swift way southward.

A pleasant excursion for a clear, cool day, is to the salt works; the ancient windmills, the queer rocks filled with brushwood through which the salt water is allowed to trickle, the curious low vats where it afterward accumulates, with their tiny movable roofs, and, more than all, the exquisite crystals that it is impossible to carry far away—all these will be well worth the walk or drive.

And if you long once more to send your row-boat "cleaving the liquid paths of silver sea," the light-house will well repay a visit. The ancient mariner will be sitting in what seems now the loveliest and coolest of summer parlors, but which is in reality a place so exposed to the fury of the elements that he sits here winter nights when on the watch, precisely because the discomfort to which he is exposed will not suffer him to fall asleep. The place is pretty enough now, with its little imitations of luxury; and you may, perhaps, wonder what Hawthorne would have made of the little girl who was born on the island, and taught to leap so fearlessly from rock to rock that, when she

was first taken to the shore and had to walk on level ground, she stumbled and fell as other children do on rocks.

But there comes a time when even our loyalty begins to yield. The days are not only colder, but cold. The doors



"THE BRAVE QUAILS."



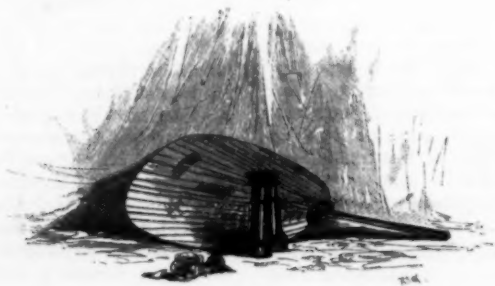
"THE WHITE-WINGED COOTS."

that all summer have opened hospitably from the piazza directly into the parlor, are now inhospitably closed against the intruding wind. The white matting and uncushioned Wakefield chairs make us shiver to look at them. Golden-rod and cardinals brighten, but cannot warm. At evening we gather in the billiard-room or bowling-alley; sometimes even in the kitchen, for the ostensible purpose of making caromels; but the pleasures peculiar to the place are gone; we can make caromels at home. The dreariness of empty corridors at the hotel, and of shuttered cottages at the Point, begins to impress us with the beauty of the brotherhood of man. We begin to have less faith in Thoreau, and more in the friend

who said: "Of men and trees, if I cannot have a judicious mixture, I must say I prefer men!"

We first ponder and then pack, for the brotherhood of man has conquered.

Dear land, where only glad suns rise and set,
Whose only shadows are the grateful shade
Of cool, delicious woods; where joy has made
Her bright abiding-place, nor where as yet
The restless care and anxious thought that fret
Elsewhere our souls, have ever dared invade;
How strange that I can see thy beauty fade,
And turn away from thee without regret!
So have I faith that it will be with me,
When all the lovely world shall fade before
My dying eyes; its beauty will no more
Lure me to linger; though I cannot see,
Nor my heart know, what fate may be in store,
So have I faith in God that it will be!



RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

It is said that the ink of the great Declaration is slowly fading from the parchment on which it is written. After fifty centuries shall have followed the one that has gone since its date, even the ideas that frame its substance will have dropped out of their combination, forgotten as a whole, resolved into atoms of the common fund of human conceptions, to be recomposed at some other time in some other form. There can be no such thing as originality in modern ideas. The poet does not create—he merely varies the aspects of existing thought. And as this mental process has been going on since letters began, it can be only the strongest poetic instinct that inspires a newcomer to seek for unexhausted material, and to attempt molding it into yet unused images. Such a strong poetic instinct has urged Stoddard to the work of his life. The volume of his poems* lately produced gathers up the fruits of the labor of thirty years, originally offered to the public at long intervals, a great part of them in scattered fragments. For many readers, the book will recall their early days of delight in verse, and will afford to many others the first occasion for forming a judgment upon the author's productions and poetic character as a whole.

Richard Henry Stoddard was born about fifty-five years ago, in Hingham, a small sea-port of Massachusetts. His forefathers were sea-faring men, his early surroundings those of the plainest life in that rude region. If the stern beauty of its rocks and waves impresses the memory, and its simple habits strengthen the character, while both are forming, they seldom inspire passionate attachment. Homesickness is a luxury rather than a malady for the New-Englander, whose *Ranz des Vaches* has yet to be composed. Stoddard's widowed mother tired of the incoming and outgoing tide, the old home overlooked by a hill crowned with immemorial grave-stones, and the glimpses of mill-interiors, before the boy was old enough to have more than a confused recollection of those elements of monotony. After migrations that included a few months of hard and sickly life in Boston, followed by an effort for his own support, showing even then his independent character, by

working in a cotton-factory, the family made its last removal, and fixed their residence in New York.

The life of a city at that early age was for Stoddard a season of literal toil and hardship. He began work as a lawyer's clerk, but was quick to perceive that such uses of the pen could only lead for him to a future of impecunious leisure, like that of his employers. With them he had idle hours enough to read poetry, and to write it, too. His resolve to become a poet was formed early, and he began betimes to practice his real art, and, under all discouragements, never paused in following it with industry. After a brief experience as a reporter, and after trying and quitting the yet more uncongenial business of keeping books for some small tradesman, he found a place for downright sledge-hammer labor, as apprentice to an iron-molder. These stern early lessons tempered that earnestness, that straightforward virility, which strengthen all his work.

"The steel, enduring blows and battering long,
Grows at the last more keen and glittering."

Adept in the primal art of Tubal-Cain, he might have likened his own genius to the solid stubborn mass beneath his hand, slowly suffusing with glow and color, then flowing at white heat into enduring forms of beauty. He wrote incessantly, while he read steadily, feeding at once and feeling his powers, modest in presence of the high models, yet persevering to be like them. His earliest publications are of this period, in the form of contributions to the weekly and monthly magazines—all alike, the poems and the periodicals, soon perishing. In 1848 he first presented himself to the public as an author, offering it a little volume of verse, entitled "Foot-prints." It made him known, at least, to the smaller and juster public of literary people. Dr. Griswold, the Lucina of the time for embryo reputations, gave him a place among the poets of America. It was one of the selections of the critic which were not mistakes.

A little earlier than this turning-point in his literary life, Stoddard made the friendship of Bayard Taylor, and a little later he married. If any effect of others' personality ever touched so independent a genius as his, that influence is to be traced in these

* The Poems of Richard Henry Stoddard. Complete Edition. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

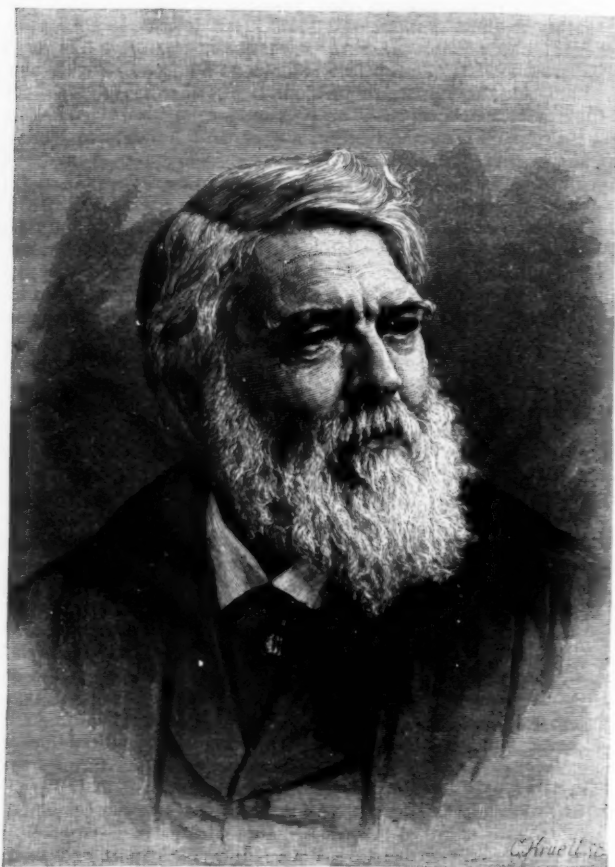
two unions. It is easy to measure the value to a poet of kindness joined with keenness in a critic who could write such books as "The Morgedsons" and "Two Men." The pen of their author is a divining-rod, pointing to the deep springs. The outward conditions of New England being, both of nature and of men, are all in them, rugged, plain, and cold, as they exist. So, too, are the resolved tenderness, the enduring sense of duty, that are to character in that region as the May-flower is to its stern woods. Not single lives or motives, but their implications in a whole, are drawn in these books. They are pungent, real, and shot through with fine threads of elective affinities between nature and man, man and woman.

Between Stoddard and Taylor a friendship grew up, welded by generous emulation in the same pursuit, which continued intimate and unbroken until the hour came that severs all ties. They read together the same books and compared their own productions, probably with mutual indulgence. Sometimes they chose the same or similar subjects for the practice of their differing theories. From this early seclusion while both were fledglings, Taylor soon issued, through the definite adoption of a literary career, into a wider life of wanderings. His related experience, his treasures of adventure and store of picturesque material, as they were unfailing sources of pleasure generously open to all who knew him well, so they must have been of peculiar advantage to Stoddard, limited by his lot to one place and one range of associations. Not that either ever borrowed from the other. The method in art and the cast of mind of each were too original to admit such exchange. A curious proof of this independence is found in the fact that not a trace of German influence appears in Stoddard's writings. He will have none of their introspection. Their mysticism is not his mysticism. His simplicity differs from theirs as a man's does from a child's. So far as they are not respectively original, Stoddard orientalizes, as Stedman Hellenizes, and Taylor Germanizes. The beautiful sonnet to Taylor on page 219 of the volume expresses more warmly than Stoddard's reticence usually permits him to do the affectionate relation between Taylor and himself.

If it was denied to Stoddard to learn by travel strange regions and the ways of various men, it did at least befall him to find a niche in an institution where all

products of foreign climes pass in review, and many a traveler who has reached the end of his usefulness or his hopes in life comes to a harbor,—the New York Custom House. Remembering Hawthorne at Salem, Lamb in the East India House, and our author and others here, one might pronounce such a retreat of dry routine to be the true *arida nutrix leonum*. For nearly seventeen years he discharged the duties of his place, which offered at least more easy and agreeable employment than mechanical toil, with something of the leisure and release from care essential to careful literary production. During these years, his growing powers and maturing taste found expression in good and various work. The "Songs of Summer," which may be judged as his first serious contribution to literature, contain some of his freshest and most original verse. The "King's Bell," published in 1863, and the composition of the "Book of the East" belong to this period, together with much that was mere task-work, though valuable to letters for the accuracy and research with which it was done. He edited during these years the "Life and Travels of Humboldt," "Loves and Heroines of the Poets," "Melodies and Madrigals from old English Poets"—the last perhaps the most thorough work of this description he has produced. In several volumes of children's stories, and in the versification of old legends in ballad form, he showed a turn for narrative and a mastery of simple old English indicating powers capable of very finished performance in composition of that nature.

During these quiet years that graver friend whom men call sorrow took Stoddard's hand and led him into darkness first, and then into clearer regions of feeling and knowledge. To this passage in the poet's life we owe that series of little poems called "In Memoriam," of which "What shall we do when those we love" and the "The dreary winter days are past," are the most impersonal, and therefore the most profoundly poetic. An echo of deeper seriousness from this grief sounds faintly in whatever Stoddard has since written. His verse from that time gained a manlier fullness, marked by less of imitative fancy, more of original treatment. It was two years later, in 1863, as if after a pause in the growth of his creative power, a concentration and new nerving of faculty under the weight of feeling, that his longest poem, the "King's Bell," was published.



RICHARD HENRY STODDARD.

Through the war and for several years after it, Stoddard held his post in the Custom House, although his politics were those of the minority, until it was taken from him in 1870, without censure of his discharge of its duties, or disapproval of anything but his convictions. After a few months, he entered official life again, in a sphere that offered him a share in real work among accomplished workmen, becoming secretary to General McClellan in the Dock Department of the city. There was literary occupation enough besides, of a homely kind, to employ all his leisure, even if idleness could have had a charm for a nature so strenuous as his. The vacant place at his hearth-stone was filled again, as the sweet pathos of "A Follower" tells us, and the

years bringing new household cares had not been liberal with the favors of fortune that might give him ease to bear them. He traversed diligently and resolutely in many directions that middle ground between conception and commentary that may be called useful literature. There was hardly a magazine of note in the country that did not receive his contributions, in the form of tales, critical notices and occasional stanzas. Those of the daily journals not too one-sided to spare from politics a column for letters, welcomed his aid in essays and reviews. His peculiar ability as an editor found scope in such presentations as "Political Essays by General Lyon," "Twenty-one years round the world," by Vassar, "Griswold's Poets, and The Female

Poets of America," and the "Bric-à-Brac Series," in ten volumes, a collection of sketches of persons not notable enough to be personages, principally theatrical and literary. Many of these books were brought out with carefully written prefaces, providing them with a symmetrical setting and finish. Often these preludes surpass in interest and value the works they introduce.

For most students unblest with fortune, the post of a salaried librarian would seem the crown of their wishes. To have the range of a good collection of books, "to be the daily guest of those immortals, finding them always at home, always ready for converse,"—what a society it promises! To have the control of them, giving each its ordered place, and fitting dress, and indexed history,—what a curious felicity for the scholar! No wonder Dominic Sampson's occupation never came to an end, nor fairly made a beginning, even. If any such fancy crossed Stoddard's mind when he was made keeper of the City Library, in 1877, it soon vanished. A glance convinced him that all those shelves held less to feed the intellect than one of the book-stalls he used to loiter past in younger days. That municipal treasure of literature is a collection of which the old part is not valuable, and the valuable part is not old. Its foundation was the contribution of Alexander Vattermare, an agent for international book-exchanges—the volunteer Cadmus of two continents—who visited New York a little more than thirty years ago. The lawyer may find in this disorderly collection of six or eight thousand volumes some broken sets of statutes; the publicist, a complete copy of "Niles's Register," and a few imperfect newspaper files; old directories and Patent Office reports fill up odd shelves,—the greater part of it deserves the coal-hole. This Alexandrine museum had been further despoiled by the Ring underlings, just before Stoddard took charge of it. In this dingy den he sat for nearly two years, unvisited, except by City Hall vagrants, court reporters, and occasional book-thieves. About a year ago another turn of the political wheel displaced him, to become once more free master of himself and of his muse. The publication of his later poems, written between 1871 and 1880, completes the poetical work of thirty years, and displays the maturest fruits of his genius.

The peculiar traits of Stoddard's genius are distinct through all the changing forms and preparing studies that taught him the

mastery of his art. At the first, as at the last, his thought is clear, virile and single, and uttered in words of force and simplicity. There is not in all his work a hazy conception nor a wavering line. There are in it combinations purely original, and sentences cut like gems. Its sincerity bespeaks freedom from conceit and strained effects—its direct purpose compels it into Saxon syllables and lucid phrase. The outline of his subjects is firm, positive as a swift-drawn circle, bounding the parts in proportioned concord. Why is it that precision, that priceless classic quality of ancient art, is held in less regard by the moderns? Perhaps because sculpture and architecture, earliest of arts, imperatively demand perfect contour to satisfy the eye; while painting, perfected later, triumphs by color independent of form, touching through sight a subtler inner sense of harmony; and music, youngest of them all, released from restraint of space and matter, loses itself vaguely in emotion. Or is it that the modern spirit, imbued with the feeling of the universal, insists that each separate work shall involve all the relations and embody all the dependences of its guiding idea—expanding toward infinity the old definition of beauty, *il più nell' uno*? Even in literature, the strain is not after condensed simplicity in work, but after large generalizations "that sail among the shades like vaporous shapes half seen," as if "all thoughts that wander through eternity" might be bodied forth with all their implications. We need not call the metaphysicians to witness, with Browning at hand. Under the stress of a philosophy, language may suffer itself to be so subtilized into indefiniteness; but the canons of literature as an art forbid it. Precision is the practice of unity as a theory. It demands in subject the choice of a single definite topic; it exacts in arrangement proportion of parts to the whole, and among each other, for singleness of effect; and it requires in language congruity of expression and descriptiveness of epithets, with economy of words. The careful reader of Stoddard's poetry must concede his faithfulness to these rules. And this study of precision must be observed in the smallest as in the greatest. It is one of the laws of the lyric—how well obeyed in the main by our author we may clearly see, in the two irregular odes to "History" and the "Guests of the State," which are the highest flights of his muse. It is not only one of the laws, but almost the single law, of the sonnet; and here, too, the few speci-

mens Stoddard has given us are models of fidelity to it.

Such rules, prescribing the body and dress of a subject, are common to poetry and prose. The animating soul is a thing apart. In this respect Coleridge's definition of the distinction between the two modes of composition seems faulty. "Prose is—words in the best places; poetry, the best words in the best places." This is Coleridge's "Table-talk," not the impulse that created "Christabel"

"With the loveliness of a vision."

Unless it is restricted to the arrangement of the signs of thought, there is more point than truth in the saying. That is only the power of selecting and disposing. The power to create is of another order. The psalmist unconsciously touches the real distinction:

"While I was musing, the fire kindled."

Through imagination, poetry springs into light and life. It was not alone set purpose, working by system, that made Stoddard a poet. The fire could never have kindled unless the spark had been born with him. It is our assured belief that to no American poet has this gift been given in fuller measure. All of his best performance is so conceived and inspired. Whether we "walk the solemn shores of death" with Charon, or hear, with the King's Sentinel, the voice "wailing like some magic bird," or see the blood-stained snow and feel the grim despair of Valley Forge, or go forth to meet the shadowy Two Kings, or welcome the great shapes of the Guests of the State, it is this wand that evokes them all from the past or the unknown. Sometimes it gives spirit to the simplest themes, as in "The Messenger at Night," or "The Necklace of Pearls"; sometimes it thrills us with the lightest touch, like those of "Adsum," and, again, sweeps the soul away into regions of darkness that may be felt, as in the story of "Teberistan," or of unsounded mystery, such as "Brahma's Answer" shadows. In certain of the longer poems appear specters of the mighty past, and trains of processional grandeur that only a powerful imagination could summon up. Of these are the Ode to Rome, History, and the Centennial Ode. Again it is condensed into single phrases, lambent among the lines. "Where, little seen but light, the only Shakspeare is," "like liquid pearls through golden cells," "the light

that sleeps in the air," "gone like a wind that blew a thousand years ago"—these, and innumerable others like them, sparkle down the page. In his earliest poems the faculty luxuriated in imitation, wandering through paradises of sense, which Keats might have dreamed, or pursuing the ghostly trace of Greek fable. When it had felt its own vigor it ceased to copy, and its later creations issue from its native force, showing an ordered energy, a tempered fire, that reveal the complete mastery Stoddard has gained of his powers and his art.

He perfected the last through understanding both of the quality and the limitations of the first. This consciousness dictated his preference for the models that first fixed his regard, as he listened to the sensuous swell of Keats's music, with its undertone of pain, or caught the voices, vibrant though thin, of early English song-writers. In his long-drawn descriptions of what is vivid and splendid in nature, his pictures of luxurious elegance, in the vague sighs that echo Shelley, of his "Hymn to the Beautiful," even in the slight early songs, the person is nothing, only that which is outward to it is perceived. It was of nature he was thinking most in saying, "And the self-same canons bind nature and the poet's mind." This, then, is one of his limitations—that the world of the individual is sealed to him. Nor can it be said that this is seeming, and due to the freshness of inexperience. Always in his poetry the picture comes first, and the reflection follows it. It is that the inner life of reasoning, and motives, and silent struggle interests him little. He often puts a single doubt into a startling question, or utters a simple emotion in a musical strain, but complex feelings, and contending purposes, and what makes the growth of a soul, remain unspoken by him. The isolated problem "Why are we here?" or "When we are ended does all end?" may seize his wonder a moment, but he does not pause to reason about it; a sigh or a tear may glide into his verse, but he does not hold and vex and analyze it. We are so used in this day to Princesses and Sordellos, so much of the alloy of philosophy is mingled with the fine gold of poesy, the harsh and crabbed notes of speculation so drown the music of Apollo's lute, that we welcome the bringer of peace in beauty who offers us pure poetry, not caring whether it is because he cannot give us metaphysics with it.

He escapes, too, perplexities of language

and the temptation to use inexact forms, the undress of indistinct sense. For his clear themes the frank words struck out while our tongue was new suffice—they do not need composite tokens, coined in the labor to express intricate thought. His smooth page is blurred by no conceits of language, no neologisms or harsh compounds that vague conceptions grope for to wrap themselves in. His command of the original stores of English speech is extensive. Bryant praised the purity of his prose. He drew it from pure sources, seeking it through familiarity with authors earlier than the English Augustan age. The splendid, if uncouth, vigor of Marlowe among dramatists, the natural turn of Herrick among singers, nourished his style. It need not be said that the greatest of the masters was his constant study. His acquaintance with early English literature, indeed, is so wide and sympathetic that he might well have served the cause of letters by teaching from a professor's chair, if he had not preferred that form of devotion to it which proved itself by authorship.

The language employed by Stoddard in his poems flows with a natural felicity that seems spontaneous. It is, in truth, the product of faithful conscientious labor. As in his ordinary work the slightest inaccuracy annoys him, and he will hunt for weeks after an exact date or fact, so in poetic composition he is content with no word that does not fit the thought as closely as if both had sprung together from the brain. It follows that his conceptions clothe themselves always in congruous style. The simple sentiment of a song flows into melodies as simple—he lingers with caressing amplitude of diction over luxurious fancies and the richness of nature; his narrative is even and dignified; each phrase of the sonnets has its polish—the few verses of war exult in stern, short syllables—and the lyrics unfold in a large and splendid utterance. Yet—as the extreme of merit runs the risk of becoming a fault—the accurate critic cannot neglect to note that the author's severe selection of the Anglo-Saxon elements of our language leaves sometimes in his style—the instances are infrequent—a trace of baldness and constraint. If, justly confident in his true ear and his trained taste, he had ranged with larger freedom of choice among the materials liberally and legitimately gathered from ancient and alien speech by our mother tongue, he might have enriched his verse

with even readier flexibility of form and fuller variety of expression.

Stoddard's facility in the use of standard material forms, and his ingenuity in adapting new ones to the varying demands of his subjects, deserve attention. He begins writing with a measure little less regular than the favorite one of his first master, moving in long, even passages of rhymed ten-syllabled lines, with an occasional shorter quatrain interposed as a point of rest. As his themes, passing from description to invocation, ask a less monotonous movement, he adopts alternating lengths of line, separating the rhymes more widely and producing the effect aimed at by Keats in some of his minor poems—grave with tenderness. "Spring," "Autumn," and "Triumphant Music" are among our author's instances. At last, impatient of restraint, his verse beats with higher, swifter pulse in the splendid "Carmen Naturæ," that picturesque confession of his religion of nature, with its frank "Creation is enough for me." Still more broken and effective in its returns is the measure of that singular allegory, "The Children of Isis," and that of "Why Stand Ye Gazing?" that creed of non-religion, startling, but not irreverent in its boldness, which reads like something forgotten out of the Book of Job. His lyrical faculty soars at length to its highest sweep and largest freedom in the "Guests of the State," the fine centennial ode, with its stately, intermitting march. The noble poem, "History," more symmetrical in its numbers, falls naturally into the Spenserian stanza. This poem was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, at Harvard, fifty-six years later than that of Bryant on the same subject, pronounced on a similar occasion, the "Hymn of the Ages." It is modeled on a like plan, presenting a rapid review of the progress of mankind in a series of grand pictures, irregularly outlined, and not all equally sharp and clear. In the eager rush of its development, the poet seems always on the point of breaking the fetters of that cramping measure and spreading into the looser rhythms of the ode. It must be owned that this gives an effect of precipitancy, and that the long lines closing the separate stanzas of this poem are too often harsh and unmusical, jarring upon the cadence into which each period in this species of verse should smoothly subside. "Abraham Lincoln; a Horatian Ode," is composed in a special measure, yielding a solemn effect like

requiem music. It is written in worthy imitation of Andrew Marvell's "Ode to Cromwell." Its fire and dignity deserve the title to which it aspires, of Horatian, though its construction does not copy any of that poet's lyric meters. In the sequence of two shorter upon two longer lines, it resembles his favorite Alcaic measure, but the arrangement of the feet is quite different, and the prevalence of spondees weights it with mournful gravity. In this poem the first two lines of a stanza frame an idea, which the last two iterate or complete, with a short, sudden stroke, like the beat of a muffled drum. It is Hebraic in tone and cadence. It evokes and concretes all the great associations belonging to the man, set to the notes of his passing funeral pomp.

* * * * *

"One of the People! Born to be
Their curious epitome;
To share yet rise above,
Their shifting hate and love.

"Common his mind, (it seemed so then,)
His thoughts the thoughts of other men:
Plain were his words, and poor,
But now they will endure!

"No hasty fool, of stubborn will,
But prudent, courteous, pliant still;
Who, since his work was good,
Would do it as he could.

"Doubting, was not ashamed to doubt,
And, lacking prescience, went without:
Often appeared to halt,
And was, of course, at fault;

"Heard all opinions, nothing loath,
And, loving both sides, angered both;
Was—*not* like Justice, blind,
But watchful, clement, kind.

"No hero this of Roman mould,
Nor like our stately sires of old:
Perhaps he was not great,
But he preserved the state."

* * * * *

Stoddard is always thus attentive to adjust the movement of his numbers to the character of the subject they sustain. After the best word for the thought, he seeks the best modulations for combined expressions. When he recognized his capacity for narrative, he perceived that its sustained course required the support of a flowing, even verse, a little less simple than the ballad, rather less dignified than blank verse. He found it in the ten-syllabled rhyming lines chosen for the earliest of his poems of this class, the "Stork and the Ruby" and the "King's Sentinel." Improving on this

choice, as his execution grew more sure, he adopted, for the more elaborate of these poetic legends, the "Pearl of the Philippines" and "Wratislaw," the more rapid octo-syllabic verse, giving greater spring and animation, and condensing the thought through the quicker recurrence of rhyme. Lastly, in the management of blank verse, the despair of ordinary poets, the touchstone of ear and judgment, Stoddard has studied to as fortunate a result. The Greek subjects presented themselves to his mind in that classic frame of "monumental verse." The workmanship of these poems is very remarkable for an author unfamiliar with the originals of ancient literature. The substance of them is transfused, not translated. Long studies of imitation would fail to imbue an ordinary mind with the spirit of the antique as thoroughly as Stoddard's kindred genius has caught it. "Charon" and "Persephone" have more to tell of suffering than of joy, but the suffering is calm. Their controlled emotion, under the aspects of unsympathizing nature, their cold grace, could only express themselves in that high, passionless measure. Some of the Eastern poems of a graver cast, as the "Abdication of Noman," are well suited to its character. And in his latest and most thoughtful work, the "Hymn to the Sea," the poet employs it with vigor and aptness to embody large ideas and reflections.

Beyond the precepts, and apart from the labor of composition, the poet is aware of something variously called impulse, mood, inspiration, that prepares and spurs his mind. The moment may melt away in dreamy longing, impotent to create, or the will may guide the mind, yielding and kindled by the happy influence, to strenuous production. Few of such moments that came to Stoddard have been wasted, and as the earnest habit of seizing and improving them became fixed, the energy that compelled them to transmute inspiration into effect grew constantly more facile and fruitful. Something of the impress of habit may be perceived in this—that he has not deserted any of the forms of composition he first chose. The early poems—as is the rule—are imitations. He confesses and is grateful to his first master. The few songs scattered among them taught him his inventive touch. The first effort of narrative appears in "Leonatus"; the "Arcadian Idyl," part Greek, part Tennysonian, betrays an experiment in classic style; and, in still another strain, the "Household Dirge" rehearses

the elegiac feeling that is to deepen through reality into "In Memoriam." In his next collected volume the performance is limited within the same varieties. It is chiefly made up of short poems framing detached thoughts. The narrative power gains distinctness, with an unusual touch of playfulness, in the "Squire of Low Degree." Once more classic models declare their influence, in the two longer poems on Greek subjects. The lyric faculty first asserts itself, though not all free as yet from imitative descriptions; and an occasional adaptation shows traces of Oriental impression, probably then due to Taylor.

"We read your little book of Orient lays."

The "King's Bell," following in the series, is again a narrative, of no clime or age, only not here and now, illustrating the vanity of life, and carefully elaborated within the limits of an imaginary picture, free from local color. Next in the order of production comes the "Book of the East," half of which is employed with subjects indicated by its title, while in its later pages the poet resumes his practice with song and story, writes some striking poems of occasion, and develops perfectly his exact and comprehensive management of the ballad form. At this period the shadow of the East first falls on his spirit, chasing the sunshine and roses of his earlier knowledge. With reflection and absorption of its nature into his own, he learns to dwell on the mysteries of the region where questions as to the origin and meaning of life were first asked. The later poems, closing the present volume of collected works, show originality working itself clear, and preference for lyric and legend become nearly exclusive. A graceful strophe breathes regretful farewell gratitude to Keats, "master of my soul." "Songs unsung" are modulated in chords that foretell their own disuse. Orientalism, imbuing the mind till it no longer reflects mere accidents of clime, broods over the oldest divinations of Indian philosophy. On the other hand, the accent of the narrator, like the improvisatore's trained talent, gains its fullness of intendment and vivacity, and the lyric voice of the odes closes in triumphant music.

This rapid review of Stoddard's poetic development may point the value to the artist not only of the selection of such subjects as are within his powers, but also of continuous method in the use of those

forms most consonant with them. Satisfied, after trial, with the figures he chose, as the ones in which his poetic conceptions could be most deftly molded, Stoddard does not quit them in caprice, but perseveres in their fashioning till they yield, as plastic under his hand as the forms of prose. Constant practice has made certain shapes of verse so familiar that he needs to heed only the spirit that shall inform them—as the expert musician forgets the mechanism of his instrument, caring only for the harmonies he may call forth from its strings.

A glance is all that space permits to test the correctness of these judgments as applied to our author's separate works. In that outburst of song with which our bards saluted the Centennial festival, no notes were stronger, more passionate with patriotism than those poured out by Stoddard, in the "Guests of the State." This ode is a grouping of colossal national forms, lifted to sight from afar, like the array that sweeps in living grace and urging force over the breadth of frieze belting an ancient temple. The figures are firmly outlined with few strokes, filled in with distinct lines of character. The construction of the piece accords strictly with the elemental rules of art. Introduced by direct statement, the theme breaks, as it expands into suggestions of distinct impersonations, then, kindling into more vivid life, rises to bold, pure embodiment. It takes no strain of allegory, the impulse being that of high, direct action and description, not veiled in metaphor, nor pointing moral. The historic past and the present of each shape fuse into unity. The political spirit animating the disjointed frame of Russia is clearly touched. Stupendous Asia and wrinkled Egypt, in their twofold life of what has been and what is, rise large and solemn. Japan, "the lady of the East," advances lovely in her strangeness. Africa, an uncouth, brutish, half-born thing, prone in ooze and parched by sun, is an original conception. This poem is composed with unusual richness of language, with many bold compulsions of rhyme, in an "exulting and abounding" measure, not too broken to suit the dignity of the subject. It is full, both by assertion and contrast, of patriotic fervor; the same fire that in many of the poet's strong minor pieces shows that it is by his heart and not only by rules that he writes.

The "Book of the East" is one of the ripening—not the ripest—fruits of Stoddard's genius. Why it was turned in this direction

it is difficult to say—perhaps won by the simplicity of Oriental themes, or by their bold speculations on the unseen, both elements of largeness. Or it may be that the spoils of travel brought home by Taylor tempted him, too, to visit that ancient treasure-house of legend. He may have remembered that “better half a year of Europe than a cycle of Cathay” was only an epigram of action, flung from the unquiet heart of complex Western civilization at the solemn calm of those slow, unchanging ages; may have felt that humanity glassed itself more truly in that vast, pulseless surface lying close to Nature, than in the million sparkling facets of Occidental life. Many of these pieces are wrought up from hints and fragments found in the publications of Oriental societies; others form a part of the common fund of fable among Western nations, popularized from unknown Eastern sources. The verses of this collection are often reflections of reflections, being derived from prose translations. Yet this double transmission imparts no weakness to the thought nor remoteness to the tone. Stoddard has polished and set rough diamonds dug out by others from that mine of ancient literature. Narrow as is the range of feeling covered by these poems, the differences of color and expression peculiar to each people are carefully preserved. Among all these songs, breathing little else than passion, it is curious that the Chinese have the most of a certain homely tone—of humor, even—and delicate imagery. We quote from the “Chinese Songs” the following:

“Before the scream of the hawk
The timid swallow flies;
And the lake unrolled in the distance,
Like a silver carpet lies.

“The light that sleeps in the air,
Like the breath of flowers, is sweet;
The very dust is balmy
Under the horses’ feet.

“We sit in the tennis court,
Where the beautiful sunlight falls;
The mountains crossed by bridges
Come down to the city walls.

“The houses are hid in flowers,
Buried in bloomy trees;
But under the veils of the willows
Are glimpses of cottages.

“What makes the winds so sweet?
Is it the breath of June?
’Tis the jasper flute in the pear-tree,
Playing a silent tune.”

There are many among the “Hymns of the Mystics” that recall the quatrains of Omar Khayyam, that Persian combination of Horace and Voltaire, who wrote two hundred years before Dante. Should the task of translation again invite Stoddard, he might find material for an interesting contribution to human thought in the hundreds of stanzas, yet without a paraphrase, of this poet, richly imaginative as they are, and penetrated by a tone of sadness strangely consonant with the pessimism of our day.

The attentive reader of this volume will note many things unmentioned that might heighten the praise given in this sketch to its author’s merits. He will discern many more sure to win his consent to the general opinion that Stoddard is a poet largely gifted with imagination, an assiduous student of his art, who with slender early opportunities has attained, through mastery of its rules, to a forcible expression of original combinations, easy control of its resources of melody, and a manner always direct, and by turns dignified, or pathetic, or impassioned, rising at moments into grandeur. His productions in prose, in the form of criticism, essays and comments, have insensibly become for the public a part of the elements of education, and gained for him a literary reputation. The judgment of men of letters has bestowed on him that which does not always follow common reputation—the promise of fame. It is idle to predict immortality for any work, even of transcendent power, remembering how short is the date of fame among men, and that a shred of papyrus rescued from a tomb, or a potsherd scratched with the name of some forgotten king, are all the relics of letters that have come down to us from five thousand years ago, through a moment only in the duration of the race. Yet, until the history of our country has grown so old that its earliest records have lost all distinctness, we may believe that Stoddard’s name will remain written in them as that of one of the few poets—less than a score would round the tale—whose genius illustrated the first century of its national literature.

THE GUARDIAN OF THE RED DISK.

SPOKEN BY A CITIZEN OF MALTA—1300.

A CURIOUS title held in high repute,
One among many honors, thickly strewn
On my lord Bishop's head, his Grace of Malta.
Nobly he bears them all,—with tact, skill, zeal,
Fulfills each special office, vast or slight,
Nor slurs the least minutia,—therewithal
Wears such a stately aspect of command,
Broad-cheeked, broad-chested, reverend, sanctified,
Haloed with white about the tonsure's rim,
With dropped lids o'er the piercing Spanish eyes
(Lynx-keen, I warrant, to spy out heresy);
Tall, massive form, o'ertowering all in presence,
Or ere they kneel to kiss the large white hand.
His looks sustain his deeds,—the perfect prelate,
Whose void chair shall be taken, but not filled.

You know not, who are foreign to the isle,
Haply, what this Red Disk may be, he guards.
'Tis the bright blotch, big as the royal seal,
Branded beneath the beard of every Jew.
These vermin so infest the isle, so slide
Into all byways, highways that may lead
Direct or roundabout to wealth or power,
Some plain, plump mark was needed, to protect
From the degrading contact Christian folk.

The evil had grown monstrous: certain Jews
Wore such a haughty air, had so refined,
With super-subtile arts, strict, monkish lives,
And studious habit, the coarse Hebrew type,
One might have elbowed in the public mart
Iscaiot,—nor suspected one's soul-peril.
Christ's blood! it sets my flesh a-creep to think
We may breath freely now, not fearing taint.
Praised be our good Lord Bishop! He keeps count
Of every Jew, and prints on cheek or chin
The scarlet stamp of separateness, of shame.

No beard, blue-black, grizzled or Judas-colored,
May hide that damning little wafer-flame.
When one appears therewith, the urchins know
Good sport's at hand; they fling their stones and mud,
Sure of their game. But most the wisdom shows
Upon the unbelievers' selves; they learn
Their proper rank; crouch, cringe and hide,—lay by
Their insolence of self-esteem; no more
Flaunt forth in rich attire, but in dull weeds,
Slovenly donned, would slink past unobserved;
Bow servile necks and crook obsequious knees,
Chin sunk in hollow chest, eyes fixed on earth
Or blinking sidewise, but to apprehend
Whether or not the hated spot be spied.
I warrant my lord Bishop has full hands,
Guarding the Red Disk—lest one rogue escape!

THE GRANDISSIMES.*

A STORY OF CREOLE LIFE.

By GEORGE W. CABLE, author of "Old Creole Days."

CHAPTER L.

A PROPOSAL OF MARRIAGE.

THERE was always some flutter among Frowenfeld's employés when he was asked for, and this time it was the more pronounced because he was sought by a housemaid from the upper floor. It was hard for these two or three young Ariels to keep their Creole feet to the ground when it was presently revealed to their sharp ears that the "proffis-or" was requested to come upstairs.

The new store was an extremely neat, bright, and well-ordered establishment; yet to ascend into the drawing-rooms seemed to the apothecary like going from the hold of one of those smart old packet-ships of his day into the cabin. Aurora came forward, with the slippers of a Cinderella twinkling at the edge of her robe. It seemed unfit that the floor under them should not be clouds.

"Proffis-or Frowenfel', good-day! Teg a cha'." She laughed. It was the pure joy of existence. "You's well? You lookin' verrie well! Halways bizzie? You fine dad agriz wid you' healt', 'Sieur Frowenfel'? Yes? Ha, ha, ha!" She suddenly leaned toward him across the arm of her chair, with an earnest face. "'Sieur Frowenfel', Palmyre wand see you. You don' wan' come ad 'er 'ouse, eh?—an' you don' wan' her to come ad yo' bureau. You know, 'Sieur Frowenfel', she drez the hair of Clotilde an' mieself. So w'en she tell me dad, I juz say, 'Palmyre, I will sen' for Proffis-or Frowenfel' to come yeh; but I don' thing 'e comin'.' You know, I din' wan' you to 'ave dad troub'; but Clotilde—ha, ha, ha! Clotilde is sudge a foolish—she nevva thing of dad troub' to you—she say she thing you was too kine-arsed to call dad troub'—ha, ha, ha! So anny'ow we sen' for you, eh!"

Frowenfeld said he was glad they had done so, whereupon Aurora rose lightly, saying:

"I go an' sen' her." She started away,

but turned back to add: "You know, 'Sieur Frowenfel', she say she cann' truz nobody bud y'u." She ended with a low, melodious laugh, bending her joyous eyes upon the apothecary with her head dropped to one side in a way to move a heart of flint.

She turned and passed through a door, and by the same way Palmyre entered. The *philosophe* came forward noiselessly and with a subdued expression, different from any Frowenfeld had ever before seen. At the first sight of her a thrill of disrelish ran through him of which he was instantly ashamed; as she came nearer he met her with a deferential bow and the silent tender of a chair. She sat down, and, after a moment's pause, handed him a sealed letter.

He turned it over twice, recognized the handwriting, felt the disrelish return, and said:

"This is addressed to yourself."

She bowed.

"Do you know who wrote it?" he asked.

She bowed again.

"Oui, *Miché*."

"You wish me to open it? I cannot read French."

She seemed to have some explanation to offer, but could not command the necessary English; however, with the aid of Frowenfeld's limited guessing powers, she made him understand that the bearer of the letter to her had brought word from the writer that it was written in English purposely that M. Frowenfeld—the only person he was willing should see it—might read it. Frowenfeld broke the seal and ran his eye over the writing, but remained silent.

The woman stirred, as if to say "Well?" But he hesitated.

"Palmyre," he suddenly said, with a slight, dissuasive smile, "it would be a profanation for me to read this."

She bowed to signify that she caught his meaning, then raised her elbows with an expression of dubiety, and said:

"'E hask you —"

"Yes," murmured the apothecary. He

shook his head as if to protest to himself, and read in a low but audible voice :

"Star of my soul, I approach to die. It is not for me possible to live without Palmyre. Long time have I so done, but now, cut off from to see thee, by imprisonment, as it may be called, love is starving to death. Oh, have pity on the faithful heart which, since ten years, change not, but forget heaven and earth for you. Now in the peril of the life, hidden away, that absence from the sight of you make his seclusion the more worse than death. Halas ! I pine ! Not other ten years of despair can I commence. Accept this love. If so I will live for you, but if to the contraire I must die for you. Is there anything at all what I will not give or even do if Palmyre will be my wife ? Ah, no, far otherwise, there is nothing !"

Frowenfeld looked over the top of the letter. Palmyre sat with her eyes cast down, slowly shaking her head. He returned his glance to the page, coloring somewhat with annoyance at being made a proposing medium.

"The English is very faulty here," he said, without looking up. "He mentions *Bras-Coupé*." Palmyre started and turned toward him ; but he went on without lifting his eyes. "He speaks of your old pride and affection toward him as one who with your aid might have been a leader and deliverer of his people." Frowenfeld looked up. "Do you under——"

"*Allez, Miché*," said she, leaning forward, her great eyes fixed on the apothecary and her face full of distress. "*Mo comprend bien.*"

"He asks you to let him be to you in the place of *Bras-Coupé*."

The eyes of the *philosophe*, probably for the first time since the death of the giant, lost their pride. They gazed upon Frowenfeld with almost piteousness ; but she compressed her lips and again slowly shook her head.

"You see," said Frowenfeld, suddenly feeling a new interest, "he understands their wants. He knows their wrongs. He is acquainted with laws and men. He could speak for them. It would not be insurrection—it would be advocacy. He would give his time, his pen, his speech, his means, to get them justice—to get them their rights."

She hushed the over-zealous advocate with a sad and bitter smile and essayed to speak, studied as if for English words, and, suddenly abandoning that attempt, said, with ill-concealed scorn and in the Creole patois :

"What is all that ? What I want is vengeance !"

"I will finish reading," said Frowenfeld, quickly, not caring to understand the passionate speech.

"Ah, Palmyre ! Palmyre ! What you love and hope to love you because his heart keep itself free, he is loving another !"

"*Qui ci ça, Miché ?*"

Frowenfeld was loth to repeat. She had understood, as her face showed ; but she dared not believe. He made it shorter :

"He means that Honoré Grandissime loves another woman."

"'Tis a lie !" she exclaimed, a better command of English coming with the momentary loss of restraint.

The apothecary thought a moment and then decided to speak.

"I do not think so," he quietly said.

"Ow you know dat ?"

She, too, spoke quietly, but under a fearful strain. She had thrown herself forward, but, as she spoke, forced herself back into her seat.

"He told me so himself."

The tall figure of Palmyre rose slowly and silently from her chair, her eyes lifted up and her lips moving noiselessly. She seemed to have lost all knowledge of place or of human presence. She walked down the drawing-room quite to its curtained windows and there stopped, her face turned away and her hand laid with a visible tension on the back of a chair. She remained there so long that Frowenfeld had begun to think of leaving her so, when she turned and came back. Her form was erect, her step firm and nerved, her lips set together and her hands dropped easily at her side ; but when she came close up before the apothecary she was trembling. For a moment she seemed speechless, and then, while her eyes gleamed with passion, she said, in a cold, clear tone, and in her native patois :

"Very well ; if I cannot love I can have my revenge." She took the letter from him and bowed her thanks, still adding, in the same tongue, "There is now no longer anything to prevent."

The apothecary understood the dark speech. She meant that, with no hope of Honoré's love, there was no restraining motive to withhold her from wreaking what vengeance she could upon Agricola. But he saw the folly of a debate.

"That is all I can do ?" asked he.

"*Oui, merci, Miché*," she said ; then she added, in perfect English, "But that is not all I can do," and then—laughed.

The apothecary had already turned to go, and the laugh was a low one; but it chilled his blood. He was glad to get back to his employments.

CHAPTER LI.

BUSINESS CHANGES.

We have now recorded some of the events which characterized the five months during which Doctor Keene had been vainly seeking to recover his health in the West Indies.

"Is Mr. Frowenfeld in?" he asked, walking very slowly, and with a cane, into the new drug-store on the morning of his return to the city.

"Is Professo' Frowenfel's in?" replied a young man in shirt-sleeves, speaking rapidly, slapping a paper package which he had just tied, and sliding it smartly down the counter. "No, seh."

A quick step behind the doctor caused him to turn; Raoul was just entering, with a bright look of business on his face, taking his coat off as he came.

"Docta Keene! *Teck* a chair. 'Ow you like de noo sto'? See? Fo' counters! T'ree clerk! De whole interieure paint undre mie h-own dirrection! If dat is not a beautiful! eh? Look at dat sign."

He pointed to some lettering in harmonious colors near the ceiling at the farther end of the house. The doctor looked and read:

MANDARIN, AG'T, APOTHECARY.

"Why not Frowenfeld?" he asked.

Raoul shrugged.

"'Tis better dis way."

That was his explanation.

"Not the De Brahmin Mandarin who was Honoré's manager?"

"Yes. Honoré wasn't able to kip 'im no longer. Honoré isn't so rich lak befo'."

"And Mandarin is really in charge here?"

"Oh, yes. Profess-or Frowenfel' all de time at de ole corner, w're 'e *continue* to keep 'is private room and h-use de ole shop fo' ware'ouse. 'E h-only come yeh w'en Mandarin cann' git 'long widout 'im."

"What does he do there? *He's* not rich."

Raoul bent down toward the doctor's chair and whispered the dark secret:

"Studyin'!"

The doctor went out.

Everything seemed changed to the returned wanderer. Poor man! The changes were very slight save in their altered relation to him. To one broken in health, and still more to one with broken heart, old scenes fall upon the sight in broken rays. A sort of vague alienation seemed to the little doctor to come like a film over the long-familiar vistas of the town where he had once walked in the vigor and complacency of strength and distinction. This was not the same New Orleans. The people he met on the street were more or less familiar to his memory, but many that should have recognized him failed to do so, and others were made to notice him rather by his cough than by his face. Some did not know he had been away. It made him cross.

He had walked slowly down beyond the old Frowenfeld corner and had just crossed the street to avoid the dust of a building which was being torn down to make place for a new one, when he saw coming toward him, unconscious of his proximity, Joseph Frowenfeld.

"Doctor Keene!" said Frowenfeld, with almost the enthusiasm of Raoul.

The doctor was very much quieter.

"Hello, Joe."

They went back to the new drug-store, sat down in a pleasant little rear corner inclosed by a railing and curtains, and talked.

"And did the trip prove of no advantage to you?"

"You see. But never mind me; tell me about Honoré; how does that row with his family progress?"

"It still continues; the most of his people hold ideas of justice and prerogative that run parallel with family and party lines, lines of caste, of custom and the like; they have imparted their bad feeling against him to the community at large; very easy to do just now, for the election for President of the States comes on in the fall, and though we in Louisiana have little or nothing to do with it, the people are feverish."

"The country's chill day," said Doctor Keene; "dumb chill, hot fever."

"The excitement is intense," said Frowenfeld. "It seems we are not to be granted suffrage yet; but the Creoles have a way of casting votes in their mind. For example, they have voted Honoré Grandissime a traitor; they have voted me an incumbrance; I hear one of them casting that vote now."

Some one near the front of the store was talking excitedly with Raoul:

"An'—an'—an' w'at are the consequence?

The consequence are that we smash his shop for him an' he 'ave to make a noo-start with a Creole partner's money an' put 'is sto' in charge of Creole'! If I know he is yo' frien'? Yessh! Valuable citizen? An' w'at we care for valuable citizen? Let him be valuable if he want; it keep' him from gettin' the neck broke; but—he mus'-tek-kyeh—'ow—he—talk'! He-mus'-tek-kyeh 'ow he stir the 'ot blood of Louisyanna!"

"He is perfectly right," said the little doctor, in his husky undertone; "neither you nor Honoré is a bit sound, and I shouldn't wonder if they would hang you both, yet; and as for that darkey who has had the impudence to try to make a commercial white gentleman of himself—it may not be I that ought to say it, but—he will get his deserts—sure!"

"There are a great many Americans that think as you do," said Frowenfeld, quietly.

"But," said the little doctor, "what did that fellow mean by your Creole partner? Mandarin is in charge of your store, but he is not your partner, is he? Have you one?"

"A silent one," said the apothecary.

"So silent as to be none of my business?"

"No."

"Well, who is it, then?"

"It is Mademoiselle Nancanou."

"Your partner in business?"

"Yes."

"Well, Joseph Frowenfeld, —"

The insinuation conveyed in the doctor's manner was very trying, but Joseph merely reddened.

"Purely business, I suppose," presently said the doctor, with a ghastly ironical smile. "Does the arrangem—" his utterance failed him—"does it end there?"

"It ends there."

"And you don't see that it ought either not to have begun, or else ought not to have ended there?"

Frowenfeld blushed angrily. The doctor asked:

"And who takes care of Aurora's money?"

"Herself."

"Exclusively?"

They both smiled more good-naturedly.

"Exclusively."

"She's a 'coon;" and the little doctor rose up and crawled away, ostensibly to see another friend, but really to drag himself into his bed-chamber and lock himself in. The next day—the yellow fever was bad again—he resumed the practice of his profession.

"'Twill be a sort of decent suicide without the element of pusillanimity," he thought to himself.

CHAPTER LII.

LOVE LIES A-BLEEDING.

WHEN Honoré Grandissime heard that Doctor Keene had returned to the city in a very feeble state of health, he rose at once from the desk where he was sitting and went to see him; but it was on that morning when the doctor was sitting and talking with Joseph, and Honoré found his chamber door locked. Doctor Keene called twice, within the following two days, upon Honoré at his counting-room; but on both occasions Honoré's chair was empty. So it was several days before they met. But one hot morning in the latter part of August,—the August days were hotter before the cypress forest was cut down between the city and the lake than they are now,—as Doctor Keene stood in the middle of his room breathing distressedly after a sad fit of coughing, and looking toward one of his windows whose closed sash he longed to see opened, Honoré knocked at the door.

"Well, come in!" said the fretful invalid. "Why, Honoré,—well, it serves you right for stopping to knock. Sit down."

Each took a hasty, scrutinizing glance at the other; and, after a pause, Doctor Keene said:

"Honoré, you are pretty badly stove."

M. Grandissime smiled.

"Do you think so, Docta? I will be mo' complimentary to you; you might look mo' sick."

"Oh, I have resumed my trade," replied Doctor Keene.

"So I have heard; but, Chahlie, that is all in favor-h of the people who want a skillful and advanced physician and do not mind killing him; I should advise you not to do it."

"You mean" (the incorrigible little doctor smiled cynically) "if I should ask your advice. I am going to get well Honoré."

His visitor shrugged.

"So much the betta. I do confess I am tempted to make use of you in yo' official capacity, raight now. Do you feel strhong enough to go with me in yo' gig a little way?"

"A professional call?"

"Yes, and a difficult case; also a confidential one."

"Ah! confidential!" said the little man,

in his painful, husky irony. "You want to get me into the sort of scrape I got our 'professor' into, eh?"

"Possibly a worse one," replied the amiable Creole.

"And I must be mum, eh?"

"I would prhefeh."

"Shall I need any instruments? No?"—with a shade of disappointment on his face.

He pulled a bell-rope and ordered his gig to the street door.

"How are affairs about town?" he asked, as he made some slight preparation for the street.

"Excitement continues. Just as I came along, a private difficulty between a Crheole and an Américain drhew instantly half the street together to take sides strictly according to belongings and without asking a question. My-de-seh, we ah having, as Frhownfeld says, a war-h of human acids and alkalis!"

They descended and drove away. At the first corner the lad who drove turned, by Honoré's direction, toward the rue Dauphine, entered it, passed down it to the rue Dumaine, turned into this toward the river again and entered the rue Condé. The route was circuitous. They stopped at the carriage door of a large brick house. The wicket was opened by Clemence. They alighted without driving in.

"Hey, old witch," said the doctor, with mock severity; "not hung yet?"

The houses of any pretension to comfortable spaciousness in the closely built parts of the town were all of the one, general, Spanish-American plan. Honoré led the doctor through the cool, high, tessellated carriage-hall, on one side of which were the drawing-rooms, closed and darkened. They turned at the bottom, ascended a broad, iron-railed staircase to the floor above, and halted before the open half of a glazed double door with a clumsy iron latch. It was the entrance to two spacious chambers, which were thrown into one by folded doors.

The doctor made a low, indrawn whistle and raised his eyebrows—the rooms were so sumptuously furnished; immovable largeness and heaviness, lofty sobriety, abundance of finely wrought brass mounting, motionless richness of upholstery, much silent twinkle of pendulous crystal, a soft semi-obscurity—such were the characteristics. The long windows of the farther apartment could be seen to open over the street, and the air

from behind, coming in over a green mass of fig-trees that stood in the paved court below, moved through the rooms, making them cool and cavernous.

"You don't call this a hiding-place, do you—in his own bed-chamber?" the doctor whispered.

"It is necessary, now, only to keep out of sight," softly answered Honoré. "Agrhicle and some othehs rhansacked this house one night last Mahch—the day I announced the new firm; but of co'se, then, he was not heah."

They entered, and the figure of Honoré Grandissime, f. m. c., came into view in the center of the farther room, reclining in an attitude of extreme languor on a low couch, whither he had come from the high bed near by, as the impression of his form among its pillows showed. He turned upon the two visitors his slow, melancholy eyes, and, without an attempt to rise or speak, indicated, by a feeble motion of the hand, an invitation to be seated.

"Good morning," said Doctor Keene, selecting a light chair and drawing it close to the side of the couch.

The patient before him was emaciated. The limp and bloodless hand, which had not responded to the doctor's friendly pressure but sank idly back upon the edge of the couch, was cool and moist, and its nails slightly blue.

"Lie still," said the doctor, re-assuringly, as the rentier began to lift the one knee and slipped foot which was drawn up on the couch and the hand which hung out of sight across a large, linen-covered cushion.

By pleasant talk that seemed all chat, the physician soon acquainted himself with the case before him. It was a very plain one. By and by he rubbed his face and red curls and suddenly said:

"You will not take my prescription."

The f. m. c. did not say yes or no.

"Still,"—the doctor turned sidewise in his chair, as was his wont, and, as he spoke, allowed the corners of his mouth to take that little satirical downward pull which his friends disliked,—*"I'll do my duty. I'll give Honoré the details as to diet; no physic; but my prescription to you is, Get up and get out. Never mind the risk of rough handling; they can but kill you, and you will die anyhow if you stay here."* He rose. *"I'll send you a chalybeate tonic; or—I will leave it at Frowenfeld's to-morrow morning, and you can call there and get it. It will give you an object for going out."*

The two visitors presently said adieu and retired together. Reaching the bottom of the stairs in the carriage "corridor," they turned in a direction opposite to the entrance and took chairs in a cool nook of the paved court, at a small table where the hospitality of Clemence had placed glasses of lemonade.

"No," said the doctor, as they sat down, "there is, as yet, no incurable organic derangement; a little heart trouble easily removed; still your—your patient——"

"My half-brother," said Honoré.

"Your patient," said Doctor Keene, "is an emphatic 'yes' to the question the girls sometimes ask us doctors—'Does love ever kill?' It will kill him *soon*, if you do not get him to rouse up. There is absolutely nothing the matter with him but his unrequited love."

"Fawtunately, the most of us," said Honoré, with something of the doctor's smile, "do not love hahd enough to be killed by it."

"Very few." The doctor paused, and his blue eyes, distended in reverie, gazed upon the glass which he was slowly turning around with his attenuated fingers as it stood on the board, while he added: "However, one *may* love as hopelessly and harder than that man upstairs, and yet not die."

"There-h is comfo't in that—to those who must live," said Honoré, with gentle gravity.

"Yes," said the other, still toying with his glass.

He slowly lifted his glance, and the eyes of the two men met and remained steadfastly fixed each upon each.

"You've got it bad," said Doctor Keene, mechanically.

"And you?" retorted the Creole.

"It isn't going to kill me."

"It has not killed me. And," added M. Grandissime, as they passed through the carriage-way toward the street, "while I keep in mind the numbe'less otheh sorrows of life, the burhials of wives and sons and daughtehs, the agonies and desolations, I shall nevvah die of love, my-de'-seh, fo' verhy shame's sake."

This was much sentiment to risk within Doctor Keene's reach; but he took no advantage of it.

"Honoré," said he, as they joined hands on the banquette beside the doctor's gig, to say good-day, "if you think there's a chance for you, why stickle upon such fine-drawn points as I reckon you are making? Why,

as I understand it, this is the only weak spot your action has shown; you have taken an inoculation of Quixotic conscience from our transcendental apothecary and perpetrated a lot of heroic behavior that would have done honor to four-and-twenty Brutuses; and now that you have a chance to do something easy and human, you shiver and shrink at the 'looks o' the thing.' Why, what do you care——"

"Hush!" said Honoré; "do you suppose I have not temptation enough alrheady?"

He began to move away.

"Honoré," said the doctor, following him a step, "I couldn't have made a mistake—it's the little Monk,—it's Aurora, isn't it?"

Honoré nodded, then faced his friend more directly, with a sudden new thought.

"But, Doctah, why not take your-h own advice? I know not how you ah prhevented; you have as good a raight as Frnowenfeld."

"It wouldn't be honest," said the doctor; "it wouldn't be the straight up and down manly thing."

"Why not?"

The doctor stepped into his gig——

"Not till I feel all right *here*." (In his chest.)

CHAPTER LIII.

FROWNENFELD AT THE GRANDISSIME MANSION.

ONE afternoon—it seems to have been some time in June, and consequently earlier than Doctor Keene's return—the Grandissimes were set all a-tremble with vexation by the discovery that another of their number had, to use Agricola's expression, "gone over to the enemy,"—a phrase first applied by him to Honoré.

"What do you intend to convey by that term?" Frownenfeld had asked on that earlier occasion.

"Gone over to the enemy means, my son, gone over to the enemy!" replied Agricola. "It implies affiliation with Américains in matters of business and of government! It implies the exchange of social amenities with a race of upstarts! It implies a craven consent to submit the sacredest prejudices of our fathers to the new-fangled measuring-rods of pert, imported theories upon moral and political progress! It implies a listening to, and reasoning with, the condemners of some of our most time-honored and respectable practices!

Reasoning with? N-a-hay! but Honoré has positively sat down and eaten with them! What?—and h-walked out into the stre-heet with them, arm in arm! It implies in his case an act—two separate and distinct acts—so base that—that—I simply do not understand them! *H-you* know, Professor Frowenfeld, what he has done! You know how ignominiously he has surrendered the key of a moral position which for the honor of the Grandissime-Fusilier name we have felt it necessary to hold against our hereditary enemies! And—you—know——” here Agricola actually dropped all artificiality and spoke from the depths of his feelings, without figure—“h-h-he has joined himself in business h-with a man of negro blood! What can we do? What can we say? It is Honoré Grandissime. We can only say, ‘Farewell! He is gone over to the enemy.’”

The new cause of exasperation was the defection of Raoul Innerarity. Raoul had, somewhat from a distance, contemplated such part as he could understand of Joseph Frowenfeld’s character with ever-broadening admiration. We know how devoted he became to the interests and fame of “Frowenfeld’s.” It was in April he had married. Not to divide his generous heart, he took rooms opposite the drug-store, resolved that “Frowenfeld’s” should be not only the latest closed but the earliest opened of all the pharmacies in New Orleans.

This, it is true, was allowable. Not many weeks afterward his bride fell suddenly and seriously ill. The overflowing souls of Aurora and Clotilde could not be so near to trouble and not know it, and before Raoul was nearly enough recovered from the shock of this peril to remember that he was a Grandissime, these last two of the De Grapions had hastened across the street to the small, white-walled sick-room and filled it as full of universal human love as the cup of a magnolia is full of perfume. Madame Innerarity recovered. A warm affection was all she and her husband could pay such ministration in, and this they paid bountifully; the four became friends. The little madame found herself drawn most toward Clotilde; to her she opened her heart—and her wardrobe, and showed her all her beautiful new under-clothing. Clotilde, Raoul found to be, for him, rather—what shall we say?—starry, starrily inaccessible; but Aurora was emphatically after his liking; he was delighted with Aurora. He told her in confidence that “Profess-or Frowenfel’” was the best man in the world; but she

boldly said, taking pains to speak with a tear and a half of genuine gratitude,—“Egcep’ Monsieur Honoré Grandissime,” and he assented, at first with hesitation and then with ardor. The four formed a group of their own; and it is not certain that this was not the very first specimen ever produced in the Crescent City of that social variety of New Orleans life now distinguished as Uptown Creoles.

Almost the first thing acquired by Raoul in the camp of the enemy was a certain Aureorean audacity; and on the afternoon to which we allude, having told Frowenfeld a rousing fib to the effect that the multitudinous inmates of the maternal Grandissime mansion had insisted on his bringing his esteemed employer to see them, he and his bride had the hardihood to present him on the front veranda.

The straightforward Frowenfeld was much pleased with his reception. It was not possible for such as he to guess the ire with which his presence was secretly regarded. New Orleans, let us say once more, was small, and the apothecary of the rue Royale locally famed; and what with curiosity and that innate politeness which it is the Creole’s boast that he cannot mortify, the veranda, about the top of the great front stair, was well crowded with people of both sexes and all ages. It would be most pleasant to tarry once more in description of this gathering of nobility and beauty; to recount the points of Creole loveliness in midsummer dress; to tell in particular of one and another eye-kindling face, form, manner, wit; to define the subtle qualities of Creole air and sky and scene, or the yet more delicate graces that characterize the music of Creole voice and speech and the light of Creole eyes; to set forth the gracious, unaccentuated dignity of the matrons and the ravishing archness of their daughters. To Frowenfeld the experience seemed all unreal. Nor was this unreality removed by conversation on grave subjects; for few among either the maturer or the younger beauty could do aught but listen to his foreign tongue like unearthly strangers in the old fairy tales. They came, however, in the course of their talk to the subject of love and marriage. It is not certain that they entered deeper into the great question than a comparison of its attendant Anglo-American and Franco-American conventionalities; but sure it is that somehow—let those young souls divine the method who can—every unearthly stranger on that veranda contrived

to understand. Suddenly the conversation began to move over the ground of intermarriage between hostile families. Then what eyes and ears! A certain suspicion had already found lodgment in the universal Grandissime breast, and every one knew in a moment that, to all intents and purposes, they were about to argue the case of Honoré and Aurora.

The conversation became discussion, Frowenfeld, Raoul and Raoul's little seraph against the whole host, chariots, horse and archery. Ah! such strokes as the apothecary dealt! And if Raoul and "Madame Raoul" played parts most closely resembling the blowing of horns and breaking of pitchers, still they bore themselves gallantly. The engagement was short; we need not say that nobody surrendered; nobody ever gives up the ship in parlor or veranda debate; and yet—as is generally the case in such affairs—truth and justice made some unacknowledged headway. If anybody on either side came out wounded—this to the credit of the Creoles as a people—the sufferer had the heroic good manners not to say so. But the results were more marked than this; indeed, in more than one or two candid young hearts and impressive minds the wrongs and rights of sovereign true love began there on the spot to be more generously conceded and allowed. "My-de-seh," Honoré had once on a time said to Frowenfeld, meaning that to prevail in conversational debate one should never follow up a faltering opponent, "you mus' *erhack* the egg, not smash it!" And Joseph, on rising to take his leave, could the more amiably overlook the feebleness of the invitation to call again, since he rejoiced, for Honoré's sake, in the conviction that the egg was cracked.

Agricola, the Grandissimes told the apothecary, was ill in his room, and Madame de Grandissime, his sister—Honoré's mother—begged to be excused that she might keep him company. The Fusiliers were a very close order; or one might say they garrisoned the citadel.

But Joseph's rising to go was not immediately upon the close of the discussion; those courtly people would not let even an unwelcome guest go with the faintest feeling of disrelish for them. They were casting about in their minds for some momentary diversion with which to add a finishing touch to their guest's entertainment, when Clemence appeared in the front garden-walk and was quickly surrounded by bounding chil-

dren, alternately begging and demanding a song. Many of even the younger adults remembered well when she had been "one of the hands on the place," and a passionate lover of the African dance. In the same instant half a dozen voices proposed that for Joseph's amusement Clemence should put her cakes off her head, come up on the veranda and show a few of her best steps.

"But who will sing?"

"Raoul!"

"Very well; and what shall it be?"

"'Madame Gaba'."

No, Clemence objected.

"Well, well, stand back—something better than 'Madame Gaba.'"

Raoul began to sing and Clemence instantly to pace and turn, posture, bow, respond to the song, start, swing, straighten, stamp, wheel, lift her hands, stoop, twist, walk, whirl, tip-toe with crossed ankles, smite her palms, march, circle, leap—an endless improvisation of rhythmic motion to this modulated responsive chant:

RAOUL. "*Mo pas l'amein ça.*"

CLEMENCE. "*Miché Igenne, oap! oap! oap!*"

HE. "*Yi donné vingt cinq sous pou' mané poulé.*"

SHE. "*Miché Igenne, dit—dit—dit—*"

HE. "*Mo pas l'amein ça!*"

SHE. "*Miché Igenne, oap! oap! oap!*"

HE. "*Mo pas l'amein ça!*"

SHE. "*Miché Igenne, oap! oap! oap!*"

Frowenfeld was not so greatly amused as the ladies thought he should have been, and was told that this was not a fair indication of what he would see if there were ten dancers instead of one.

How much less was it an indication of what he would have seen in that mansion early the next morning, when there was found just outside of Agricola's bedroom door a fresh egg, not cracked, according to Honoré's maxim, but smashed, according to the lore of the voodooes. Who could have got in in the night? And did the intruder get in by magic, by outside lock-picking, or by inside collusion? Later in the morning, the children playing in the basement found—it had evidently been accidentally dropped, since the true use of its contents required them to be scattered in some person's path—a small cloth bag, containing a quantity of dogs' and cats' hair, cut fine and mixed with salt and pepper.

"Clemence?"

"Pooh! Clemence. No! But as sure as the sun turns around the world—Palmyre Philosophe!"

CHAPTER LIV.

"CAULDRON BUBBLE."

THE excitement and alarm produced by the practical threat of voodoo curses upon Agricola was one thing, Creole lethargy was quite another; and when, three mornings later, a full quartette of voodoo charms was found in the four corners of Agricola's pillow, the great Grandissime family were ignorant of how they could have come there. Let us examine these terrible engines of mischief. In one corner was an acorn drilled through with two holes at right angles to each other, a small feather run through each hole; in the second a joint of cornstalk with a cavity scooped from the middle, the pith left intact at the ends, and the space filled with parings from that small callous spot near the knee of the horse, called the "nail"; in the third corner a bunch of parti-colored feathers; something equally meaningless in the fourth. No thread was used in any of them. All fastening was done with the gum of trees. It was no easy task for his kindred to prevent Agricola, beside himself with rage and fright, from going straight to Palmyre's house and shooting her down in open day.

"We shall have to watch our house by night," said a gentleman of the household, when they had at length restored the Citizen to a condition of mind which enabled them to hold him in a chair.

"Watch this house?" cried a chorus. "You don't suppose she comes near here, do you? She does it all from a distance. No, no; watch *her* house."

Did Agricola believe in the supernatural potency of these gimcracks? No, and yes. Not to be fool-hardy, he quietly slipped down every day to the levee, had a slave-boy row him across the river in a skiff, landed, re-embarked, and in the middle of the stream surreptitiously cast a picayune over his shoulder into the river. Monsieur D'Embaras, the imp of death thus placated, must have been a sort of spiritual Cheap John.

Several more nights passed. The house of Palmyre, closely watched, revealed nothing. No one came out, no one went in, no light was seen. They should have watched it in broad daylight. At last, one midnight, 'Polyte Grandissime stepped cautiously up to one of the batten doors with an auger, and succeeded, without arousing any one, in boring a hole. He discovered a lighted candle standing in a glass of water.

"Nothing but a bedroom light," said one. "Ah, bah!" whispered the other; "it is to make the spell work strong."

"We will not tell Agricola first; we had better tell Honoré," said Sylvestre.

"You forget," said 'Polyte, "that I no longer have any acquaintance with Monsieur Honoré Grandissime."

They told Agamemnon; and it would have gone hard with the "*milatraise*" but for the additional fact that suspicion had fastened upon another person; but now this person in turn had to be identified. It was decided not to report progress to old Agricola, but to await and seek further developments. Agricola, having lost all ability to sleep in the mansion, moved into a small cottage in a grove near the house. But the very next morning, he turned cold with horror to find on his door-step a small black-coffined doll, with pins run through the heart, a burned-out candle at the head and another at the feet.

"You know it is Palmyre, do you?" asked Agamemnon, seizing the old man as he was going at a headlong pace through the garden gate. "What if I should tell you that, by watching the Congo dancing-ground at midnight to-night, you will see the real author of this mischief—ch?"

"And why to-night?"

"Because the moon rises at midnight."

There was firing that night in the deserted Congo dancing-grounds under the ruins of Fort St. Joseph, or, as we would say now, in Congo Square, from three pistols—Agricola's, 'Polyte's, and the weapon of an ill-defined, retreating figure answering the description of the person who had stabbed Agricola the preceding February. "And yet," said 'Polyte, "I would have sworn that it was Palmyre doing this work."

Through Raoul these events came to the ear of Frowenfeld. It was about the time that Raoul's fishing party, after a few days' mishaps, had returned home. Palmyre, on several later dates, had craved further audiences and shown other letters from the hidden f. m. c. She had heard them calmly, and steadfastly preserved the one attitude of refusal. But it could not escape Frowenfeld's notice that she encouraged the sending of additional letters. He easily guessed the courier to be Clemence; and now, as he came to ponder these revelations of Raoul, he found that within twenty-four hours after every visit of Clemence to the house of Palmyre, Agricola suffered a visitation.

(To be continued.)

PETER THE GREAT. VII.*

BY EUGENE SCHUYLER.



THE YOUNG MOTHER. (FROM A PAINTING ON PORCELAIN BY E. EGOROFF.)

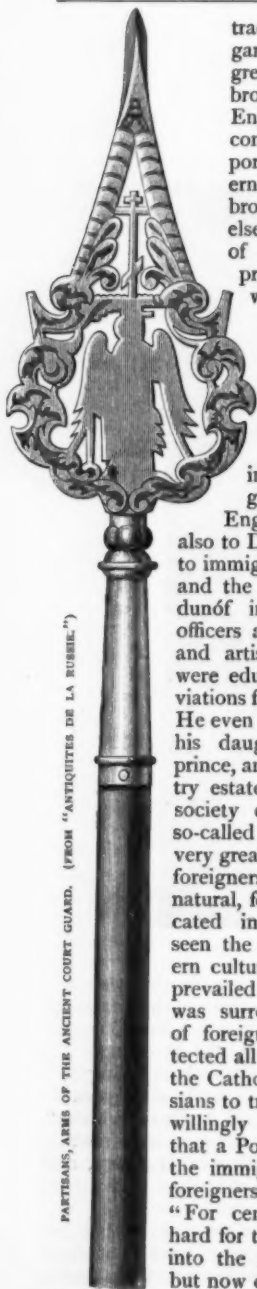
CHAPTER XXIV.

THE GERMAN SUBURB AT MOSCOW.

ALTHOUGH foreigners came to Russia from the earliest period, yet it was not until the time of Iván III. that they came in large numbers. That prince received foreign artists and artisans so well that numbers of Italian architects, engineers, gold-workers, physicians and mechanics came to Moscow. His marriage with the Greek Princess Sophia Palæologos gave rise to new and more frequent relations with Italy, and he several times sent to Rome, Venice and Milan for physicians and men of tech-

nical knowledge. It was in this way that the Cathedral of the Assumption came to be built by Aristotle Fioraventi of Bologna, that of St. Michael the Archangel by Aleviso of Milan, and the banqueting hall of the palace, and the walls and gates of the Kremlin, by other Italian architects. German miners, too, came, or were sent by Matthew Corvinus, King of Hungary, and some of them discovered silver and copper mines in Siberia.

Iván IV., the Terrible, appreciated foreigners, and invited large numbers of them into Russia. But, besides this, it was during his reign, in 1558, that an English expedition penetrated into the White Sea, and the



PARTISANS, ARMS OF THE ANCIENT COURT GUARD. (FROM "ANTIQUITES DE LA RUSSIE.")

merchants, but a crowd of grocers and tavern-keepers." Under the Tsar Theodore,

trade with England began, which soon took great proportions, and brought to Russia many English merchants. The conquest of Livonia and portions of the southern shore of the Baltic brought to Moscow, and elsewhere in the interior of Russia, very many prisoners of war, who were never allowed to return to their own country.

Under Iván's son Theodore, and Boris Godunóf, the intercourse with western Europe constantly increased. Favors were given, not only to the English merchants, but also to Dutchmen and Danes, to immigrants from Hamburg and the Hanse towns. Godunóf invited soldiers and officers as well as physicians and artisans. His children were educated with great deviations from Russian routine. He even thought of marrying his daughter to a Danish prince, and, when at his country estate, was fond of the society of foreigners. The so-called False Demetrius had very great inclinations toward foreigners. This was very natural, for he had been educated in Poland, and had seen the advantages of western culture. Polish manners prevailed at his court; he was surrounded by a guard of foreign soldiers; he protected all religions, especially the Catholic; he urged Russians to travel abroad, and so willingly received foreigners that a Pole, in writing about the immigration of so many foreigners into Russia, said: "For centuries long it was hard for the birds even to get into the realm of Muscovy, but now come not only many

son of Iván the Terrible, there were, according to Fletcher, about 4300 foreigners in the Russian service, most of them Poles and Little Russians, but still about one hundred and fifty Dutchmen and Scotchmen. In the reign of Boris Godunóf, the foreign detachment in the army was composed of twenty-five hundred men of all nationalities. Two officers, owing to their conduct during the Troublous Times, and the memoirs which they have left, are well known—the Livonian, Walter Von Rosen, and the Frenchman Margeret. The body-guard of Demetrius was composed of three hundred foreigners, all of them so well paid that they stalked about in silk and satin. Margeret was captain of one division of this body-guard.

In the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Grand Duke Basil established the residence of his foreign body-guard, consisting of Poles, Germans and Lithuanians, on the right bank of the river Moskvá, outside the town in a place called Naléiki, in order, as Herberstein said, that the Russians might not be contaminated by the bad example of

their drunkenness. Later on, this district became inhabited by Streltsi and the common people, and the Livonian prisoners of war were established by Iván the Terrible on the Yáuza, near the Pokróf gate. When Demetrius was so desperately defended by his foreign body-guard that a Livonian, Wilhelm Fürstenberg, fell at his side, the Russians said: "See what true dogs these Germans are: let us kill them all"; and during the Troublous Times, the foreigners in Moscow were subject to constant attacks from the Russians. Persecutions were organized against them, as in other countries against the Jews. There was not a popular commotion in which threats, at least, were not made against them, and during one of the attacks the whole foreign quarter was burnt to the ground. After this, the foreigners lived within the walls, and for a while enjoyed the same privileges as Russian subjects, adopting their dress and their habits.



PARTISANS, ARMS OF THE ANCIENT COURT GUARD. (FROM "ANTIQUITES DE LA RUSSIE.")

Livonian prisoners of war had, even before the Troublous Times, made their way within the town, and had built a church or two. For some reason they incurred the

still containing the chief Protestant and Catholic churches. It is fairly depicted to us in one of the drawings made by the artist who accompanied Meyerberg's embassy in



ARQUEBUSE OF TSAR ALEXIS MICHAËLOVITCH, MADE IN 1654. (FROM "ANTIQUITES DE LA RUSSIE.")

wrath of the Tsar, were driven from their houses, and their property was plundered. Margeret says of them:

"The Lutheran Livonians, who, on the conquest of the greatest part of Livonia, and the removal of the inhabitants of Dorpat and Narva, had been brought as prisoners to Moscow, had succeeded in getting two churches inside the town of Moscow, and celebrated in them their public divine service. At last, on account of their pride and vanity, their churches were torn down by the Tsar's command, all their houses were plundered, and they themselves, without regard to age or sex, and in winter, too, were stripped to nakedness. For this they were themselves thoroughly to blame, for instead of remembering their former misery, when they were brought from their native country, and robbed of their property and had become slaves, and being humble on account of their sufferings, their demeanor was so proud, their conduct and actions so arrogant, and their clothes so costly, that one might have taken them for real princes and princesses. When their women went to church, they wore nothing but satin, and velvet, and damask, and the meanest of them at least taffeta, even if they had nothing else. Their chief gains were from the permission they had to sell brandy and other kinds of drinks, whereby they got not ten per cent., but a hundred per cent., which appears most improbable, but is nevertheless true. But what always distinguished the Livonians marked them here. One could have imagined that they had been brought to Russia to display here their vanity and shamelessness, which on account of the existing laws and justice they could not do in their own country. At last, a place was given to them outside the town to build their houses and a church. Since then, no one of them is allowed to dwell inside the town of Moscow."

When affairs became more settled under the Tsar Alexis, by a decree of 1652, there was a systematic settling of all foreigners in a suburb outside the town; the number of the streets and lanes was set down in the registers, and pieces of land, varying from 350 to 1800 yards square, were set apart for the officers, the physicians, the apothecaries and the artisans, and the widows of foreigners who had been in the Russian service. This suburb, which was nicknamed by the Russians Kúkuí, now forms the north-eastern portion of the city of Moscow, intersected by the Basmánnaya and Pokrófskaya streets,

1661. As the houses were of wood, and surrounded by gardens, this suburb had all the appearance of a large and flourishing village.

Reutenfels, who was in Russia from 1671 to 1673, estimated the number of foreigners living in Russia as about 18,000. Most of them lived in Moscow, but a large number inhabited Vológdá, Archangel and other towns where there was foreign trade, as well as the mining districts.

The residence of the foreigners in a separate suburb naturally enabled them to keep up the traditions and customs of western Europe much more easily than if they had mingled more with the Russians. They wore foreign clothing, read foreign books, and spoke, at least in their households, their own languages, although they all had some acquaintance with the Russian tongue, which sometimes served as a medium of communication with each other. The habitual use of a few Russian words, the adoption of a few Russian customs, conformity to the Russian dress and ways of thinking on some points, was the most they had advanced toward Russianization. Rarely did they change their faith to advance their worldly prospects, although the children of marriages with Russians were brought up in the Russian church. In general, they held close



LOCK OF ARQUEBUSE.

to their own religion and their own modes of education. They kept up a constant intercourse with abroad, by new arrivals, and by correspondence with their friends. They imported not only foreign conveniences for

their own use, but also received from abroad the journals of the period, books of science and history, novels and poems. Their interest in the politics of their own lands was always maintained, and many and warm were the discussions which were caused by the wars between France and the Low Countries, and the English Revolution. In this way, the German suburb was a nucleus of a superior civilization.

In thinking of the foreign colony in Moscow at the end of the seventeenth century, it is impossible not to remember the English and German colonies in St. Petersburg and Moscow of the present day. Here they have kept their own religion, their own language, and, in many cases, their own customs. But still they have something about them that is Russian. In no respect is the comparison more close than in the relations which they keep up with the homes of their ancestors. Although most of the English colony at St. Petersburg, for instance, were born in Russia, and some of them are even descended from families who came there during the time of Peter the Great, or even before, yet frequently the boys are sent to English schools and universities, there are English houses of the same family connected with them in business, and, in several cases, one of the family is a member of Parliament. The English colony, especially in St. Petersburg, is on a better footing than it is in most foreign countries. Its members are not living there to escape their debts at home, or to avoid the consequences of disgrace, nor are they there simply for the purpose of making money. Russia has been their home for generations, and they deservedly possess the respect and esteem, not only of their own countrymen, but of the Russians.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE INFLUENCE OF THE FOREIGN COLONY.

THE influence of the foreign residents in Russia was especially seen in the material development of the country. The Russians were then, as they are now, quick to learn and ready to imitate. A Pole, Maszkiewicz, in the time of the False Demetrius, remarked that the metal and leather work of the Russians, after oriental designs, could scarcely be distinguished from the genuine articles. Foreigners understood this quality of Russian workmen, and frequently endeavored to keep their trades as a monopoly for

themselves. We know that Hans Falck, a foreign manufacturer of bells and metal castings, sent away his Russian workmen when engaged in the delicate processes, in order that they might not learn the secrets of the art. The Government found it necessary, in many cases, to make contracts with foreign artisans, that they should teach their trades to a certain number of Russian workmen. It was the Englishman John Merrick, first merchant and subsequently ambassador, who was one of the earliest to teach the Russians that it was better for them to manufacture for themselves than to export the raw materials. He explained to the boyárs how people had been poor in England as long as they had exported raw wool, and had only begun to get rich when the laws protected the woolen manufacturers by insisting on the use of wool at home, and especially on the use of woolen shrouds, and how greatly the riches of England had increased since the country began to sell cloth instead of wool. It was in part through his influence that a manufactory of hemp and tow was established near Holmogory. In a similar way, paper-mills, glass-factories, powder-mills, saltpeter-works and iron-works were established by foreigners. A Dane, Peter Marselis, had important and well-known iron-works near Tula, which were so productive that he was able to pay his inspector three thousand rubles a year, and had to pay to his brother-in-law, for his share, twenty thousand rubles. We can see the relative value of this, when we remember that, at that time, two to two and a half quarters of rye could be bought for a ruble, and that, twenty years later, the salary of General Gordon, one of the highest in the Russian service, was only one thousand rubles a year; while the pastor of the Lutheran church in Moscow in 1699 received annually only sixty rubles. Concessions for copper mines were also given to Marselis and other foreigners, and the Stroganófs, who possessed such great and rich mining-districts on the frontier of Siberia, constantly sent abroad for physicians, apothecaries, and artisans of all kinds.

It has already been said that the foreigners in Russia were not too well pleased with the ease with which the Russians learned their trades; neither did this please foreign governments. The famous Duke of Alva said that it was "inexcusable to provide Russia with cannon and other arms, and to initiate the Russians into the way war was carried on in western Europe, because, in



GENERAL PATRICK GORDON.

this way, a dangerous neighbor was being educated." Sigismond, King of Poland, did his best to hinder the intercourse which sprang up between Moscow and England, and wrote to Queen Elizabeth that "such commercial relations were dangerous, because Russia would thus receive war material; and it would be still worse if Russia, in this way, could get immigrants who would spread through the country the technical knowledge so necessary there. It was in the interest of Christianity and religion to protest against Russia, the enemy of all free nations, receiving cannons and arms, artists and artisans, and being initiated into the views and purposes of European politics."

It was natural that, with constant and increasing intercourse with foreigners, the Russians should adopt some of the customs which they had brought with them. For a long time the foreigners were greatly laughed at for eating salads, or grass, as the peasants called it, but this habit greatly spread. In the early part of the seventeenth century, the Dutch introduced the culture of asparagus, and garden roses were first brought by the Dane, Peter Marselis. The use of snuff and of smoking tobacco was very speedily acquired, much to the horror of all right-thinking and orthodox people, who saw in this a plain work of the devil; for was it not said in the Bible: "Not that which goeth into the mouth defileth a man; but that which cometh out of the mouth, this defileth a man." Many Russian nobles even adopted foreign clothes, and trimmed their hair and beard. Nikíta Románof, the owner of the boat which Peter found at Ismaïlovo,

wore German clothes while hunting, for which he was sharply reprimanded by the Patriarch; and the conduct of Prince Andrew Koltsóf-Masálsky, for cutting his hair short, in 1675, caused so much displeasure that the Tsar Alexis issued an ukase, forbidding, under heavy penalties, the trimming one's hair or beard, or the wearing of foreign clothes. This decree soon fell into desuetude, and at the time of which we are speaking, foreign clothes and foreign habits were not at all uncommon among the Russians of the higher ranks. Even Peter himself occasionally wore foreign dress, and was severely blamed by the Patriarch for daring to appear in such costume at the death-bed of his mother.

The theatrical performances devised by Matvéief for the Tsar Alexis have already been mentioned, as showing the influence of foreigners. But it is curious to find that the performances were directed by Johan Gottfried Gregorii, the pastor of the Lutheran church. He not only wrote some of the plays, but started a theatrical school, where the school-boys in the German suburb and the sons of some of the chief inhabitants were taught acting.

One of the most important steps in civilization introduced by foreigners was the letter-post. Postal communications had previously existed in the interior of the country, but, even for government purposes, they were very slow, and nearly all letters were sent by private hand, or by a chance messenger. It was in 1664 that a decree of the Tsar Alexis gave a Swede named John privileges for the organization of an international letter-post, and in 1667 the first postal convention was made with Poland. John, of Sweden, was succeeded by Peter Marselis, the Dane, and he by Andrew Vinius, who first received the title of Postmaster of His Majesty the Tsar, and was ordered to conclude postal conventions with the neighboring States. The institution of the post-office did not please all Russians as much as it did the foreigners, and, if we may judge from the continued existence of a censorship, it is still looked upon with a certain degree of suspicion. The Russian political economist, Iván Pososhkóf, writing in 1701, complains:

"The Germans have cut a hole through from our land into their own, and from outside people can now, through this hole, observe all our political and commercial relations. This hole is the post. Heaven knows whether it brings advantage to the Tsar, but the harm which it causes to the realm is

incalculable. Everything that goes on in our land is known to the whole world. The foreigners all become rich by it, the Russians become poor as beggars. The foreigners always know which of our goods are cheap and which are dear, which are plentiful and which are scarce. Thereupon they bargain,



REVOLVER CANNON OF PETER'S TIME.

and know immediately how much they are obliged to pay for our goods. In this way trade is unequal. Without the post, both sides would be ignorant of the prices and the stock of goods on hand, and no party would be injured. Besides, it is a very bad thing that people know in other countries everything that happens in ours. This hole, then, should be shut up—that is, the post should be put an end to; and, it seems to me, it would be very sensible not to allow letters to be sent, even through messengers, except with a special permission each time from the proper authorities."

CHAPTER XXVI.

PETER'S FRIENDS AND LIFE IN THE GERMAN SUBURB.

WITH very many inhabitants of the German suburb Peter had already made acquaintance at Preobrazhensky, and as the German suburb lay on the road from Preobrazhensky to Moscow, it is not improbable that he occasionally halted, from time to time, to say a word to his friends. But his first continued and frequent relations with the foreign quarter began in 1690, and so soon after the death of the Patriarch that it would seem almost as if, in dining with General Gordon on the 10th of May, in the company of his boyars and courtiers, he was actuated in some degree by a spirit of opposition to the feeling against foreigners then prevalent at court. Gordon says that "the Tsar was well content," and this must have indeed been the case. Peter must have found in the hospitality shown to him by a foreigner something new and agree-

able, for, from this time, his visits to the German quarter became so frequent that, at one period, he seems almost to have lived there. For a long time, his most intimate and trusted friends were foreigners.

The name of General Gordon has already been often mentioned. He was at this time about fifty-five years old, the foreign officer of the greatest experience and the highest position, and, beside this, a man of wide information, of great intelligence, of agreeable manners, shrewd, practical, even canny, and full of good common-sense, a devout Catholic, a staunch royalist, in the highest degree loyal, honest and straightforward. Patrick Gordon was one of the well-known and illustrious family of Gordon; by his mother an Ogilvie, a cousin of the first Duke of Gordon, and connected with the Earl of Errol and the Earl of Aberdeen, he was born on the family estate of Auchluchries, in Aberdeenshire, in 1635. His family were staunchly Catholic and royalist, and in the heat of the Revolution there was no chance of his receiving an education at the Scotch universities, or of his making his way in public life, so that, when he was only sixteen, he resolved on going abroad. Two years he passed in the Jesuit college at Braunsberg, but the quiet life of the school not suiting his adventurous spirit, he ran away with a few thalers in his pocket, and a change of clothing and three or four books in his knapsack. After staying a



CIRCULAR MITRAILLEUSE OF PETER'S TIME.

short time at Kulm and at Posen, he found his way to Hamburg, where he made the acquaintance of some Scotch officers in the Swedish service, and was readily persuaded to join them. This was at a time when

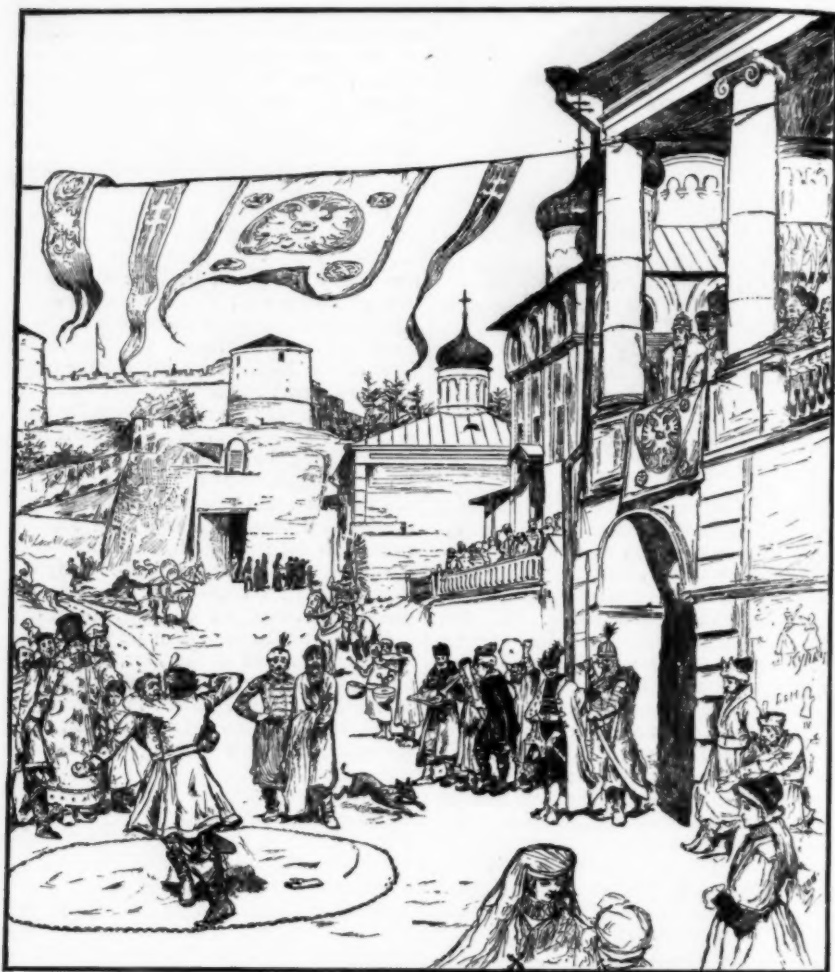


PRINCE BORIS GALITSYN.

very many foreigners, and especially Scotch, were serving in the armies of other countries. This was the era of soldiers of fortune, of whom Dugald Dalgetty is the type best known to us, but of whom more honorable examples could be found. Whether officers or soldiers, they were hired to fight, and generally fought well during the time of their contract; but changing masters from time to time was not considered wrong nor disgraceful, either by them or the governments which they served. Gordon, after being twice wounded, was twice taken prisoner by the Poles. The first time he escaped, but on the second occasion, as the band with whom he was caught was accused of robbing a church, he was condemned to death. He was saved through the intercession of an old Franciscan monk, and was then persuaded to quit the Swedes and enter the Polish army. A few months later, in the same year, 1658, he was captured by the Brandenburgers, allies of the Swedes, and was again persuaded to join the Swedes. Marauding was considered at that time a necessary part of war, and Gordon succeeded several times in well filling his pockets, of which he gives an honest and simple account; but he lost everything in a fire, and once was himself robbed. For a while he found it better to leave the service, and apparently engaged with some of his friends in marauding on his own account, and his band of partisans soon became well known through the whole region. Again he entered the Swedish service, and again, in November, 1658, was

taken prisoner by the Poles, who could not be persuaded to exchange him, and insisted on his again joining them. He served for some time with the Poles in Little Russia, and was present in a warm battle with the Russians, where he was wounded. When Charles II. ascended the English throne, Gordon wished to go home to Scotland, but Lubomirsky, the Crown Marshal of Poland, persuaded him to wait a little time, and promoted him to the rank of captain. His father meanwhile wrote to him that there would be little chance for him at home, and, at the same time, he received pressing offers from both the Russians and the Austrians. He decided in favor of the Austrian service, but the negotiations in part fell through, and he finally made a contract with the Russians for three years. It was only when he had arrived at Moscow that he found that the contract made with the Russian agent was repudiated, and that he would never be allowed to leave the Russian service. For a long time he refused to take the oath, and insisted on the terms of the contract. He finally had to yield. All his efforts to resign and to leave Russia were fruitless, and, apparently, it was not until 1692, when he was already an intimate friend of the Tsar, that he entirely gave up the idea of ending his days in Scotland. Once settled in Moscow, he found his best chance for promotion lay in marrying, and thus showing his interest in the country. He did good service in the Russian army wherever he was placed—in Little Russia, at Kieff, at the siege of Tchigirin, and in the Crimean expeditions. He had long enjoyed the confidence of the government, and was in intimate social relations with the chief Russian boyárs. Once, on account of his influential royalist connections, he had been sent to England on a diplomatic mission, to present a letter of the Tsar Alexis to King Charles II. with reference to the privileges of the English merchants, and twice he had been allowed to go to Scotland for personal reasons, but his wife and children were always kept as hostages for his return.

Gordon's travels had brought him into connection with many great personages of the time. He knew personally Charles II. and James II., and had been presented to Queen Christina after she had left Sweden. Greatly interested in foreign politics, he everywhere had friends and acquaintances, from whom he received news, gossip, wine, scientific instruments and books,—whether



FUGILISM IN THE TIME OF IVAN THE TERRIBLE. (DRAWN BY A. BRENNAN.)

Quarle's Emblems, or treatises on fortification or pyrotechny. With all his friends, with his relations in Scotland, Lord Melfort at Rome, ambassadors and Jesuits at Vienna, officers in Poland and at Riga, and with merchants everywhere, he kept up a constant correspondence. There was not a post-day that he did not receive many letters, and send off an equal number. Of many of these he kept copies. On one day there is an entry in his diary of his dispatching twenty-six letters.

His carefully kept diary, in which he set down the occurrences of the day—telling of his doings, the people he had met and

talked with, his debts and expenses, the money he had lent, his purchases of wine and beer, his difficulties about his pay,—is invaluable to the student of the political as well as of the economical history of Russia.*

* This diary of General Gordon, which is written in English in six large quarto volumes, is preserved in the archives at St. Petersburg. Unfortunately, some parts are missing, notably from 1667-1677, and from 1678-1684. A German translation, in some places altered, was published by Posselt, 1849-1852, and a few extracts are printed from the original manuscript in "Passages from the Diary of General Patrick Gordon," published by the Spalding Club at Aberdeen in 1859.

In September, 1690, the Tsar, attended by his suite, dined with General Lefort. This was the first time that Peter had visited a man who was soon to become his most intimate friend, and to exercise great influence over him, and whose acquaintance he had made not long before. Franz Lefort was born at Geneva in 1656, of a good family (originally from Italy), which has kept a prominent position in Genevese society

a dozen gentlemen, comrades and retainers with them, and some of the Lutheran princes brought a style of life not at all in harmony with the strict Puritanical and Calvinistic manners of the place. Much as the solid burghers of Geneva objected to the contamination to which their sons were exposed by mingling with this gay and worldly society, yet they had too much respect for the persons of the princes to take



MARRIAGE OF DWARFS BEFORE PETER. (FROM A PAINTING BY J. C. PHILIPS.)

and politics until the present time. His father was a well-to-do merchant, and his elder brother, Ami, was one of the syndics of the town. At this time Geneva had become rich, and was developing a certain amount of frivolity and luxury. The old Calvinistic habits were being corrupted by dancing and card-playing. Paris was looked upon as the home of the arts and graces, of culture and of pleasure, and the youths of Geneva took the Parisians as their model. The schools of Geneva were famous, and the Protestant princes and aristocracy of Germany frequently sent their sons to finish their education in this Protestant stronghold. Without neglecting the solid studies they could learn French, and, at a time when the wars made visiting Paris impossible, could learn, too, French politeness and manners, fencing, dancing and riding, and the exercises of a gentleman, and prepare themselves for holding their little courts in rivalry of Louis XIV.

These princes had sometimes as many as

very strong measures, and perhaps, by their too great deference, increased the pretensions of the young men and the admiration they excited. The record books of the consistory are full of complaints against the princes and their followers. But there are also examples of the pretensions of these noble youths. The Prince of Hesse-Cassel and the Prince of Curland complained against some clergymen, who, they said, by their remonstrances had prevented a dancing party at the house of Count Dohna (then the owner of the château of Coppet, which was afterward to be known as the residence of Madame de Stael), and had thus deprived them of an evening's enjoyment. The Council recommended that more respect should be paid to people of such position. Between 1670 and 1675, no less than twenty princes of reigning families—the Palatinate, Würtemberg, Anhalt, Anspach, Brandenburg, Brunswick, Holstein, Saxony, Saxe-Gotha, etc., etc.—were receiving their edu-

cation at Geneva, to say nothing of the lesser nobility. Lefort, whose instincts had already taught him to rebel against the strict discipline of Calvinism, had, by his amiability and his good manners, become an intimate member of this society. It can easily be understood that late suppers, card-playing and worldly conversation did not increase any desire for following the sober life of a merchant recommended to him by his family. To get him away from temptation, he was sent as clerk to a merchant in Marseilles, but this in the end did not suit him, and he returned home. Partly from his own feelings, partly from the example of the society which he frequented, he had a great inclination to enter the military service and see a little of war. This, besides being against the laws and policy of Geneva, was looked upon with horror by his family, who did all in their power to prevent him; but he finally extorted their consent, and went to Holland to take part in the war then going on in the Low Countries. He was provided with a letter of introduction to the hereditary Prince of Curland, from his brother, whose friend he had been at Geneva, and served as a volunteer with him, though, through the intrigues of the Curland officers, he never succeeded in obtaining a commission. Finally, seeing no chance of promotion, he left the prince, and was persuaded to enter the Russian service with the rank of captain. Arriving in Russia in 1675, he did not succeed in getting the position he desired, and lived for two years at Moscow, as an idler in the German suburb, where he enjoyed the friendship and protection of some of the more distinguished members of the colony. At one time, he even acted as a secretary for the Danish Resident, and intended to leave Russia with him. At last he entered the Russian service, and, like most other officers who intended to secure their position, married. His wife was a connection of General Gordon. His personal qualities brought him to the notice of Prince Basil Galitsyn, who protected him and advanced him. His promotion was to some extent, perhaps, due to the interest taken in him by the Senate of Geneva, which, on his suggestion, addressed to Prince Galitsyn a letter in his behalf. After serving through the two Crimean campaigns, he went to Tróitsa, along with the other foreign officers, at the time of the downfall of Sophia, and was shortly afterward, on the birth of the Prince Alexis, promoted to be major-general.

At this time about thirty-five years old, Lefort was in all the strength of his manhood. He had a good figure, was very tall,—nearly as tall as Peter himself, but a little stouter,—had regular features, a good forehead, and rather large and expressive eyes. He was a perfect master of knightly and cavalier exercises, could shoot the bow so as to vie with the Tartars of the Crimea, and was a good dancer. He had received a fair education and had a good mind, although he was brilliant rather than solid, and shone more in the *salon* than in the camp or the council-chamber. His integrity, his adherence to his Protestant principles and morality, his affection for his family, and especially for his mother, command our respect. What endeared him to all his friends was his perfect unselfishness, frankness and simplicity, his geniality and readiness for amusement, and the winning grace of his manners.

It is not astonishing that the Tsar found Lefort not only a contrast to the Russians by whom he was surrounded, but also, in certain ways, to the more solid but less personally attractive representatives of the foreign colony, such as Van Keller and Gordon. To Gordon Peter went for advice, to Lefort for sympathy.

From this time on, Peter became daily more intimate with Lefort. He dined with him two or three times a week, and demanded his presence daily, so that Butenant, Sennebie, and all who wrote to Geneva, spoke of the high position which Lefort held, and his nephew, the young Peter Lefort, complained that he was rarely able to talk to his uncle, even about business, as he was constantly in the company of the Tsar. The letters written by Lefort to Peter, on the two or three occasions when they were separated from each other, show what a merry boon companion he was. At the same time, no one, except Catherine, was able to give Peter so much sympathy, and so thoroughly to enter into his plans. Lefort alone had enough influence over him to soothe his passions, and to prevent the consequences of his sudden outbursts of anger. While Lefort was in no way greedy or grasping, his material interests were well looked after by his royal friend. His debts were paid, a house was built for him, presents of all kinds were given to him, and he was rapidly raised in grade, first to lieutenant-general, then to full general, commander of the first regiment, admiral and ambassador. Peter,

too, entered into correspondence with the Senate of Geneva, in order to give testimony at Lefort's home of the esteem in which he held him.

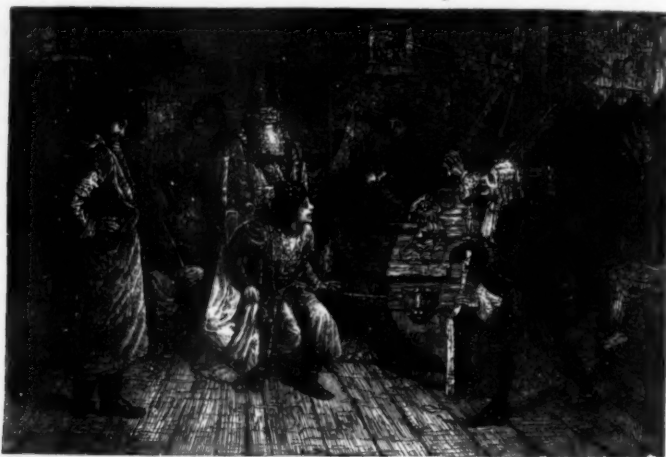
In a society which included such men as Lefort and Gordon, Van Keller and Butenant Von Rosenbusch,—the Dutch and Danish envoys,—and representatives of such good and well-known names as Leslie, Crawfuird, Menzies, Earl Graham, Bruce, Drummond, Montgomery, Hamilton and Dalziel, not to mention the eminent Dutch merchants, it was natural that Peter should find many persons whose conversation would be interesting and useful to him. His chief friends, however, among the foreigners were Von Mengden, the colonel, and Adam Weyde, the major of the Preobrazhensky regiment, in which Peter served as a sergeant; Ysbrandt Ides, who was soon sent on a mission to China; Colonel Chambers, Captain Jacob Bruce and Andrew Crafft, the English translator of the foreign office,—with all of whom he was in constant communication, and with whom, during his absences, he frequently exchanged letters. But a surer friend and assistant, and a more constant correspondent, was Andrew Vinius, the son of a Dutch merchant, who had established iron-works in Russia during the time of the Tsar Michael. His mother was a Russian. He therefore knew Russian well, and was educated in the Russian religion. He had served at first in the ministry of foreign affairs, but, during the latter years of Alexis, had been given charge of the post-office.

Peter's Russian friends were chiefly the comrades and companions of his childhood, most of whom held honorary positions at court. Such were Prince Theodore Troekúrof, Theodore Plestchéief, Theodore Apráxin, Gabriel Golóvkin, Prince Iván Trubetskóy, Prince Boris Kurákin, Prince Nikíta Repnín, Andrew Matvéief and Artémon Golovín. Most of these showed by their after life that they had been educated in the same school with Peter. To these should be added a few young men who had served in his play regiments, and who occupied positions in the nature of adjutants, or orderlies, such as Lúkin and Vorónin. There were, besides, a few men far older than Peter, who were personally attached to him, and nearly constantly with him. Such were Prince Boris Galítsyn, the two Dolgorúky, Iván Buturlín, Prince Theodore Ramodanófsky, his early teacher Zótof, and Tikhon Stréshnef, the

head of the expeditionary department. There is something a little curious in the relation of these older men to Peter. They served him faithfully, and were on occasion put forward as figure-heads, without exercising any real authority. To most of them, also, Peter, in his sportive moments, had given nicknames, and both he and they always used these nicknames in their correspondence. Thus, Zótof was called the "Prince Pope," from a masquerade procession in which he officiated in this way, surrounded by a band of bishops, priests and deacons; and frequently, too, in masquerading attire, he and his troop of singers went about at Christmas-tide to sing carols. The Boyár Iván Buturlín, perhaps the oldest of them all, was given the title of "The Polish King," because, in one of the military maneuvers of which I shall speak presently, he had that title as the head of the enemy's army. Prince Ramodanófsky, the other generalissimo, got the nickname of "Prince Cæsar," and is nearly always addressed by Peter in his letters as "Majesty," or "Min Her Kenich" (My Lord King). Stréshnef, in the same way, was always called "Holy Father."

These, with many more of the younger court officials, Timmermann and a few others, formed the so-called "company," which went about everywhere with Peter, and feasted with him in the German suburb, and with the Russian magnates. The "company" went to many Russian houses, as well as among the Germans. Leo Narýshkin was always glad to see his royal nephew at his lovely villa of Pokrófskoe or Phíli. A splendid church built in 1693, in the choir of which Peter sometimes sang, still attests his magnificence, and the fact that it was here that Prince Kutúzof decided on the abandonment of Moscow to the French in 1812, adds still more to the interest of the place. Close by is the still lovely Kúntsovo, then inhabited by Peter's grandfather, the old Cyril Narýshkin. Prince Boris Galítsyn, who was much more than the drunkard de Neuville tells us of, frequently showed his hospitality. Sheremétief received them at Kúskovo, and the Sálytkofs, Apráxins and Matvéiefs were not behindhand.

What especially attracted Peter and his friends to the German suburb was the social life there, so new to them and so different from that in Russian circles. There was plainly a higher culture; there was more of refinement and less of coarseness in the amusements. The conversation touched



PETER FINDING THE GRANDFATHER OF THE RUSSIAN FLEET. (FROM A PAINTING BY COUNT MASOVEDOFF.)

foreign politics and the events of the day, and was not confined to a recapitulation of orgies and to loose talk—for we know only too well what the ordinary talk at Russian banquets was at that time. There was novelty and attraction in the occasional presence of ladies, in the masking, the dancing, the family feasts of all kinds, the weddings, baptisms and even funerals. In many of these Peter took part. He held Protestant and Catholic children at the font, he acted as best man at the marriages of merchants' daughters, he soon became an accomplished dancer, and was always very fond of a sort of country-dance known as the "Grossvater." When, too, did any Russian lose a chance of practicing a foreign language which he could already speak?

Dinner was about noon, and the feast was frequently prolonged till late in the night—sometimes even till the next morning. Naturally, even in German houses at this epoch, there was excessive drinking. Gordon constantly speaks of it in his diary, and not unseldom he was kept in his bed for days in consequence of these bouts. He, however, suffered from a constitutional derangement of his digestion. Peter seemed generally none the worse for it, and Lefort, we know by the account of Blomberg, could drink a great quantity without showing it. The consumption of liquors must have been very great, for when Peter came to dine he frequently brought eighty or ninety guests with him, and a hundred servants. Lefort, in one of his letters, speaks of having in the house three thousand thalers' worth

of wine, which would last only for two or three months. Judging from the prices paid by Gordon for his wine—his "canary sect," his "perniak," his "white hochlands wine," and his Spanish wine—this would represent now a sum of about twenty-five thousand dollars (£5000). It is not to be supposed that, because so much liquor was used, the company was constantly intoxicated. In the first place, brandy and whisky were drunk only before or between meals; the greatest consumption was probably of beer and of the weak Russian drinks, mead and *kvas*. A dinner with some rich provincial merchant, or a day with some hospitable landed proprietor in the south of Russia, would give us typical examples of the heroic meals Peter and his friends enjoyed, with their caviare and raw herring, their cabbage and beet-root soup, their iced *batvinia* and *okróshka*, the sucking pig stuffed with buckwheat, the fish pastry, the salted cucumbers and the sweets. The guests did not sit at the table guzzling the whole day long. There were intervals for smoking, and the Russians enjoyed the interdicted tobacco. There were games at bowls and nine-pins, there were matches in archery and musket practice. Healths were proposed and speeches made, attended with salvos of artillery and blasts of trumpets. A band of German musicians played at intervals during the feasts, and in the evening there were exhibitions of fire-works out-of-doors, and there was dancing in-doors. Lefort, in a letter describing one of these nights, says that half the company slept while the rest danced.

Such feasts as these, so troublesome and so expensive, were a burden to any host, and we know that Van Keller, and even Gordon, were glad to have them over. When Peter had got into the habit of dining with his friends at Lefort's two or three times a week, it was impossible for Lefort, with his narrow means, to support the expense, and the cost was defrayed by Peter himself. Lefort's house was small, and although a large addition was made to it, yet it was even then insufficient to accommodate the number of guests, which, at times, exceeded two hundred. Peter therefore built for him, at least nominally, a new and handsome house, magnificently furnished, with one banquetting hall large enough to accommodate fifteen hundred guests. Although Lefort was called the master of the house, yet it was, in reality, a sort of club-house for Peter's "company." During the absence of Peter, and even of Lefort, it was not uncommon for those of the "company" remaining at Moscow to dine, sup, and pass the night there.

Peter and his friends entered with readiness into the Teutonic custom of masquerading, with which, according to the ruder habits of that time, were joined much coarse horse-play; buffoonery and practical joking. Together with his comrades, Peter went from house to house during the Christmas holidays, sang carols, and did not disdain to accept the usual gifts. In fact, if these were not forthcoming, revenge was taken on the householder. Korb, the Austrian Secretary, —for these sports were kept up even in 1699,—says in his diary:

"A sumptuous comedy celebrates the time of Our Lord's nativity. The chief Muscovites, at the Tsar's choice, shine in various sham ecclesiastical dignities. One represents the Patriarch, others metropolitans, archimandrites, popes, deacons, sub-deacons, etc. Each, according to whichever denominations of these the Tsar has given him, has to put on the vestments that belong to it. The scenic Patriarch, with his sham metropolitans, and the rest in eighty sledges, and to the number of two hundred, makes the round of the city of Moscow and the German suburb, ensigns with crosier, miter, and the other insignia of his assumed dignity. They all stop at the houses of the richer Muscovites and German officers, and sing the praises of the new-born Deity, in strains for which the inhabitants have to pay dearly. After they had sung the praises of the new-born Deity at his house, General Lefort recreated them all with pleasanter music, banquetting and dancing.

"The wealthiest merchant of Muscovy, whose name is Filadilof, gave such offense by having only presented two rubles to the Tsar and his Boyárs, who sang the praises of God, new-born, at his house, that the Tsar, with all possible speed, sent off a hundred of the populace to the house of that mer-

chant, with a mandate to pay forthwith to every one of them a ruble each. But Prince Tcherkásky, whom they had nicknamed the richest rustic, was rendered more prudent by what befell his neighbor: in order not to merit the Tsar's anger, he offered a thousand rubles to the mob of singers. It behoved the Germans to make show of equal readiness. Everywhere they keep the table laid ready with cold viands, not to be found unprepared."

Gordon, during these years, always mentions at Christmas-tide the companies of carol singers, among whom may be particularly remarked Alexis Menshikóf and his brother. On one occasion he says:

"I paid them two rubles, which was half too much."

Once Peter appeared at Lefort's with a suite of twenty-four dwarfs, all "of remarkable beauty," and all on horseback; and a few days after, Peter and Lefort rode out into the country to exercise this miniature cavalry. In 1695, the court fool, Jacob Turgénief, was married to the wife of a scribe. The wedding took place in a tent erected in the fields between Preobrazhénsky and Seménófsky. There was a great banquet, which lasted three days, and the festivities were accompanied by processions, in which the highest of the Russian nobles appeared in ridiculous costumes, in cars drawn by cows, goats, dogs, and even swine. Turgénief and his wife at one time rode in the best velvet carriage of the court, with such grandees as the Galítsyns, Sheremétievs and Trubetskóys following them on foot. In the triumphal entry into Moscow, the newly married pair rode a camel, and Gordon remarks: "The procession was extraordinarily fine." Although the jesting here was perfectly good-natured, yet it may have been carried a little too far, for a few days after poor Turgénief died suddenly in the night.

CHAPTER XXVII.

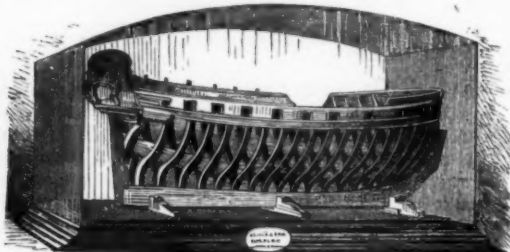
FIRE-WORKS AND SHAM FIGHTS.

FOR fully five years Peter left the government to be carried on by his ministers, who managed affairs in the good, old-fashioned Russian way. During the whole of this time not a single important law was passed, or decree made with regard to any matter of public welfare. Peter neither interested himself in the internal affairs of the country nor in the increasing difficulties with Poland, and the need of repressing the incursions of the Tartars. In spite of his years, his size,

and his strength, he was nothing but a boy, and acted like a boy. He devoted himself entirely to amusement, to carousing with his "company," to indulging his mechanical tastes, to boat-building, and mimic war. He had no inclination toward the more brutal pastimes so much enjoyed by the old Tsars, but, at the same time, he had no taste for horsemanship or field sports, and did not care for the chase, either with dogs or falcons. Sokólniki, with its hunting-lodge, fell into decay. Its name recalls the falconers

and by the bursting of one of them the Tsar and several of his officers were injured. Peter's wounds were probably not light, for he ceased his amusements, and appeared rarely in public from June until September, when other mock combats were fought between the guards and various regiments of Streltsi. In one of these General Gordon was wounded in the thigh, and had his face so severely burnt that he was kept a week in bed.

The following summer was passed in much the same way. At the opening of navigation, a new yacht, built by Peter's own unassisted hands, was launched on the Moskvá, and again there was a merry excursion to the monastery of Ugrétch, in spite of stormy weather. Military exercises then continued all the summer at Preobrazhénsky, and a grand sham battle was ordered. This was postponed for two months on account of the serious illness of the Tsaritsa Natalia, and took place only in the



MODEL OF A SHIP MADE BY PETER.—FROM MARINE MUSEUM, ST. PETERSBURG.

of old, but the May-day festival now held there, with the outspread tents, which bear the appellation of "the German camp," takes us back to Peter and the German suburb.

During the "Butter-Week" or carnival of 1690, Peter gave on the banks of the river Présna, in honor of the birth of his son Alexis, a display of fire-works, made in part by himself, the first at that time seen in Moscow, for previously he had confined his experiments to Preobrazhénsky. These displays were not always unattended with danger. A five-pound rocket, instead of bursting in the air, came down on the head of a gentleman, and killed him on the spot; at another time, an explosion of the material wounded Captain Strasburg, son-in-law of General Gordon, and Franz Timmermann, and killed three workmen. As soon as the river Moskvá had got clear of ice, Peter organized a flotilla of small row-boats, and going himself aboard of his yacht, the same which he had found at Ismaïlovo, sailed with a company of boyárs and courtiers down the river as far as the monastery of St. Nicholas of Ugrétch, and spent some days feasting in the neighborhood. He no sooner returned to Moscow than he prepared for some military maneuvers, and stormed the palace at Seménofsky. Hand-grenades and fire-pots were freely used, but even when slightly charged or made of pasteboard these are dangerous missiles,

month of October. Two armies were engaged; the Russian, consisting chiefly of Peter's play troops, or guards, commanded by Prince Theodore Ramodanófsky, to whom was given the title of the Generalissimo Frederick, was matched against the Streltsi under Generalissimo Buturlín. The fight lasted five days, and resulted in the victory of the Russian army, though not without disaster, for Prince Iván Dolgorúky died, as Gordon says, "of a shot got nine days before, in the right arm, at the field ballet military."

Tired of his soldiers, Peter again turned to his boats, and at the end of November, 1691, went to Lake Plestchéief, where he had not been for more than two years. He remained there a fortnight, in a small palace built for him on the shore of the lake, a mile and a half from Pereyasláv. It was a small, one-story, wooden house, with windows of mica, engraved with different ornaments, the doors covered for warmth with white felt, and on the roof a two-headed eagle, surmounted by a gilt crown. During the course of the next year he visited the lake four times, on two occasions staying more than a month. He occupied himself with building a ship, as he had been ordered to do by "His Majesty" the generalissimo, Prince Ramodanófsky, and worked so zealously that he was unwilling to return to Moscow for the recep-

tion of the Persian ambassador, and it was necessary for Leo Narýshkin and Prince Boris Galitsyn to go expressly to Pereyaslavl to show him the importance of returning for the reception, in order not to offend the Shah. Two days after, he went back to his work, and invited the "company" to the launch. Only one thing remained to complete his satisfaction, and that was the presence of his family. His mother, sister and wife finally went to Pereyaslavl in August, 1692, with the whole court, and remained there a month, apparently with great enjoyment. Troops came up from Moscow, and the whole time was spent in banquets, in parties on the water, and in military and naval maneuvers. The Tsaritsa Natalia even celebrated her name's-day there, and did not return to Moscow until September, ill and fatigued with this unaccustomed life.

Her illness soon passed over, but Peter was seized with a violent attack, from his too hard work and his over-indulgence in dissipation. In November, he was taken down with a dysentery which kept him in bed for a month and a half. At one time his life was despaired of. It is reported that his favorites were aghast, as they felt confident that in case of his death Sophia would again ascend the throne, and that nothing but exile or the scaffold awaited them; and it is said that Prince Boris Galitsyn, Apráxin and Plestchéief had horses ready, in order, in case of emergency, to flee from Moscow. Toward Christmas, Peter began to mend, and by the middle of February, 1693, although still not entirely recovered, was able to go about the city, and, in the quality of best man, invite guests to the marriage of a German gold-worker. In the same capacity, he took upon himself the ordering of the marriage feast and plied the company well with drink, although he himself drank little. Apparently from this illness date the fits of melancholy, the convulsive movements of the muscles, and the sudden outbursts of passionate anger with which Peter was so sadly afflicted.

During the carnival, the Tsar again gave an exhibition of fire-works on the banks of the Présna. After a thrice-repeated salute of fifty-six guns, a flag of white flame appeared, bearing on it the monogram of the generalissimo, Prince Ramodanófsky, in Dutch letters, and afterward was seen a fiery Hercules tearing apart the jaws of a lion. The fire-works were followed by a

supper, which lasted till three hours after midnight. The Tsaritsa was so pleased with the fiery Hercules that she presented her son—the master fire-worker—a full uniform as sergeant of the Preobrazhensky regiment.

As soon as the carnival was over, Peter went again to Pereyaslavl, where he stayed at work during the whole of Lent, and in May went there again, and sailed for two weeks on the lake. This was his last visit, for he soon went to a larger field of operations, on the White Sea, and visited Pereyaslavl only in passing from Moscow to Archangel, and again before the Azof campaign, to get the artillery material stowed there. After that, he was not there again for twenty-five years—until 1722, when on his road to Persia. He then lamented over the rotten and neglected ships, and gave strict instructions that the remnants of them should be carefully preserved. These orders were not obeyed, and of the whole flotilla on Lake Plestchéief there now exists only one small boat, which was preserved by the peasants, and since 1803 has been kept in a special building, under the direction of the local nobility, guarded by retired sailors. There remains nothing else but the traditional name of the Church of Our Lady at the Ships, and a festival on the sixth Sunday after Easter, in commemoration of Peter's launch, when all the clergy of Pereyaslavl, attended by a throng of people, sail on a barge to the middle of the lake and bless the waters.

The revival of Peter's interest in boat-building and navigation was probably due in part to the conversations which he had heard among his foreign friends. He had dined with the Dutch Resident, Van Keller, in June, 1691, and both from him and from the Dutch merchants whom he was constantly meeting he heard expressions of joy that the commercial intercourse between Archangel and Holland, which had been interrupted for two years by the French cruisers, had at last been renewed. All the goods had been detained at Archangel, and there had been a general stagnation of trade; but now that the Dutch had sent a convoy into the North Sea, several merchant vessels had safely reached their destination. Together with this news, came the intelligence that the richly laden Dutch fleet from Smyrna had also arrived at Amsterdam, without mishap. About the same time, Peter had received from Nicholas Witsen, the Burgomaster of Amsterdam,



PETER BUILDS HIS FIRST FLEET. (FROM A PICTURE PAINTED FOR THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT.)

—who had been in Russia years before, and had written a very remarkable book, the "Description of North and East Tartary,"—a letter, urging the importance of the trade with China and Persia, and suggesting means for its advancement. It was in consequence of this letter that Ysbrandt Ides was sent on a mission to China, and this, together with the talk about the Dutch trade, had doubtless given Peter some new ideas of the importance to the country of commerce, and of its protection by ships of war. In the dispatches which Van Keller wrote about Peter's occupations on Lake Plestch-ief, he remarks: "The Tsar seems to take into consideration commerce as well as

war." Subsequently, he mentions the proposed sham-fight, but says that the people of Moscow augured no good of it. After reporting that he had informed Peter of the great victory which King William and the English fleet had obtained over the French at La Hogue, he says that Peter desired to see the original dispatch, and had it translated, "Whereupon it followed that his Tsarish Majesty, leaping up and shouting for joy, ordered his new ships to fire a salute." In another dispatch, he wrote that this young hero often expressed the great desire that possessed him to take part in the campaign against the French, under King William, or to give him assistance by sea.

OVER THE BALKANS WITH GOURKO.

WITH the fall of Plevna and the capture of Osman's army it was thought that the backbone of the Turkish resistance was broken, but it was only a few days before every one knew that there was to be no rest in the campaign. Orders were immediately issued sending the troops who had blockaded Plevna to one or the other of the advanced guards in the Balkans, and at the end of a week they were all in motion. Every one obeyed cheerfully, nobody knowing what would come of it, but nine out of ten believing it could only result in terrible disaster, to be brought about by lack of food and extreme suffering from cold. These views were only confirmed by a change in the weather, which hitherto had been raw and wet, with occasional snows, but now suddenly changed to a temperature of about zero Fahrenheit, accompanied by a raging snow-storm of three days' duration. Everything was frozen solid, the roads became beds of ice, the animals staggered and fell dead with the cold, and the men huddled together in silence, shivering in their ragged clothing which had not been renewed since summer.

I left Plevna and the Grand Duke's head-quarters on the 20th of December, two days after the departure of the ninth corps, which had been detailed to General Gourko at the Orkhanie Pass. I intended to overtake these troops on the road, and follow the campaign with General Gourko's army. At the close of a long day's ride the storm increased in severity, and I was preparing to leave the road and seek shelter for the night in a village bivouac, whose smoke I could see not far off, when a weird picture attracted my attention just in front of me. Alone in the road, without a human being in sight, stood a company wagon heavily loaded with the men's rations; the ground was frozen hard beneath it and covered with snow on all sides; the snow was driving furiously through the air, and the eye could penetrate its mass but a short distance; against this white background stood the black silhouette of the middle horse of the "troika"; the other two lay dead and stiff at his feet on either side, and he alone was still standing, gaunt and feeble, swaying backward and forward in sad and terrible silence before the blasts

of the storm, and waiting, half insensible, his turn to fall.

I found refuge for the night with a captain of a "park" of reserve artillery ammunition which was bivouacked in the village. He occupied one room of a little hut, the other being filled with a family of some ten or twelve Bulgarians, of both sexes and various ages. His reception was in unison with that which I invariably received from every one of his class, and the open-hearted warmth of which I was often puzzled to account for. He spoke but a few words of French and German, barely more than the few phrases of Russian which I had by that time acquired, but it was enough for him to understand that I was an American. Everything was immediately placed at my disposal: my horses had the best stalls in the wretched little stable, and plenty of forage to eat; the *samovar* was immediately set boiling for tea; whatever meat he had was at once put to cooking; his little flask of brandy was half drained to warm my chilled stomach; his chest was opened to take out the one or two delicacies which he possessed in the way of food; his one knife and fork were cleaned for my use; his servant was called a fool and a blockhead for not being quicker with the supper; his few St. Petersburg cigarettes were forced upon me; and when it was time to go to bed he insisted long and urgently, though I would not yield, that I should sleep on his camp-bed while he took the mud floor.

In the morning, he was equally urgent that I should take the greater part of the half-dozen cans of potted meats which he possessed, on the ground that I would need them out in the storm, while he might remain where he was for ten days or more. In a word, everything that was possible was done to make us change places for the night,—he to become the ill-provided traveler, and I the comparatively comfortable lodger in a house, such as it was. I never saw this man before nor after the one night I passed with him, yet, had I been his foster-brother and playmate from childhood, now rejoining him after a long absence, he could not have done more for me. The same thing happened to me on dozens of occasions, and as I found that more than once, when I was mistaken for an English officer or correspondent, my re-

ception was very cold, I at last became convinced that all this kindness was due to my nationality. It is a fact, strange as it may appear to some people, that there exists throughout the length and breadth of Russia a sentimental attachment for Americans, of the depth of which we have very little conception at home. The policy of the rulers of Russia, from the time of Catherine to the present, has been one of uniform and unbroken friendship for the United States; this is a well-known fact in politics, and people account for it on the ground of self-interest, or of genuine admiration, according to their political opinions. But what is not generally known is the fact that this friendly feeling permeates all classes of society, and is far more firmly rooted in those portions of the community which never see St. Petersburg than it is in the more cosmopolitan court circles of that capital. It is of no use to argue that the feeling is superficial, that it has no substantial foundation, that the political customs and the habits of the people of the two countries are diametrically opposed, and that they have no interests in common. The feeling does exist, and it is a very strong one. Certain reasons may be given for it, which, although at first sight they may appear insufficient and superficial, have nevertheless a great deal of force. Remote-ness and the lack of clashing interests are, no doubt, among the prime causes, coupled with the fact that Russian interests do clash so constantly with those of other European nations; in addition to this, there are elements of sympathy in the fact of mere geographical bigness, Russia and the United States standing first among civilized nations in point of continuous territory and number of inhabitants of one race; each of us is sensitive to foreign criticism, and each, while conscious of its own strength, has felt the sneers of other countries; but, above all, Russia has come to look upon itself as the inveterate and eternal enemy of England, and it rightly judges us to be the natural rival of England in all those elements of commercial success which have made her present greatness. Russia looks to see England decline as we advance, and this decline she considers her greatest advantage. A wide-spread illusion also exists, which I never succeeded in dispelling with any one with whom I conversed, that the minute England becomes involved in war we will destroy her commerce by precisely those means which certain Englishmen em-

ployed in our hour of trouble to destroy ours. Our feelings and probable action in the event of England being involved in a Continental war are more correctly appreciated at St. Petersburg, but in the country at large—as represented by the army officers—the opinion is universal that we would at once send out cruisers to depredate on English commerce the moment England's fleet was occupied elsewhere. Both being enemies, the Russians argue, of the same power, we must naturally be friends of each other.

One other incident, which is almost forgotten at home, made a deep and lasting impression in Russia; this was the mission of Mr. Fox in 1867. The sending of a fleet of vessels, partly composed of monitors, which had proved their merit in action at home, but had never before been seen in European waters, to convey an ambassador bearing a special message from the whole American people, as represented in Congress, of goodwill to the Russian people and hearty congratulations on the escape of their emperor from assassination—all this had a flavor of generous sentiment in it peculiarly acceptable to the people of Moscow and "old Russians" generally. The fame of this mission penetrated to the ends of the empire, and consolidated a friendship which has been growing for years, and the very inertness of the Russians, which prevents them from receiving a new idea every day, makes them hold very fast to those they do receive and accept.

I left my generous host early the next morning, and making my way through the storm, arrived two days afterward at General Gourko's head-quarters, on the northern slope of the Balkans, near Orkhanie. The troops destined to re-enforce his army arrived the same day, and on the next the orders were issued for the advance. The following day, Christmas morning, in intense cold and in the midst of a dense, impenetrable fog of particles of ice, we set out to cross the Balkans. The troops found almost insuperable obstacles in dragging their guns up the steep, icy slopes of the narrow road which had been made over the mountain to enable them to turn the position of the Turks in their front. The guns had to be taken apart and dragged piecemeal by ropes up the mountain, and late that evening, at the time when it was intended that more than half of the troops should have been at the southern outlets of the mountain passes, not a gun had reached the summit. The posi-

tion was a precarious one; the troops were spread out over an immense length and there was the greatest danger that the movement would be revealed to the Turks and might be wholly aborted by flank attacks as the isolated detachments should reach the southern valleys. At night-fall, General Gourko reached the summit and lay down in the snow for a little rest, thoroughly harassed by the anxieties of the moment. It was one of those critical periods when success or failure hang in the balance, and the general's impatience knew no bounds, as successive reports came to him of the difficulties and delays which the different columns met with. After admiring the magnificent view which was disclosed from the top of the mountain, at the base of which lay the broad plain of Sophia, clad in snow, but dotted here and there with the numerous dark clusters of huts and curling smoke of the villages, I declined an invitation to pass the night on the mountain, and determined to push forward to a regiment which held the outposts in the valley below. Several hours after night-fall, when I was beginning to fear I had wholly lost my road and was wandering into the Turkish lines, as I once did at Plevna, I stumbled upon the village where the Russians were bivouacked; applying at once at the first hut, I was received with the usual cordiality by the half-dozen officers quartered in it, and was immediately offered more than my share of whatever creature comforts they possessed.

While the troops were slowly dragging themselves and their guns over the mountain range, I took advantage of the delay to pass a day or two with the brigade of Caucasian Cossacks who were employed in scouting and skirmishing with the Turks in the valley of Sophia. These men are of an entirely different type from the Russians proper. They come from the mountains and valleys of the Caucasus, not very far from that portion of the earth which is spoken of as the cradle of the human race, and they are of a remarkably pure Caucasian type—ruddy complexions, dark hair and eyes, short black beards, and compact, well-knit frames; their wild, picturesque costume consists of a black, woolly, sheep-skin hat, one or two long tunics coming to their heels, the inner one of red or black silk and the outer of brown woollen cloth, a pair of trowsers, and low boots outside of them. The tunic is gathered in at the waist by a very narrow belt of leather, ornamented with silver worked in enamel; the scimitar-like sword

is hung by a similar piece of leather passing over one shoulder, and over the other hangs the carbine, in a sheath of sheep-skin; on each breast are half a dozen cases for cartridges. Their horses are the counterpart of themselves—short, thick-set, extremely hardy, and very intelligent. The men are wonderfully bold riders, though their seat and appearance—with short stirrups and high saddles—have little in common with what we are accustomed to call good horsemanship.

These people differ as much from the Russians in their character as in their appearance. Though among the most faithful of the Tsar's subjects, they are all Mohammedans, understand but very little of the Russian language, are very quick-sighted and self-reliant, never at a loss to take care of themselves, and render the best service when left to their own resources. They are a species of amiable barbarians, devoted to their friends and absolutely relentless to their foes; they talk but little among themselves, have a serious expression of countenance, rarely smile, and do not sing except when they give themselves up to a dance around a camp-fire, which bears a strong resemblance to the sun dances of our Indians, although the motions are more varied and graceful. They have little of the regular discipline of European troops, though they are by no means disorderly, and they love nothing so much as danger and wild adventure for its own sake.

The brigade was bivouacked in one of the little villages of the Sophia plain when I joined it, just at daylight a day or two after Christmas. The village was wrapped in snow, and showed no sign whatever of the thousand men who were hid in it, except that a good many horses were in the yards of the huts. I found the hut of the commandant, who was just rolling out of his blankets, and refreshed myself with a few glasses of the customary hot tea. Half an hour afterward we were in motion, and moved out through the deep snow toward the town of Sophia, to reconnoiter the strength of the Turks at that place. As we passed from one to another of the villages, where no Russians had previously been seen, the Bulgarians met us in large numbers at the entrance of each, usually preceded by their priests bearing a cross and the elders of the village bringing salt and bread. At our approach they bowed their heads to the ground and cried "Welcome, welcome," and then rushed up to kiss our hands or clothes.

Whatever knowledge they had concerning the Turks was cheerfully given (though their reports were often unintelligible and contradictory), and their ample provisions of grain, bread, geese and poultry were freely placed at our disposal. But as they saw that we did not remain, their enthusiasm cooled most decidedly, as they remembered that to-morrow might bring a body of Turks back upon them.

As we approached one village, we were received with a few shots coming from behind the hedges. The column was halted and some skirmishers thrown out, who reported a body of Turkish infantry in the village, engaged in crossing a deep little stream which was covered with a thin coating of ice, not strong enough to bear our horses. Those of the Turks who had already passed were drawn up in line on the opposite bank, and as the Cossacks could only approach the ford through a narrow street they were at a considerable disadvantage, considering that their object was merely a reconnaissance, and nothing was to be gained by losing forty or fifty men. So they only skirmished with the Turks for half an hour, when all the latter being across the stream, they broke into a double-quick on the road to Sophia. The Cossacks put after them, but the ford was very narrow, and it was some time before they were over; the Turks got a start of a good half-mile, and as soon as the Cossacks came near them they stopped long enough to give them a warm fire and then ran on. The Cossacks could easily have caught them on the road, which was firm and hard, but would have lost thirty or forty men in doing so, and there was no object in it, as it was only a small force of five hundred or six hundred men retreating from an outpost in the mountains. Then the Cossacks tried to go around and get ahead of them, but the deep soft snow in the fields made their progress slower than that of the Turks. So they merely kept up the chase for three or four miles, until they came to the main high road at a point where it crossed a considerable stream about three miles in front of Sophia. The Turks got safely across the bridge and then we were saluted by a fine rattling fusillade extending over a length of about a quarter of a mile of the opposite bank of the stream, and we saw a regiment or more of Tcherkesses* deploy on the opposite bank. Here we were in full sight of the town, and the officers

had a good opportunity to sketch the position of its fortifications, so the Cossacks fell back to about 1200 yards and, spreading out over a long line, kept up a good skirmish fire. A curious and very interesting incident now occurred. The Cossacks sat there exchanging shots for nearly an hour, and while with our glasses we could plainly see many a Turk knocked out of his saddle by our Berdans, not a man on the Russian side was hit, and not a bullet was heard to whistle. The Tcherkesses were armed with the Winchester repeating carbine, which only carried about 800 to 900 yards, and we were wholly out of range! A week later another skirmish took place at the same locality. This time it was the main body of Gourko's troops forcing their way to Sophia; they met with resistance at this same bridge, and a smart skirmish took place, lasting about an hour, and costing the Russians fifty or sixty men. On this occasion I was with General Gourko's staff, and we stood watching the fight on a tumulus about three hundred yards in rear of the place where I had been before; this time the bullets flew fast and thick, and a few horses in our group were wounded; but now it was Turkish infantry opposed to us, armed with the Peabody-Martini rifle, a splendid weapon which carries with deadly effect to 2000 yards.

As the sun began to go down the Cossacks gradually withdrew, having gained as much information as was possible with their force. Along the road were the evidences of an affair in which these same troops had been engaged a few days before, and which was more to their taste than to-day's gentle skirmishing. Pieces of broken wagons, dead horses, immense stains of blood in the snow, men with their heads severed in two pieces, these were the marks of an attack on a transport train guarded by a company of infantry, every man of which had been cut down. And yet—so strange are the anomalies of semi-civilized nature—at the end of that affair, an infant, not over six months old, who had been discovered deserted among the *débris*, was picked up, wrapped in a big cloak, tenderly cared for during the night, and the next day carried back on horseback, thirty miles over the mountains, to the nearest hospital, and there delivered to the Sisters of Charity of the Red Cross, by whom it was taken in charge and sent to Russia for adoption.

The picture of the rough Cossack carrying this child, laughing in his face, on the

* Caucasian cavalry in the Turkish service.

pommel of his saddle through the snow, was a most attractive one; and yet the same man, without a moment's hesitation, would pull out his sword and hack off the head of its wounded father, lying on the ground and begging for mercy; and, while enjoying the zest of it at the moment, would forget all about it the next day. While this reconnaissance had been going on, the main body of the troops were still tugging painfully at their guns on the mountain range. It was six days before they had pulled them up one side, slid them down the other, and then put them together again, mounted them on their wheels, and turned them over to the horses for draught. Finally the troops were all assembled in the valleys on the southern side; and an attack was made at Taskossen on the last day of the year—on the position which the Turks had taken up by throwing back their left flank to oppose the Russian advance against their rear. Their troops were commanded by the well-known Valentine Baker, who made a short but good defense, keeping it up until a dense fog settled just before sunset, and prevented Gourko's getting in the rear of the main Turkish army and bagging it entire, as the Turkish army was bagged at Shipka.

It was a pretty fight to look at. The Turks had a good position along a pass in a spur of the mountain through which the road passed. They were on high ground, and the Russians had to advance through an open valley. In front of them, directly opposite to the Turkish position and about two miles from it, was a high spur on which we were situated, and from which every movement of the battle could be seen with perfect clearness.

The Turks gave way about three o'clock in the afternoon, but it was impossible to follow them for any distance at that late hour of the short winter day, as the weather was inclement and the men were exhausted. The next morning, New Year's day, the troops were put in motion, the general and staff preceding them with a small escort. As we rode through the pass we came into a small valley not over four miles in width, in rear of the main range of the Balkans, which bounded it on the north, while natural spurs encircled it on the other sides. The principal body of the Turks had been on the Balkans, and we looked eagerly to see whether they still remained there; nothing could be discerned. But off on our right we noticed a few black

dots moving toward the south over a snow-covered slope. With our glasses we thought that a large body of troops could be seen massed in and near the village at the foot of the slope, about three miles off. The leading Russian battalions and batteries were immediately hurried in that direction, and, in a few minutes afterward, an enormous black mass, like a swarm of busy ants, was seen slowly ascending the mountain. Evidently a portion of the Turks were in retreat, but we knew nothing of what had transpired at their principal position, and scanned eagerly the sides of the main range in search of further developments, while a few officers were sent forward to reconnoiter. Soon afterward, a long winding column made its appearance, descending the southern slope of the main range. Was it the rest of the Turks, or was it a portion of the Russians? Officers were sent off post-haste to learn. In less than half an hour one of them came galloping back to say that it was their own men, and that the whole position on the Balkans had been abandoned during the night. The troops we saw off on our right were, therefore, a large rear-guard of the Turkish army. The general took out of his pocket a piece of chocolate,—the only delicacy he had with him,—and divided it with his staff in congratulation of their success; for, in fact, the supposed impassable line of the main Balkan range had been passed in the depth of winter, and the Turks were in full retreat. Short dispatches were at once written and sent to the end of the field-telegraph on the other side of the mountains, and others, more at length, were written later in the day and given to an officer, to take with the utmost speed and deliver into the Emperor's own hands at St. Petersburg. It was a New Year's congratulation worth offering.

Five days later the Russian troops entered the town of Sophia, which the Turks had evacuated during the preceding night. At the entrance of the town we were met by a procession of two or three thousand people, headed by a large number of priests of the orthodox church, attired in the robes of their office. Some of them bore crucifixes of silver, which were presented to the Russian commander, who devoutly uncovered his head, crossed himself three times and kissed them. Others carried a silver platter containing a loaf of bread and some salt—the ancient emblems of hospitality. Behind them was a choir of several hundred voices, that immediately began singing an anthem.

The rest of the crowd was made up of Bulgarians, who broke forth into loud cheers and shouts of welcome as we rode along past them.

This town, which was founded by the Byzantine Emperor Constantine in the sixth century, captured by the Bulgarians and made their capital in the ninth century, conquered by the Turks in 1382 and now reconquered by Christians in 1878, presented strange scenes—scenes which have little in common with the nineteenth century as we understand it, and are possible now in no other civilized land but Turkey.

Nearly all the shops had been owned by Turks or a few Greeks. The Turkish population had either fled with the Turkish troops or had hidden out of sight, and for about eight hours—from two o'clock in the night, when the Turks left, until ten o'clock in the morning, when the Russians entered—the Bulgarians had been engaged in indiscriminate and ruthless pillage. Every shop in the town had been broken open, and its contents carried off or scattered about the streets. The Russians very quickly brought order out of this confusion. Their Cossack whips were freely used on the backs of the Bulgarians, and any person found with goods in the street or suspicious-looking property in his house was required to bring it into one of the open squares of the town, where it was heaped up in great piles and guarded by sentries until its ownership could be clearly proven.

The only solitary instance of pillage by the troops—a Cossack who was found guilty of stealing a watch from a man in the street—was summarily punished by hanging within an hour from the time of the robbery.

This instance of pillage by the Bulgarians was, unfortunately, not the exception,—it was the common rule on similar occasions; and as the war went on and instances of it multiplied, it sadly dampened the ardent enthusiasm with which the Russians had begun the war for the relief of their suffering co-religionists. Misgovernment extending over centuries cannot be righted without the hatred which it has engendered finding vent in horrible excesses, and this war will stand out pre-eminent among those of modern times for the suffering which it inflicted upon the non-combatant population. Whenever the Russian armies approached a village, the Turkish population abandoned everything and fled before them; when the Russians were obliged to

fall back and the Turks followed in pursuit, the Bulgarians fled before them; when, finally, the Russian advance surged forward during the winter without interruption to the gates of Constantinople, a large portion of the entire Mohammedan population left their homes and villages, and packing a few possessions and still less food in one or two bullock wagons, they formed the nucleus of caravans of refugees—one of which, receiving fresh additions at every village, finally stretched out over a length of twenty miles and contained two hundred thousand souls!

This great train became mingled with the retreating Turkish troops, and was caught between two fractions of the advancing Russians—General Gourko from Sophia and General Skobelev from Shipka. Its escort of a few battalions foolishly made a defense against the troops of the latter general, and being beaten it took refuge in flight toward the Rhodope Mountains, followed by all the able-bodied portion of the community, who left the old, the sick and the babes to perish in the snow. The train was at once plundered of all its possessions by the Bulgarians of the neighboring villages, who mercilessly put to death all those who had not yet perished of cold. For three successive days we marched through the remnants of this caravan, scattered over a length of seventy miles,—broken wagons, scattered contents, dead animals; here a man and his wife, who had stretched a blanket in the snow and lain down to die side by side; there a stately old Turk, with flowing white beard, green turban and brightly figured robe, lying by the ditch with his throat cut from ear to ear; and again a naked little infant frozen stiff in the snow, with its eyes upturned to heaven. Our blood curdled as we saw a Bulgarian clod, grinning and staring at us from the road-side, who answered as we asked him who murdered those two Turks lying a few feet from us:

"Nashe bratte (Our brothers, we did it)."

In the villages which the Turks had left, their houses, land and effects were all promptly seized and used by the Bulgarians. On the other hand, in the wagons of the caravan were found silver altar-pieces which the Mohammedans had stolen from the Christian churches before beginning their flight.

Meanwhile, the refugees of this particular caravan eked out a precarious existence in the Rhodope Mountains until spring, when,

aided and led by one or two English adventurers, they began an insurrection against the Russian troops who had been left to guard the line of communications. When this had been subdued, some months later, the tale of their sufferings reached Constantinople, and a commission of foreign consuls was sent to investigate the matter. They reported that more than a hundred and fifty thousand homeless and starving refugees were scattered about in the villages of this inhospitable region, with no resources of food or clothing for the coming winter. Subscriptions were opened in England for their relief, and measures were taken, the war being now over, to return them to their homes. Arriving there, they found all their property appropriated by others, and they met with a bleak reception from the Bulgarians, who imagined they had seen the last of their long-time enemies and oppressors; and it is questionable whether it would not have been more humane in the end, as several Russians suggested, to make them continue their flight to Asia.

The caravan of which I have spoken was the largest, but it was only one of many. The migration of the others continued all the way to Constantinople, where, on our arrival, there were reported to be three hundred thousand refugees. The mosque of St. Sophia alone contained nearly three thousand of them when I first saw it. They were herded about in mosques and in open squares until the typhus fever broke out among them, when the Turkish authorities displayed unwonted energy and in a few days dispersed the whole mass, sending about half of them over into Asia and the other half back toward Bulgaria.

It is probably within the limit of fact to say that seven hundred thousand Mohammedans abandoned their homes and possessions during the war, and set forth on a long journey the aim and end of which they knew not, and that not one-half of them have ever returned, and a large proportion have perished. In addition to this, about three hundred thousand Bulgarians abandoned their homes at the time of Gourko's retreat in July. A million of people were thus wandering about during the course of the war, with only such possessions as two or three families could pack into one bullock wagon. The sufferings which they endured can never be told, much less appreciated. Even now, more than two years after the events of which I am writing, we constantly read in the papers of a new com-

mission being formed to make arrangements for returning the Turkish refugees to their homes.

We stayed at Sophia just a week, recuperating the men and getting together the supplies for a further advance. Our way then lay on the ancient Roman road to Adrianople. We had to cross a second range of mountains, where the same difficulties were encountered with the guns as before, only lessened to the extent that smooth roads are less difficult than mountain paths, although both be covered with frozen, icy snow. Emerging from the mountains at last in the wide and beautiful plain of the Maritza, we came nearly up with the retreating Turks, and then for three days, marching from daylight to dark and always in sight of each other, we kept up the exciting chase, hardly stopping long enough to extinguish the blazing fires in every village which marked the line of Turkish march.

On the afternoon of the third day, the advance guard, under Count Shouvaloff, with whom I was marching, were met by some cavalry which were scouting on their right, who reported that a column of Turks was moving directly toward a village just abreast of them, with the intention of crossing the Maritza River and gaining the high road on which they were. Count Shouvaloff immediately turned his men to the right, and they plunged into the stream—a river more than a hundred yards wide and four feet deep, filled with cakes of floating ice which struck against the men's breasts as they forded it. Arrived on the other side, their clothing was soon stiff with ice; but the men pressed on through the village and formed on the opposite side. But the Turks had already seen their movements, and had turned back to the railroad along which they were marching, and continued their retreat in that direction. The rear of the column, on a good run, was over half a mile from us; the sun was just setting, and Shouvaloff had only about 5000 men at hand. He rightly argued: If they have a large force, I am too weak for them to-day; if a small force, I would rather they escaped than that my men should freeze to death with their icy clothes in these fields to-night. So, sending a small force of cavalry to reconnoiter their strength, he turned his men back to the village and bade them crowd twenty or thirty into each hut and dry their clothes around blazing fires. The general picked out one of the squalid little huts for himself, and invited the two foreign officers who were present, Major von

Liegnitz and myself, as well as his chief of staff and two aids-de-camp, one of whom was his son, to share it with him. We got some black bread of the peasants, and each one contributed a little tea or potted meats—whatever he had in his saddle, the wagons being all behind—to make a meal. Afterward we discussed the probabilities of the next day. There was plainly visible from our hut a long line of fires stretching across the country, about three miles from us. Liegnitz had, as the sequel proved, the best military instinct, and argued that this was a line of bivouac fires of a large body of Turkish troops, who had selected that position to give battle; the others inclined to the opinion that the fires were caused by burning the tops of the rice stalks which projected above the snow. In any event, the necessary orders were given by the general for the disposition of the troops for the morrow—for an attack if the Turks stood firm, or for a pursuit if they should retreat. Then we sandwiched ourselves about on the floor, and slept during the night. Two thoughts kept running through my mind: one was the contrast between the present squalid surroundings of Count Shouvaloff and his large estates and beautiful home in St. Petersburg, and his patriotism in leaving all this and asking to come to the army in an inferior position after having been passed over in the first assignment of generals; and the other was about my own position—going again into a battle in which I might lose my life as easily as any one else, but in which I had no more direct concern than that of an observer watching the development of an interesting problem, in which if I got hit I would neither receive nor be entitled to any sympathy, and to the result of which I was incapable of contributing in any way whatever. There is a peculiar sense of foolishness in the feeling of being hit as a bystander in a row. But our thoughts are mastered by physical needs, and one sleeps easily after bodily exhaustion, no matter in what surroundings.

We were up before daylight the next morning, and just as the sun arose—a bright morning of intensely bitter cold—the troops which had come up during the night, and slept in the fields on the other side of the river, began crossing the stream. As they had to fight all day in the snow it was very important that their clothing should not be wet, and they were therefore ordered to strip naked, roll their clothes in a bundle and carry them on their heads. As they

came out of the icy river they were as red as boiled lobsters, but made merry as they squatted about in the snow to put on their clothes. They then formed and marched through the village, where the general saluted them as usual.

"Good morning, my men."

"Good morning, your Highness."

"Did you burn your feet coming over?"

"No, indeed, your Highness!" they answered in a shout, as a broad grin stole over their good-natured faces.

The troops were soon deployed in the fields outside the village, and, looking in the direction of the fires we had noticed the night before, we saw a ridge of slight elevation rising out of the rice-fields, and at intervals along it were several batteries, and we knew very well that plenty of infantry lay either between or behind them. The advance was gradually made toward this position, and when the line of skirmishers came within about two thousand yards of it the artillery opened fire, accompanied by some straggling infantry shots. The men were ordered to advance slowly, or to lie down in the furrows of the field, as it was not intended to attack seriously from this side.

The Turkish artillery kept up a good racket, and one battery in particular singled out the general's staff and followed us closely, as we moved over the field, with its shells and shrapnel; for the former we cared little, as they buried themselves in the ground, spattering the mud and snow over us, but the shrapnel breaking in the air just over your head, and its pieces and bullets screaming past you, has an ugly and disagreeable sound. In about an hour the men had got up in good range, and the battle was in full play. It was not an exciting spectacle. The whole plan of the fight, which lasted this day (January 15th) and the two following days, was to hold the Turks, with whose rear the Russians had caught up, in place, while other portions of the Russian troops should pass around their right and rear, and either capture the whole force or cut them off from their line of retreat along the high road, and drive them into the Rhodope Mountains. The part assigned to Count Shouvaloff's troops was therefore to simply engage the Turks with sufficient energy to keep them in position. This sort of affair was entirely deficient in the dramatic grandeur of the magnificent advances in line at Plevna. The two lines now lay down, firing away

at each other with right good will, and the artillery on each side increasing the din. But on either side there was no movement visible except of couriers or generals moving along their men, or occasionally a battery shifting its position. We sat on our horses, a few hundred yards behind the line of skirmishers, nearly an hour, watching the monotonous progress of the fight. We were a group of perhaps twenty horsemen in all, counting the orderlies, and we were under a large branching tree, hoping that this would make us less prominent. But the singing of the bullets gradually increased in such a degree as to let us know that we were becoming a special target. Finally the well-known "*s-s-s-s-stup*" of a bullet that has struck, as distinct from the "*whiss-s-s-s*" of one that has gone by, made us all turn, and we saw a young orderly officer in the rear of the group bending over his saddle, with his hand at his head. He fell from his horse into the arms of a couple of Cossacks who had dismounted to help him, and was laid down in the snow, while the nearest passing stretcher was called to carry him off. The bullet had passed through his forehead, and he was dead when he reached the nearest temporary hospital. In taking off his overcoat, it was then noticed that he had another bullet directly through his heart.

Strange fate, that out of twenty men standing quietly under fire for an hour, but one, and he the youngest, should be hit, and with two bullets simultaneously, either one of which was certainly fatal!

This incident warned us to move away from this place, and we rode slowly across to a part of the ground where a small brook, with banks about four feet high, meandered through the field. The general peremptorily ordered his staff to dismount and sit down under the shelter of the bank, and to have their horses led behind a neighboring clump of bushes. He, Major Liegnitz and myself then walked up and down for a while, looking at the Turkish line, and talking of the probable result of the day. Presently two or three of the horses were hit, and the general then politely requested Liegnitz and myself to also shelter ourselves under the bank. He was then left alone on the bank, and I shall long remember the picture of him, in his long overcoat, pacing up and down in the snow, the noise, but inertness of the battle, and the incessant whizzing of the bullets over our heads. Many of them, plunging just over us, traced little furrows in

the snow, barely beyond our feet; and we commented on the infinite variety which could be made in the simple sound of "*whiss-s-s-s*."

Two or three hours later, as no new developments were taking place here, I determined to set out to find General Gourko, the commanding general, and learn the news of the battle on the other flank. I rode back with my orderly over the field, past the reserves and back into the village. Here were some temporary hospitals in the huts, and here also were the skulkers, who are always found in the rear of every battle-field. Little groups of five or six men, who had probably got there by bringing back the wounded, were crouched against the hedges of the garden here and there, laughing, chatting, eating, amusing themselves in any way, in as utter disregard of the battle which was roaring in their ears, and in which the lives of their comrades were at stake, as if they had been at home in Russia.

Crossing the river again, I saw considerable masses of troops in reserve lying down in the fields, and was warned by an officer that the direct road to the left of the Russian position was commanded by a very heavy fire, and that I would do well to circle around behind the troops. The river was bordered with quite a considerable growth of small trees, which shut out the Turks from direct view, but the bullets which came whistling from that direction gave very plain indication of their whereabouts.

The plain was dotted here and there with ancient tumuli, about eight to ten feet high, and I rode from one to another of these in search of General Gourko. I finally saw in the distance a considerable number of horses and dismounted men behind one of these, and riding up found it was the general and his staff. He and his chief of staff were stretched flat on the top of the mound, peering over the top with their glasses, and the rest of the group were crowded together at its base. As I came up he turned around and slid down the mound for a short distance, and asked me to sit down and tell him how things were going in Count Shouvaloff's front, and also asked if I had seen anything on my way of a certain brigade whose arrival he was awaiting with the utmost impatience, as they were to move around the flank of the enemy and block his retreat.

How very prosaic a modern battle can be with its long-range muskets, and especially in the middle of January, with the

thermometer away below freezing! There was a deafening roar, two curving lines of black dots could just be distinguished in the snow, and the bullets were singing over our heads as we squatted behind a mound—and that was all of the picture. Yet it would have been the merest masquerading for the general and his staff to go parading up and down the field to draw the fire of sharpshooters. He was in the most central part of the field and on the greatest eminence—insignificant as it was—that the field afforded. Nevertheless, at the time I could not help thinking how tame it all was, as a mere spectacle,—how little action there was in it. Yet this is the characteristic of nearly all battles now, up to the last moment of the final advance, which is decisive of victory or defeat, but which seldom lasts half an hour. The range of the infantry aim is so great (a mile and a quarter) that the action may become fierce, and many thousands of men can be hit without either side clearly seeing its opponents, and one must be well inside the line of infantry fire to follow the movements clearly, even with a glass. Cavalry charges cannot stand under the withering fire of rapid breech-loaders, and the final advance of infantry will only be made after hours of preliminary but possibly deadly maneuvering have been passed. The dramatic features of battle have become very short-lived and infrequent.

This day's fight brought no permanent result. The brigade that was to get in rear of the Turks came too late, and the latter slipped through the gap and took up another position a few miles in rear. As night came on the firing simmered down, and the general and staff sought the nearest village for shelter.

In the morning, the battle was renewed on the same principle as before—of trying to hold the Turks on one side and get around them on the other. While it was going on, the general and staff rode along the road toward the left of his position, near the large town of Philippopolis, about four miles off. This town is peculiarly situated. It was founded in the days of the conquests of Philip of Macedon, when war was made at short range, and the party who was the highest had a great advantage; and when a town situated on an eminence, from which an advancing enemy could be seen in time, was sure of a good defense. For these reasons, the town was perched on the sides of three abrupt rocky eminences which rise in solitary grandeur from the midst of a plain,

which is hardly broken for twenty miles in one direction and sixty in another. Its appearance is at once unique and striking. It stood boldly out against the sky as we rode toward it, and our thoughts naturally drifted back through the long series of strange scenes it has witnessed during these last three and twenty centuries. There is no bloodier cockpit in all Europe than these plains of ancient Thrace, the fertile and beautiful valley of the Maritza or Hebrus. Here the Macedonians, under Philip and Alexander, first subdued the Thracian tribes; here the Romans, under Trajan and Adrian, passed on their conquests of the lands beyond the Danube; here they built roads and other public works during their administration, which still exist to-day. Here the Bulgarians fought for the foundation of their kingdom out of the tottering ruins of the Roman Empire in the East; through this same valley the contending hosts of Christians and Turks have surged back and forward for the past five centuries; and here, finally, under the shadow of the three rocky peaks on which Philip of Macedon founded the town of his own name in the fourth century before Christ, was now being fought the last great battle of the latest war in the long series of those which have been fought on the questions of whether the Turks shall live and govern in Europe. The mind is staggered by the long retrospect of history which the associations of this place call forth, and we felt that we were now assisting at one of the not least important steps of that development of historical sequence. The advance of this Christian army and the retreat of the Mahommedan, and the still more important migration of the immense numbers of refugees in front of us, marked one of the final steps—not the last, but very near it—of that retrocession of the Turkish wave of conquest, which came into Europe only to blight every land where it penetrated, and which has now been surely receding for two centuries, and early in the next century, at the latest, will be gone forever.

The battle of Philippopolis lasted throughout the 15th, 16th and 17th of January. On the afternoon of the last day, the Russians had gained positions on three sides of the Turks and cut them off from their line of retreat toward Adrianople. The latter fought with their backs to the mountains, and fought hard and well, as the Turkish rank and file always do. But, on a final advance of the Russians, they were obliged to abandon all their artillery and train, and

disperse in small bands over the Rhodope Mountains to the Ægean. Pursuit was impossible, and these scattered detachments pursued their way unmolested until, two weeks later, they reached the shores of the sea, and were picked up by ships of the Turkish navy and transported to Constantinople.

The Shipka army having been captured in bulk, and Suleiman's Sophia army having been routed and dispersed, no armed force of any magnitude lay between the Russians and Constantinople. They entered Philippopolis and remained there four days to refit, then pressed on to Adrianople, where we found General Skobeleff's detachment, which had arrived two days before us. From there the advance again pushed forward and came in front of the lines of Tchek-medje, the defenses of Constantinople, on the 31st of January, just fifty-two days after the fall of Plevna. On the same day the armistice was signed which put an end to active operations.

In these fifty-two days, the column which I had the honor to accompany had marched six hundred miles and had crossed two high ranges of mountains. The combined Rus-

sian forces had captured one army of 40,000 men, dispersed another of 50,000 men, had taken 213 pieces of artillery, over 10,000,000 rounds of cartridges, 12,000,000 rations and enormous numbers of tents, baggage, pontoons, and military supplies of every description. They had, in short, for the moment annihilated the military power of Turkey, and were only deterred from entering Constantinople by questions of political expediency. The manner in which the men lived, and the sufferings which they endured in the snow and ice of these fifty-two days of midwinter, I have endeavored to explain elsewhere;* their self-abnegation and cheerfulness under great physical suffering, to which their brilliant success was pre-eminently due, are excelled by nothing of which we have any record in history, and they entitle every man of those trans-Balkan columns to the lasting gratitude of their own countrymen and the friends of Christian government everywhere, no less than to the admiration of the entire world, which still appreciates the value of military heroism.

* "The Russian Army and its Campaigns in Turkey in 1877-78." Pages 369-374.

FORGOTTEN.

AMONG some cast-off trinkets, laid away
 Within a curious box of eastern make,
 I found a sandal casket closed to-day,
 Which had been quite forgotten since that May
 I kissed the contents for a dead boy's sake.

Ay! and I wept, and bitter tears they were,
 Although my memory held the things so slight:
 For the brown scentless blossom nestled there
 Above his still heart, and the wisp of hair
 Had shaded brows forever hid from sight.

I thought that day I never could forget
 How well I loved him, as I sorrowed so:
 But still, altho' my eyes have oft been wet,
 It has not been that we no more have met,
 Nor for his lying thus beneath the snow.

Ah! live and love, then die and be forgot,
 So roll the cycles of our years away;
 Nor can we hope to find a single spot
 Wherein our memories shall fail to blot,
 And blur, and be effaced some sunny day.

Man's love is nothing! Mind you, I who speak
 Do love as strongly as man ever loved!
 But oh! 'twere foolishness to think one cheek
 Shall lose its bloom forever, when I seek
 That haven man's gross knowledge ne'er has proved.

Yet I who sing this know that there are those
 Who love me better than aught else on earth,
 And follow me with prayers till daylight's close;
 But when I pass the reach of human throes,
 I know as well they will forget my birth.

So, little box of sandal and of pearl,
 An o'erwise lesson you have taught to-day
 To me who had forgotten bloom and curl,
 Which—wild with grief as any love-lorn girl—
 Within your case that spring I laid away.

I had forgot! poor foolish words are these
 To offer at the dust-bound shrine I raised
 To him I loved, and where upon my knees
 I vowed, at each recurring May, tho' seas
 Should intervene, to mourn him whom I praised.

I had forgot! Well, let it be so! I
 Shall gain no other epitaph than this.
 Let those who love me best so pass me by
 With these three words, while gazing where I lie,
 "I had forgot!" 'Tis better so, I wis.

SERENADE.

GOOD-NIGHT, my love! The stars shine bright
 And the moon hangs over the sea;
 But I see the gleam of a taper's light
 That is more than them all to me,
 For it watches my love in her dreams to-night,
 As the low moon watches the sea.

My heart beats loud, but I hush my lay
 Lest I break her peaceful rest;
 The summer night will pass away
 And the moon will sink in the west.
 I shall meet my love at the dawning of day,
 I shall meet her and be blest!

JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET—PEASANT AND PAINTER.

THE traveler from America who wanders through the Palace of the Luxembourg finds on the walls of the narrow corridor connecting the galleries a picture of two bathers, one of whom is helping the other from the water. It is only a few inches in extent, yet it attracts the eye at once by reason of its contrast with most of its surroundings;—it does not take long to discover that this little picture must be from the hand of one of the men that France has never been without during the last hun-

dred years,—who have kept alive, either as painters or sculptors, not merely the tradition, but the essence of high and genuine art.

The American interested in art will not here make his first acquaintance with Millet, for nowhere outside of France is he so widely recognized as in America; nowhere, except in his own country, has he so strong and increasing an influence. Yet the Luxembourg picture will help to deepen the impression of a painter belonging to the line of true modern artists, and who is also, as we believe, the one artist of the century most sure to take his place among the great of all time.

In France, where Delacroix, Rousseau, Corot, Millet, and other men of the same serious and original stamp, had such a hard struggle for recognition by academical authorities and influences in their own day, they are now ostensibly acknowledged by such authorities; certainly the posthumous opposition to them is naturally not so bitter, and the influence is felt of new men who have been strongly affected by them, and who are now themselves in places of authority and influence. Yet, by the men of "the school," those who are so in the limited sense, Millet is still accepted, if accepted at all, with large reservations. Year by year, however, the French school of thirty and forty years ago—in which men like Ingres, of the stronger sort, and Delaroche of the weaker, gave éclat to views based upon a narrow understanding of Raphael—year by year this school is losing its hold in France, and giving way to broader and juster views.

As it is to Millet's "technique" that the remnants of a false scholasticism still object, it may be well to say something upon this matter. Taste, strictly speaking, is not a point of technique, yet it is an indispensable element in the making of pictures; and this, notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, Millet had,—as the most doubtful must admit in presence of a later so-called realism. He knew that art is a selection, and he knew how to select. He is called the chief of the realists; but he never painted ugliness for its own sake. He never mistook the unusual or the merely brutal for the powerful. He gave the thorns with the roses, the shadows with the sunlight—for that is nature and life; but he had no morbid affinity with pain and ugliness. In a word, like every artist whose work is destined to live, he had the sense of beauty.

Color is a part of technique, and Millet

was a colorist—how excellent may be seen when we compare him on the one hand with the Italian and Dutch masters of color, and on the other with contemporaneous exhibitions of French art, where it must be said, however, that even a passable colorist stands out in bold relief, and a strong colorist like Vollon extinguishes a whole *Salon*.

Composition is a part of technique, and in this Millet was supreme; for he composed without letting you see that he composed: he had the final art of hiding his art.

There is another point of technique in which he excelled, and pre-eminently. He could draw action. Raphael himself, the great academist, did not surpass him in that. We do not, of course, mean merely people in movement, but the action of the body, whether in repose or in motion; this he could give with a justness, an intensity of expression never running to extravagance, and a propriety that have never been surpassed.

The effect of a painting by Titian or Giorgione upon a wall, even of "old masters," is generally as a judgment upon the paintings about it in respect to color. At once it becomes the canon. The eye recognizes the fact that, whereas one neighbor is too cold, another too warm, Titian's color seems exact—just right; it is nature itself, or, rather, nature as properly expressed in art; the eye is satisfied with it, and, as a rule, comparatively dissatisfied with its surroundings. We may say almost the same thing as to the action of Millet's figures,—it is exact.

Where, then, was Millet lacking in technique? Was he lacking in that kind of minute modeling, the knowledge and practice of which is acquired yearly by hundreds of boys in Paris, and which enables them to make those numerous and clever drawings which resemble so remarkably the work of photography, and which are so curiously destitute of artistic expression? But Millet could do this—when he wanted to. You may hear of figures of his most minutely and delicately worked out; hands painted with every vein, the texture and variable color of the skin softly and exquisitely imitated. But even then his work was not little: to be minute, and at the same time broad, that is one of the arts of a master. As a rule, he did not draw with exterior minuteness; but he always drew with a correctness, a knowledge of the forms and articulations, the build and action of the human body, that were the result of the most unwearied study. His modeling had a se-

vere and graphic simplicity which associates his work with that of the noblest period of Greek sculpture.

In addition to this—and a matter of less moment—Millet had a marvelously quick and sure touch. He worked with ease. There are artists known among their comrades as men of extraordinary rapidity and exactness of handling. Among living sculptors the American St. Gaudens is one of these; among painters the French Bastien-Lepage. Millet was such an artist; his hand answered promptly the commands of his brain.

But it seems almost an absurdity to argue in favor of the technical part of Millet's art. There are those who say that Millet was a great artist, but not a great painter. The thing is impossible. We only know an artist's greatness through his expression of it. If the expression has accomplished its purpose of displaying the mind of the artist, then it is good. It may have faults, it may be comparatively weak at this or that point, but it must be in some qualities, and perhaps in all qualities, a thing of power—a thing to be revered and studied. We should never have heard of Millet if he had not had great technical as well as great spiritual qualities.

Millet had an exquisite and a majestic individuality, and in giving utterance to his thoughts he conveyed this also to his canvas. An artist's technique can be discussed with some sort of exactness, but it is just when one comes to the most important matter that it is difficult to be either definite or convincing. Perhaps, after all, it is here where there is least necessity to be precise. No amount of telling will reproduce in an unsympathetic mind the effect of any great work in any art, and if one does not feel for himself the power of Shakspeare's "King Lear," of Michael Angelo's "Dawn," or of Millet's "Sower," it is idle to try to make him feel it. And then, too, the writer who dares to group the name of a contemporary with names that have been hallowed by centuries, how can he escape a lurking doubt lest he should have fallen into the snare of overestimating the grandeur of that which is near? Yet it cannot be wrong to record one's profound convictions, even in a question of contemporary aesthetics. We have only our own lives; we cannot tarry here in earthly galleries and libraries, awaiting the judgment of the ages upon the poems and pictures that come straight to our own hearts from the hearts of those who are suffering

and working in our own times. If after generations decide that we were mistaken, at least we have erred on the generous and human side; and as for Millet's fame, surely its slow but ever deepening and broadening growth is an augury in favor of its justness and perpetuity. Millet's is, indeed, at the present moment the most powerful, as we believe it to be the most saving, modern influence in France and America, both in sculpture and in painting.

This is, we believe, what is felt by those who have been most impressed by Millet—something in his work for which the word "largeness" seems to be the closest expression. That is a term technical with artists, yet clear to all. The most trivial things are treated by him in the large way. Written upon a sheet covered with tiny sketches, ducks waddling on shore, or swimming in the water, or running away in a pack, a woman burning brush (bigger than the rest), some cottages, a woman seated, a sail-boat, a head, a man plowing, a hoe,—written upon this sheet is the following sentence, in Millet's handwriting: "We must be able to make the trivial serve for the expression of the sublime; that is true power." No one could have formulated better the principle upon which he acted. But in this there is a trace of self-consciousness, not of inartistic self-consciousness, but the consciousness of a principle upon which he deliberately acted after arriving at his full mental and artistic maturity. Yet, in those of his mature designs where he was least conscious of intending to give an impression of the sublime, still the sublime is there. He was a painter of *genre*, but not a *genre*-painter, as the expression generally applies. His work could not help bearing the impress of his mind. Even when he was not painting subjects taken from the Bible, how often his pictures remind us of such themes as the "Madonna and Child" and the "Flight into Egypt." His leading theme was the labor of the fields; but his peasants were not only types of peasants, but types of mankind. What he said of the sculptor of the David can be said of himself: he was "capable with a single figure to personify the good or evil of all humanity." It was said by one who had, for the first time, been brought into the presence of Rembrandt's principal works, that Rembrandt was one of the great souls. This is what is felt about Millet. For largeness, for intensity of expression, for sanity and healthfulness of tone, for Biblical majesty and elevation,

and for the sense of beauty, Millet must be set apart with such natures as those of Giotto, Michael Angelo and Rembrandt.

While seeking lately in France for details with respect to the life and works of Millet, we learned that the late M. Sensier, the author of the "Life of Rousseau," and the constant friend of both Rousseau and Millet, had left behind him a life of Millet, a large part of which was in Millet's own words. It is through the courtesy of François Millet (painter and son of the great artist), of M. Le Brun (executor of M. Sensier, and one of the early appreciators of Millet as well as the possessor of some of his most interesting works), and of the well-known publisher, M. Quantin, that we are enabled to open to American readers, even before it has been read in France, the hitherto sealed book of Millet's life.*

In many respects the story is what might have been imagined. The massive forms, the tragic landscape of his youth, the primitive and serious people who were about him in early life—these were what he was always painting, even when distance and poverty made him an exile from them. The high intellectual attributes revealed by his letters and other literary remains will surprise no one who had already recognized these traits in the slightest touches of his pencil. That his was a nature which could not escape suffering was divined in his childhood. But how keenly he suffered will be a revelation even to many who knew him personally. One thinks of Michael Angelo. There is a sturdy pathos in the life of the Florentine. His pain was that of a man of action, a man always fighting—one who could give and take. Millet's nature was passive; he had to endure. They were both exiles.

I.

THE harbor of Cherbourg is bounded on the east by Point Fermanville, and west by Cape de la Hague. Seen from the sea, the country of La Hague looks desolate and forbidding. High granite cliffs surround it on all sides. Masses of black rock, thrown up in the volcanic age, stand

out from the water in all sorts of strange and jagged shapes. The shores, covered with sharp points and needles which might be iron or steel, give it the look of a land uninhabitable by man. But when you reach the heights, the aspect changes and looks bright; plowed fields, pastures of sheep and cows, woods and houses, show that the country is fertile and kindly. In the fold of a little valley, open toward the sea, lies the hamlet of Gruchy, belonging to the parish and commune of Gréville.

Forty years ago a family of laborers lived there, who, from father to son, tilled their land. This family, named Millet, consisted of a grandmother, a widow, her son and his wife, eight children and one or two servants. The grandfather, Nicholas Millet, had been dead some fifteen years. The grandmother had brought up all the children with the care which the babies of Normandy enjoy,—according to the custom of the country, the grandmother has charge of their first years, the mother being too busy with the work of the fields and the stables.

Louise Jumelin, widow of Nicholas Millet, the grandmother, came from Saint-Germain le Gaillard, some leagues from Gréville; her family, of the old race of the country, had strong heads and warm hearts. One brother belonged to a religious order. Another, a clever chemist, was almost celebrated; a third, though a miller in the Hochet valley, spent his leisure reading Pascal, Nicole, the writers of Port Royal and philosophers like Montaigne and Charron. He was not a reasoner, but a strong-headed fellow, full of good sense and uprightness. An old sister named Bonne, whom they called Bonnotte, cared for the children with untiring devotion. Bonnotte was one of Millet's dearest remembrances; a thoroughly faithful creature, thinking of everything and everybody but herself. Another brother Jumelin, a great walker, went to Paris on foot, without rest, in two days and two nights. He had knocked about the world. At Guadeloupe he became overseer on a plantation, and came back with some money to the hamlet of Pieux, where he worked a little farm.

The grandmother was like her family, and she rivaled her relations both in wisdom and fervor. She was a worthy peasant-woman, talking patois and wearing the dress and cap of La Hague. Humility was one of her virtues. All her strength was concentrated in love of God, doing her duty, and love of her family. Full of religious fire, harsh toward

* M. Sensier's manuscript has been edited by one of the most prominent French critics, M. Mantz. In preparing the translation for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, no changes have been made except in the way of condensation. The present installment is illustrated with *fac-similes* made by the Yves & Barret process, most of them directly from Millet's drawings.

herself, gentle and charitable to others, she passed her days in good deeds, with no less an ideal than that of a saint. Her conscientious scruples went so far that at the least doubt she asked counsel of the curé of her village; and she was so rigid in her duties as grandmother that she never allowed herself to inflict the slightest punishment upon her grandchildren in a moment of impatience, but waited until the next day, in order to explain to them in cool blood the importance of the fault and the justice of the punishment. Her charity was boundless. She had the old traditions of hospitality and respect for the poor. If a *colporteur* passed, he did not need to ask for lodging; he knew the door of the Millet house was always open. The beggars came there as if to a home. The grandmother, with a curtsy, made them come near the fire, gave them food and lodging, talked of the affairs of the neighborhood, and when they left, filled their wallets.

Her son, Jean Louis Nicholas Millet, simple and gentle, was pure in his life and highly respected by his neighbors. If the village jokes were rather coarse and Jean Louis came near enough to hear, they said: "Hush! here's Millet." He had a contemplative mind and a musical temperament, highly developed. A singer in the parish church, he directed with intelligence the country choristers whom the people came to listen to for miles around. At that time the congregation responded to the chanting of the priest and the choir. Jean Louis Millet picked out the best voices and taught them. Millet had some chants which his father had written down, and which looked like the work of a scribe of the fourteenth century.

Sunday, after mass, Jean Louis liked to receive his relations and friends, and there, at home, in the midst of his family, he celebrated the Lord's day like a patriarch, offering them the bountiful and simple meal of a peasant who wishes to honor his guests. This worthy man doubtless ignored the germs of art which existed in himself. He was absorbed by work until the hour of his death; but his elevated nature surely rose above his circumstances. He died without knowing his own worth and gifts. A confused instinct, however, sometimes showed itself. Taking a bit of grass, he would say to his son François: "See how fine! Look at that tree—how large and beautiful! It is as beautiful as a flower!" From his window, looking at a depression in the hill-side: "See!" he would say; "that house half-buried by the field is good; it seems to me

that it ought to be drawn that way." Sometimes with a little clay he tried to model, or with a knife he would cut in the wood an animal or a plant. Tall, slender, his head covered with long black curls, gentle eyes and beautiful hands—such was the father of Jean François Millet.

His mother, Aimée Henriette Adelaïde Henry, born at Sainte-Croix-Hague, belonged to a race of rich farmers who at one time were called gentlemen. They were called the Henry du Perrons. She was entirely engrossed in her household, her children and her work. Pious, but not given to the spiritual exaltation of the Jumelin family, she lived for her work and in obedience to her husband.

The family of Henry du Perron was composed of several children, who all married and lived in Sainte-Croix. Millet remembered his mother saying that the home of her parents was a large, big building of stone with a fine court-yard shaded by old trees, under which the ox-carts and plow stood around a water-trough. The house was said to have been a noble house a century before, which, in time of trouble, had fallen into the hands of peasants. Perhaps the Henry du Perrons were themselves the descendants of the fallen masters.

Another relation whom Millet always spoke of with feeling was his great-uncle, Charles Millet, priest of the diocese of Avranches. Before the Revolution he had taken orders and read mass, but when the law allowed him to return to civil life, the Abbé Millet came back to his village. He wished to remain faithful to his vows, and, in spite of the danger, he became a laborer in *sabots* and *soutane*, and would never lay aside his priestly garments. He might be seen reading his breviary on the high fields overlooking the sea, following the plow, or moving blocks of stone to wall in the family acres. He taught the older ones to read. During the Revolution his liberty and even his life had been threatened because he would not take the oath to the Constitution, which he believed to be hostile to the Pope.

This excellent and faithful man passed his days in field-work and contemplation, and gave to his nephews the pattern of a spotless life. If he had a furrow to plow or a garden to hoe, he tucked his priest's coat into his belt, put his missal in his pocket, and went cheerfully to work. He saw that his nephew needed help; for, if the life at Gruchy was at all comfortable, it was at the

price of untiring exertion. The steep fields made the work heavy, and life on land and sea required very hard and often very dangerous work.

For the people of the neighborhood, the sea was an inheritance. Gruchy had no fishermen, but they got from the beach a

waves. Then the entire village, armed with long rakes, rushed to the sea-shore to reap the sea-weed—a rich but dangerous harvest. Some of the men of Gruchy were hired by smugglers, and spent long nights in avoiding the coast-guards. The Millets never indulged in this suspicious industry. "We never ate



PORTRAIT OF MADAME MILLET, BY J.-F. MILLET.

manure, which the horses and mules had to carry up the steep, narrow paths to the fields above. They were always watching the wrecks, to seize them before they were carried out again; and after great storms whole banks of sea-weed came up on the

that bread," said Millet; "my grandmother would have been too unhappy about it."

Millet, the painter of peasants, was born October 4th, 1814, in the village of Gruchy, commune of Gréville, canton of Beaumont

(Manche). He was the second child of Jean Louis Nicholas Millet, farmer, and his legal wife, Aimée Henriette Adelaide Henry. The eldest child was a daughter (Emily), who later married an inhabitant of the village, named Lefèvre.

His grandmother was his godmother. She called him Jean, after his father, and François, because he was a saint whom she loved and whose protection she constantly invoked. St. Francis of Assisi, the faithful observer, in his contemplations, of the things of nature, was a happy choice of a saint for the man who, later, was to be the passionate lover of the works of God. Proud of having a boy to rear, the grandmother tended him as her own child and her heart's favorite. In the vague recollections of his babyhood, Millet could always see her busy about him, rocking him, warming him in her bosom, and singing all day long songs which delighted him. I have lived more than thirty years in Millet's intimacy, and I know that the thought of her face, as nurse and comforter, was an ever-recurring image in the heart of her grandson. While he was still a little child, she would come to his bedside in the morning and say gently: "Wake up, my little François; you don't know how long the birds have already been singing the glory of God!" Her religion, as Millet told me later, was mixed with her love of nature. All that was beautiful, terrible or inexplicable seemed to her the work of the Creator, to whose will she bowed. "It was a beautiful religion," added he, "for it gave her the strength to love so deeply and unselfishly. She was always ready to work for others, to excuse their faults, to pity or to help them."

I have now come to the notes which Millet himself gave me, when I begged him to write out his youthful remembrances. I have pages written under the impression of his love of his family and his home, and of the sufferings of his life in Cherbourg and Paris; but the time has not come to say all,—so of these sketches, written by Millet himself, I will only publish as much as propriety allows. When a whole generation of the present day has passed away, we shall know a corner of Millet's heart which we may not now unveil—his resignation, his knowledge of men, and how much their ignorance of what is good and generous made him suffer. Here are the precious lines written by Millet concerning his childhood:

"I remember waking one morning in my little bed and hearing the voices of people in the room. With the voices sounded a sort of *burrr*, which

stopped now and then and began again. It was the sound of the spinning-wheels, and the voices of the women spinning and carding wool. The dust of the room came and danced in the sunshine which one small, high window let in. I have often seen the sun and the dust in the same way, for the house fronted east. In the corner of the room was a big bed, covered by a counterpane with wide stripes of red and brown falling down to the floor; next to the window at the foot of the bed, against the wall, a great wardrobe, brown too. It is all like a vague dream. If I had to recall, even a little, the faces of the poor spinners, all my efforts would be in vain, for, although I grew up before they died, I remember their names only because I have heard them spoken in the family.

"One was a great-aunt whose name was Jeanne. The other was a spinner by trade, who often came to the house, and whose name was Colombe Gamache. This is my earliest recollection. I must have been very young when I received that impression, for more distinct images seem to have been made after a lapse of time.

"I only remember indescribable impressions, such as hearing, on waking, the coming and going in the house, the geese cackling in the court-yard, the cock-crowing, the beat of the flail on the barn floor—all sounds in my ears out of which no particular emotion came.

"Here is a little clearer fact. The commune had had new bells made, two of the old ones having been carried away to make cannon and the third having been broken (as I heard afterward). My mother was curious to see the new bells, which were deposited in the church waiting to be baptized before being hung in the tower, and she took me with her. She was accompanied by a girl named Julie Lecacheux, whom I since knew very well. I remember how struck I was at finding myself in a place so terribly vast as the church, which seemed to me bigger than a barn, and also with the beauty of the great windows, with lozenge-shaped leads.

"We saw the bells, all on the ground. They, too, seemed enormous, for they were much larger than I was, and, also (what probably fixed the whole scene in my mind), Julie Lecacheux, who held a very big key in her hand, probably that of the church, began to strike the largest bell, which gave out a great sound, filling me with awe. I have never forgotten that blow of the key on the bell.

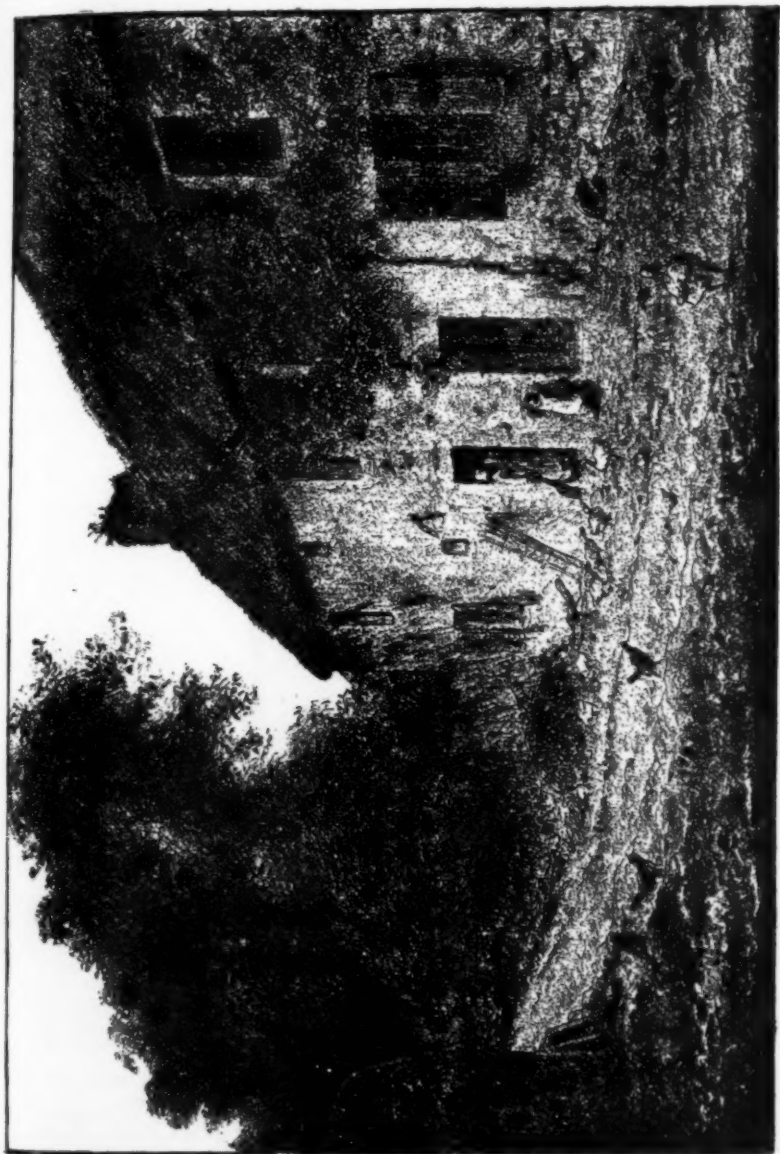
"I had a great-uncle who was a priest; he was very fond of me, and trotted me about with him continually. He took me once to a house where he often went. The lady of the house was elderly, and remains in my mind as the type of a lady of the olden time. She petted and kissed me, and gave me a great honey-cake, and, besides, a peacock's feather. I remember how delicious I thought the honey, and how beautiful the feather! I had already been struck with admiration at seeing, as we entered the court-yard, two peacocks perched in a big tree, and I could not get over the fine eyes in their tails.

"Sometimes my great-uncle took me to Eulleville, an adjoining little commune. The house to which he took me was a sort of seigniorial dwelling, which was called the Eulleville mansion. There was a servant named Fanchon. The head of the house, whom I never knew, had a taste for rarities, and had planted some pine-trees. You would have to have gone a great way to find so many. Fanchon occasionally gave me some pine-cones, which filled me with delight.

"My poor great-uncle was so afraid of something happening to me that if I was not beside him he

could not breathe. As I was already big enough to run fast, I went off one day with some other boys, and we went down to the sea-shore. Looking for

that I jumped up, and saw him on the cliff making an urgent sign for me to come up. I did not let him repeat it, for he had frightened me; if there had



HUTPLACE OF MILLET: IN THE VILLAGE OF GRUCHY, NORMANDY.

me everywhere, and not finding me, he went toward the sea, and saw me leaning over the pools which the sea left at ebb-tide, and where I was trying to catch bull-heads. He called me, with such a cry of horror

been a shorter way than the narrow path I would have gone up it, but the steep cliff made that absolutely necessary.

"When he had me up and safe, he got angry. He



J.F.M.

A SPINNER.

took his three-cornered hat and beat me with it, and as the cliff was still very steep toward the village, and my little legs did not carry me very fast, he followed me, beating me with his hat, and as red as a cock with anger. At each blow he would say: 'Ah, I'll help you mount.' It gave me a great fear of the three-cornered hat. Poor uncle! All the following night he had nightmares; he woke up every little while, crying out that I was falling down the cliff.

"As I was not of an age to understand a tender-

ness which showed itself by blows with a hat, I gave him many another torment.

"This I remember hearing about my great-uncle; he was brother of my father's father. He had been a laborer all his life, and had become a priest rather late. I think he had a little church at the time of the Revolution. I know that he was persecuted, for I have heard that men came to search the house of my grandfather, to whom he had returned, and that they made their search in the most brutal manner.

He was very inventive, and had contrived a hiding-place which communicated with his bed, and into which he threw himself when any one came. One day they entered so suddenly that the bed had not had time to cool, and although they were told that he was not there, they cried:

"Yes, yes, he is here, the bed is still warm, but he has found some way of getting off."

He almost always took me with him. Arrived at the field, he took off his *soutane* and worked in shirt-sleeves and breeches. He had the strength of a Hercules. There still exist, and they will last a long time, some great walls which he built to hold up a piece of sliding ground. These walls are very high, and built of immense stones. They have a cyclopean look. I have heard my grandmother and



PEASANTS RETURNING HOME.

"He heard them. They turned the house upside down in their fury, and went away.

"He said mass whenever he could, in the house, and I have still the leaden chalice which he used. After the Revolution he remained with his brother and performed the duties of vicar of the parish. He went every morning to the church to say mass. After breakfast he went to work in the fields.

my father say that he allowed no one to help him even to place the heaviest stones, and some of them would require the combined strength of five or six men, and then using levers.

"He had a most excellent heart. He taught, for the love of God, the poor children of the commune, whose parents could not send them to school. He even taught them a little Latin. This made his

confrères of the neighboring communes very indignant; they went so far as to write about it to the bishop of Coutances. I have found among some old papers the rough draft of the letter he addressed to the bishop in justification, and in which he said that he lived with his brother who was a laborer, that in the commune there were very poor children who would have been deprived of every sort of instruction, that pity had decided him to teach them what he could, and he begged the bishop in the name of charity not to prevent him from teaching these poor little ones to read. I think I have heard that the bishop finally consented to let him continue. Very magnanimous, to be sure! * * * When he died I was about seven years old, and it is curious to realize how deep are the impressions of an early age, and what an indelible mark they leave upon the character. My childish mind was filled with stories of ghosts and all sorts of supernatural things. To this day I enjoy them, but whether I believe them or not I cannot say. The day that my great-uncle was buried, I heard them speaking in a mysterious way about the way he should be buried. They said that at the head, on the coffin, must be laid some big stones covered with bundles of hay; their instrument got embarrassed in the straw, and then broke on the stones, which made it impossible for them to hook the head and draw the body out of the grave. Afterward I knew what this mysterious language meant, but from the time of the burial, several neighbors, with the servant of the house, who all had hot cider to drink, passed the night, armed with guns and scythes, watching the grave. This guard was continued for about a month. After that they said there was no more danger. This was the

reason: some men were said to make a profession of digging up bodies for doctors. They knew when a person died in a commune, and they came immediately at night to steal it. Their way of doing was to take a long screw and work through the earth and the coffin, catching the head of the dead man; with a lever they drew the body out of the grave without disturbing the earth. They had been met leading the dead man, covered with a cloak, holding him under the arms and talking to him as if he were a drunken man, shaking him and telling him to stand up. Others were seen with the body behind them on horseback, the arms held round the waist of the rider, and always covered with a great cloak, but the feet of the body were seen below the cloak.

"Some months before the death of my great-uncle I had been sent to school, and I remember well the day he died the maid-servant was sent to bring me home, so that I should not be seen playing in the road under such solemn circumstances. Before sending me to school I had, doubtless, at home learnt my letters and to spell, as the other children thought me very clever. Heaven knows what they called clever. My introduction to the school was for the afternoon class. When I arrived in the court-yard where the children were playing, the first thing I did was to fight. The bigger children who brought me were proud of bringing to school a child of six and a half who already knew his letters, and besides I was large of my age, and so strong that they assured me that there was not one of my age or even of seven who could beat me. There was none there less than seven, and as they were all anxious to make sure of the matter, they



WOMEN BRINGING HOME CLOTHES AFTER WASHING.

brought up a boy who was considered one of the strongest, to make us fight. It must be confessed that we had no very powerful reasons for not liking each other, and perhaps the combat was rather lukewarm. But they had a way of interesting the honor of the parties concerned. They took a chip, and putting it on the shoulder of one, said to the other, 'I bet you don't dare knock that chip off!' If you did not want to seem a coward you knocked it off. The other, of course, could not endure such an insult. So the battle was in earnest. The big ones excited those whose side they had taken, and the fighters were not separated. One must conquer. I turned out the stronger and covered myself with glory. Those who were for me were very proud, and said: 'Millet is only six and a half, and he has beaten a boy more than seven years old.'

When twelve years old, François Millet went to be confirmed at the church of Gréville. He could not learn anything by heart, but a young vicar found his answers so full of good sense that he asked him if he did not want to learn Latin.

"With Latin, my boy, you can become a priest or a doctor."

"No," said the child; "I don't wish to be either; I wish to stay with my parents."

"Come, all the same," said the vicar; "you will learn."

So the child went to the parsonage with several little companions. He translated the *Epitome Historiae Sacrae* and the *Selectae Profanis*. Virgil came under his eyes,—although translated by the Abbé Desfontaines, this book, half Latin, half French, charmed him so much that he could not stop reading it. The *Bucolics* and *Georgics* captivated his mind. At the words of Virgil,

"It is the hour when the great shadows descend toward the plain,"

the child felt filled with emotion; the book revealed to him his own surroundings—the life in which he was growing up. Some time after, the vicar, l'Abbé Herpent, was sent to the curacy of Heauville, a village a few miles from Gréville. It was decided that the little François should go with the Abbé to continue his instruction. After four or five months with the Abbé Herpent, he begged his grandmother so hard not to be made to leave home again, that it was decided that he should not go. A new vicar had come to the village, the Abbé Jean Lebrisseux, who was willing to continue the child's instruction. The good man liked to make him talk about his first impressions, and often took him with him to see the Curé of Gréville, a gentle and sickly man, who encouraged the child in his confidences. The school-boy told him his inno-

cent love of nature, his wonder at the clouds and their movements, his thoughts of the depth of the sky, and the dangers of the ocean, his reading of the Bible and Virgil, and the poor Curé would say:

"Ah, poor child, you have a heart that will give you trouble one of these days; you don't know how much you will have to suffer!"

The schooling of Millet, begun by the good vicar, Jean Lebrisseux, was often interrupted by field-work. He did not go any further than the *Appendix de Diis et Heroibus Poeticis* of P. Jouveny, and had to give up Virgil. He was soon obliged to be a serious help to his father, and to devote all his time to the rough farm-work. He was the eldest of the sons, and in this lay a duty which François accepted without regret. He then began to work beside his father and "hands," to mow, make hay, bind the sheaves, thresh, winnow, spread manure, plow, sow, in a word, all the work which makes the daily life of the peasant. So he spent years, the companion of his father and mother in the hardest labor, his only amusement the gatherings of the family.

Millet devoured hungrily the books of the home library, the "Lives of the Saints," the "Confessions of St. Augustine," "St. Francis of Sales," "St. Jerome," especially his letters, which he liked to re-read all his life, and the religious philosophers of Port-Royal, and Bossuet, and Fénelon. As to Virgil and the Bible, he re-read them, always in Latin, and was so familiar with their language that in his manhood I have never seen a more eloquent translator of these two books. He was not, therefore, as has been said, an ignorant peasant up to the time of his coming to Paris. On the contrary, his education was rapid, and rather by eye and reason than by grammar. As a child he wrote well, and when he reached Cherbourg he was already an educated man, full of reading, and one who did not confuse unhealthy literature with that which could be of use to him.

At his father's house, in the midst of his work, the vague idea of art began to take form in his mind. Some old engravings in the Bible gave him the desire to imitate them, and every day, at the noonday rest, alone in a room in the house, while his father slept, he studied the perspective of the landscapes before him. He drew the garden, the stables, the fields with the sea for horizon, and often the animals which passed. His father, more watchful than asleep, did



PORTRAIT OF MILLET, DRAWN BY HIMSELF IN 1847.

not say a word, and sometimes got up softly to peep at what François was doing.

The sea was for François Millet the occasion both of study and of profound feeling. He wished to reproduce its greatness and terror. A recollection of the ocean storms remained all his life with him. I will give one of his many impressions, which tells in his simple and pathetic way the horrors of a disaster which befell his village:

"It was All Saints' day, in the morning we saw that the sea was very rough, and every one said there would be trouble; all the parish was in church; in the middle of mass we saw a man come in dripping wet, an old sailor, well known for his bravery. He immediately said that as he came along shore he saw several ships which, driven by a fearful wind, would certainly shipwreck on the coast. 'We must go to their assistance,' said he, louder, 'and I have come to say to all who are willing that we have only just

time to put to sea to try and help them.' About fifty men offered themselves, and, without speaking, followed the old sailor. We got to the shore by going down the cliff, and there we soon saw a terrible sight,—several vessels, one behind the other, driving at a frightful speed against the rocks.

"Our men put their boats to sea, but they had hardly made ten strokes when one boat filled with water and sunk, the second was overturned with the breakers, and the third thrown up on shore. Happily no one was drowned, and all reached the shore. It was easy to see that our boats would be no use to the poor people on the ships.

"Meantime the vessels came nearer, and were only a few fathoms from our black cliffs, which were covered with cormorants. The first, whose masts were gone, came like a great mass. Every one on shore saw it coming, no one dared speak. It seemed to me, a child, as if death was playing with a handful of men, whom it intended to crush and drown. An immense wave lifted itself like an angry mountain, and wrapping the vessel brought her near, and a still higher one threw her upon a rock level with

the water. A frightful cracking sound,—the next instant the vessel was filled with water. The sea was covered with wreckage,—planks, masts, and poor drowning creatures. Many swam and then disappeared. Our men threw themselves into the water, and, with the old sailor at their head, made tremendous efforts to save them. Several were

saw them all on their knees, and a man in black seemed to bless them. A wave as big as our cliff carried her toward us. We thought we heard a shock like the first, but she held stanch and did not move. The waves beat against her but she did not budge. She seemed petrified. In an instant every one put to sea, for it was only two gun-shots from



THE NEW-BORN LAMB.

brought back, but they were either drowned or broken on the rocks.

"The sea threw up several hundred, and with them merchandise and food.

"A second ship approached. The masts were gone. Every one was on deck, which was full; we

shore. A boat was made fast alongside; our boat was filled instantly; one of the boats of the ship put off, threw out planks and boxes, and in half an hour every one was on shore. The ship had been saved by a rare accident; her bowsprit and forepart had got wedged in between two rocks. The wave which

had thrown her on the reefs had preserved her as if by a miracle. She was English, and the man who blessed his companions was a bishop. They were taken to the village and soon after to Cherbourg.

"We all went back again to the shore. The third ship was thrown on the breakers, hashed into little bits, and no one could be saved. The bodies of the unhappy crew were thrown up on the sand.

"A fourth, fifth, and sixth were lost—ship and cargo—on the rocks. The tempest was terrific. The wind was so violent that it was useless to try to oppose it. It carried off the roofs and the thatch. It whirled so that the birds were killed,—even the gulls, which are accustomed, one would think, to storms. The night was passed in defending the houses. Some covered the roofs with heavy stones, some carried ladders and poles, and made them fast to the roofs. The trees bent to the ground and cracked and split. The fields were covered with branches and leaves. It was a fearful scourge. The next day, All Souls' day, the men returned to the shore; it was covered with dead bodies and wreckage. They were taken up and placed in rows along the foot of the cliffs. Several other vessels came in sight; every one was lost on our coast. It was a desolation like the end of the world. Not one could be saved. The rock smashed them like glass, and threw them in atoms to the cliffs.

"Passing a hollow place, I saw a great sail covering what looked like a pile of merchandise. I lifted the corner and saw a heap of dead bodies. I was so frightened that I ran all the way home, where I found mother and grandmother praying for the drowned men. The third day another vessel came. Of this one they found possible to save part of the crew, about ten men, whom they got off the rocks. They were all torn and bruised. They were taken to Gruchy, cared for for a month, and sent to Cherbourg. But the poor wretches were not rid of the sea. They embarked on a vessel going to Havre; a storm took them, and they were all lost. As for the dead, all the horses were employed for a week in carrying them to the cemetery. They were buried in unconsecrated ground; people said they were not good Christians."

François spent his life thus, in the midst of his family whom he loved, in the heart of a country which was the source of all his inspiration, reading and drawing, without thinking of leaving his father's house. His only ambition was to accomplish his duties as a son, to plow his furrow in peace, and to turn up the earth whose odor delighted his young senses. His whole life, he thought, would be passed in this way. Coming home one day from mass, he met an old man, his back bowed, and going wearily home. He was surprised at the perspective and movement of this living and bent figure. This was for the young peasant the discovery of foreshortening. With one glance he understood the mysteries of planes advancing, retreating, rising and falling. He came quickly home, and taking a lump of charcoal drew from memory all the lines he had noted in the action of the old man. When his parents returned from church they in-

stantly recognized it—his first portrait made them laugh.

Millet was eighteen; his father was deeply moved by the revelation of this unforeseen talent. They talked, and François admitted that he had some desire to become a painter. His father only said these touching words:

"My poor François, I see thou art troubled by the idea. I should gladly have sent you to have the trade of painting taught you, which they say is so fine, but you are the oldest boy, and I could not spare you; now that your brothers are older, I do not wish to prevent you from learning that which you are so anxious to know. We will soon go to Cherbourg and find out whether you have the talent to earn your living by this business."

François then finished two drawings that he had imagined. One represented two shepherds, the first playing the flute at the foot of a tree, the other listening near a hill-side, where sheep were browsing; the shepherds were in jackets and wooden shoes, like those of his village, the hill-side was a field with apple-trees, belonging to his father. The second drawing represented a starry night—a man coming out of a house and giving some bread to another man, who accepted it anxiously. Under the drawing were the words of St. Luke: *Elsi non dabit illi surgens eo quod amicus ejus sit propter improbitatem tamen ejus surget, et dabit illi quotquot habet necessarios.* ["Though he will not rise and give him, because he is his friend, yet because of his importunity he will rise and give him as many as he needeth."—St. Luke, chap. xi., 8th verse.] The peasant seems almost a man of letters. This drawing I have seen for thirty years; it is the work of a man who already knows the great bearings of art, its effects and resources; it seems like the sketch of an old master of the seventeenth century.

There was then giving lessons at Cherbourg a painter called Mouchel, a pupil of the school of David. The father and son went to see him, and took the two drawings above mentioned. Mouchel had no sooner seen them than he said to the father:

"You must be joking. That young man there did not make the drawings all alone."

"Yes, indeed," said the father; "I assure you, I saw him make them."

"No, no. I see the method is very awkward, but he never could have composed that—impossible."

The Millets asserted so energetically that it was the work of François, that Mouchel

had to believe it. He then turned to the father and said:

"Well, you will go to perdition for having kept him so long, for your child has the stuff of a great painter!"

From that moment the career of Millet was decided; his father even urged it, and arranged his apprenticeship with Mouchel. Mouchel was a strange and original fellow—he deserves notice in the biographies of Normandy painters. He had studied at the Seminary and had married a good peasant woman, who lived with him at Roule, in a little valley where he cultivated his garden, near a mill which belonged to him and whose musical tic-tac could be heard in the studio. He loved art to fanaticism. Teniers, Rembrandt and Brawer were his idols. He loved the country and animals, and passed hours *tête-à-tête* with a pig, whose dialect and confidences he pretended to understand.

Millet was two months with Mouchel. He copied engravings and drew from the round. Mouchel would not give him any advice: "Draw what you like, choose what you please here, follow your own fantasy—go to the museum." He was busy copying at the museum of Cherbourg when the servant of the family came to him with the announcement that his father was dangerously ill. Millet made one fierce rush from Cherbourg to Gruchy. He found his father dying of a brain fever. He had not even the consolation of hearing his voice for the last time or seeing his eyes turned upon him: the poor man was voiceless and senseless. His brain had already lost consciousness; he could not even feel the loving pressure of his hand in his son's. To Millet it seemed a double death, the death that all men must die, and the death of a father who could not even, like dying Isaac, touch the garment of his child.

François tried to keep the old farm going on in the old way, but his heart was heavy with his bereavement, and beside, art had made itself felt in him. The notabilities of Cherbourg, not seeing the young peasant painting, tried to do something for him. His grandmother heard some rumors of it, and said: "My François, you must accept the will of God; your father, my Jean Louis, said you should be a painter; obey him and go back to Cherbourg." There he entered the studio of Langlois, who also gave him very little advice. A great amusement for Millet at this time was reading. He read everything—from the *Almanach boiteux*, of

Strasbourg, to Paul de Kock, from Homer to Béranger; he also read with delight Shakspeare, Walter Scott, Byron, Cooper, Goethe's "Faust," and German ballads. Victor Hugo and Chateaubriand had especially impressed him. The emphatic style of the author of *Atala* and *Réné* did not displease him; under his stilted manner he recognized a love of the past, a touching recollection of his family and country, and a bitterness of life which he, too, felt. As to Victor Hugo, his great poetic pictures of the sea and the splendors of the sky, his bronze-like rhythm, shook him like the word of a prophet. He wished to throw out all the exaggerations and make up a Victor Hugo of his own, of two or three volumes, which would have been the Homer of France. The reading-rooms of Cherbourg were all passed in review, and when he got to Paris he was already a cultivated man, familiar with letters,—though this fact was little seen, as he was suspicious of the opinion of great cities, and scarcely answered questions put to him. He knew a clerk of a library in Cherbourg, who got him books and became his companion and friend. He was M. Feuardent, whose son married, later, Millet's eldest daughter.

This is what he said about his studious youth:

"I never studied systematically. At school, when writing from dictation, my task was better written than the others, probably because I read constantly, and the words and phrases were pictured rather in my eyes than in my mind, and I instinctively reproduced them. I never followed programmes; I never learnt a lesson by heart; all my time was spent in writing capital letters and drawing. I never could get beyond addition in mathematics, and I do not understand subtraction and the rules following. My reckoning is always in my head, and by ways that I could not explain. I came to Paris with all my ideas of art fixed, and I have never found it well to change them. I have been more or less in love with this master, or that method in art, but I have not changed anything fundamental. You have seen my first drawing, made at home without a master, without a model, without a guide. I have never done anything different since. You have never seen me paint except in a low tone; *demi-teinte* is necessary to me in order to sharpen my eyes and clear my thoughts,—it has been my best teacher."

The young painter from the country made some little noise in the town of Cherbourg.



WOMAN BRINGING HOME MILK.

People talked about his work and the boldness of his handling. The general opinion was that he ought to be sent to Paris to study. On the other hand, Langlois watched the progress of his scholar like a hen who has hatched a young eagle; he let him exercise himself as he chose, in portraiture or Biblical subjects. Sometimes he got Millet to help him on his religious pictures. At the Church of the Trinity at Cherbourg may be seen two large pictures from sacred history, at which Millet worked with Langlois, on delicate parts such as the drapery and the hands. Langlois felt,

however, that he could not teach Millet anything. He therefore addressed the municipal council of Cherbourg a petition, which led them to vote an annuity of 400 francs for Millet's education. The general council of La Manche added later six hundred francs, which should be paid until the completion of the young artist's studies. Millet told me several times that this annuity did not last long, and that it was far from being sufficient for his needs; soon the little pension from the town of Cherbourg was suppressed on account of lack of funds.

It was a great event in the Millet family

when François departed for a place so far away, and to a city which had the reputation of being so corrupt as Paris. Mother and grandmother loaded their dear child with warnings against the seductions of this Babylon.

"Remember," repeated again and again the grandmother, "remember the virtues of your ancestors; remember that at the font I promised for you that you should renounce the devil and all his works. I would rather see you dead, dear son, than a renegade, and faithless to the commands of God."

He went off in a fever of expectation and of distress at leaving these two poor women a prey to all the troubles which beset unprotected widows. He took with him some savings which his mother and grandmother gave him at leaving, and which, joined to the pension of the city, made a sum of six hundred francs. He felt embarrassed by so much wealth, as if a treasure of the Arabian Nights had fallen from heaven.

"I always had my mother and grandmother on my mind, and their need of my arm and my youth. It has always been almost like remorse to think of them, weak and ill at home, when I might have been a prop to their old age; but their hearts were so motherly that they would not have allowed me to leave my profession to help them. Besides," he would add "youth has not the sensitiveness of manhood, and a demon pushed me toward Paris. I wanted to see all, know all that a painter can learn. My masters at Cherbourg had not spoiled me during my apprenticeship. Paris seemed to me the great center of knowledge and a museum of everything fine and great.

"I went off with a full heart. All that I saw on

the way to Paris made me still sadder. The great straight roads, the trees in long lines, the flat fields, the pasture-lands so rich and filled with animals that they seemed to me more like scenes in a theater than reality! Then Paris, black, smoky, muddy, where I arrived at night, and which was to me the most discouraging sensation of all.

"I got to Paris one Saturday evening in January, in the snow. The light of the street-lamps, almost put out by the fog, the immense quantity of horses and wagons passing and repassing, the narrow streets, the smell and the air of Paris went to my head and my heart so that I was almost suffocated. I was seized with a sobbing which I could not control. I wanted to get the better of my feelings, but they overcame me with their violence. I could only stop my tears by washing my face with water, which I took from a street-fountain.

"The coolness gave me courage. A print-seller was there,—I looked at his prints, and munched my last apple. The lithographs displeased me very much; loose scenes of grisettes, women bathing and at their toilettes, such as Devéria and Maurin then drew; they seemed to me signs for perfumery or fashion-plates. Paris seemed to me dismal and tasteless. For the first, I went to a little hotel, where I spent the night in a sort of nightmare; seeing my home, the house full of melancholy, with my mother, grandmother and sister spinning in the evening, weeping and thinking of me, praying that I should escape the perdition of Paris. Then the evil demon drove me on before wonderful pictures, which seemed so beautiful, so brilliant, that it appeared to me they took fire and vanished in a heavenly cloud.

"My awakening was more earthly. My room was a hole with no light. I got up, and rushed to the air. The light had come again, and I regained my calmness and my will. My sadness remained, and I remembered the complaint of Job: 'Let the day perish wherein I was born, and the night in which it was said, there is a man child conceived.'

"So I greeted Paris, not cursing it, but with the terror of not comprehending its material and spiritual life, and full, too, of desire to see those famous masters of whom I had heard so much, and seen some little scraps of, at the museum of Cherbourg."

(To be continued.)



NOON.

THE LOSS OF THE "ONEIDA."



HOMEWARD BOUND.

ON the 24th of January, 1870, the United States steamer *Oneida* was sunk in the Bay of Yedo, Japan, by collision with a British merchant steamer, the *Bombay*, of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company.

The *Oneida* was a wooden screw-steamer, 211 feet long, 1695 tons, eight guns, and, when lost, had on board 24 officers and 152 men—in all, 176 souls. After being employed on blockade duty during the civil war, she was, in 1867, dispatched to the Asiatic Station, where she proved a most efficient cruiser.

It was at the close of three years of this arduous service, when homeward bound, their hearts elated with the prospective joys of home, and their ears still ringing with the farewell cheers, that 115 of her happy crew met a sudden death. Among these were the captain, and all, save two, of the commissioned officers.

The sailing of a man-of-war for home is generally the occasion of much conviviality, mingled with the display of tender feelings and bitter regrets. During her three years on the station, she frequently falls in with the armed vessels of other nations, and pleasant

relations grow up with the residents ashore, so that, by the time the cruise is over, a web of friendship has been woven with threads extending to every port. It has been charged that some of the *Oneida's* officers were intoxicated on the day of sailing. The fact that she was just out of port—homeward bound—and that, probably, many mutual good wishes had been pledged in wine, lent color to the charge. But, besides my own knowledge of the matter, I have the word of the late Mr. Charles E. De Long, then United States Minister to Japan, and other gentlemen who were on board up to the last moment, that the charge is false in even its mildest form.

Now, to proceed to the circumstances of the collision. About five P. M., the *Oneida*, having weighed anchor, steamed slowly out of harbor. It was a fine evening, sharp and wintry, but with a clear sky, stiff breeze, and the water of the bay smooth. As she successively passed the various ships of war, they manned the rigging and gave her cheer after cheer that resounded far and wide. The *Oneida* sped on; the fading twilight deepened into the gloom of night, and

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her outline rapidly blended with the darkness.

Proceeding under easy steam, the *Oneida* was soon off the light-ship. Here the executive officer set the proper sails, and took all the precautions usual on going to sea. Everything being lashed and snug, Lieutenant Yates took charge, and the *Oneida* continued on her course, S. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E., under both steam and sail, making seven knots per log. About 6.20, Lieutenant Yates noticed, by the light on Kanon-Saki, that leeway was causing the ship to approach the western shore. He sent at once for the navigator, and at this juncture the *Bombay's* mast-head light came into sight ahead; the officer of the deck saw it just rounding Kanon-Saki, and then rapidly pass to a bearing on the starboard bow.*

the *Bombay's* white and green lights about two miles away, and both expressed the opinion that she would pass to starboard. Suddenly, when but a short distance off, the *Bombay* changed her course, and it was at once clear that she was heading directly for the *Oneida*—attempting to cross her bows. The instant this became certain, the *Oneida's* helm was put hard-a-starboard, with the hope of escaping the *Bombay*. The *Oneida* went rapidly to the left, but her pursuer closed in more rapidly upon her, and soon they struck; the sharp iron prow of the *Bombay* cut into the wooden sides of the *Oneida*, tearing diagonally through her quarter and leaving a gaping wound. It exposed the interior of the cabin, from which a gleam of light burst, and people on the British steamer might easily have seen



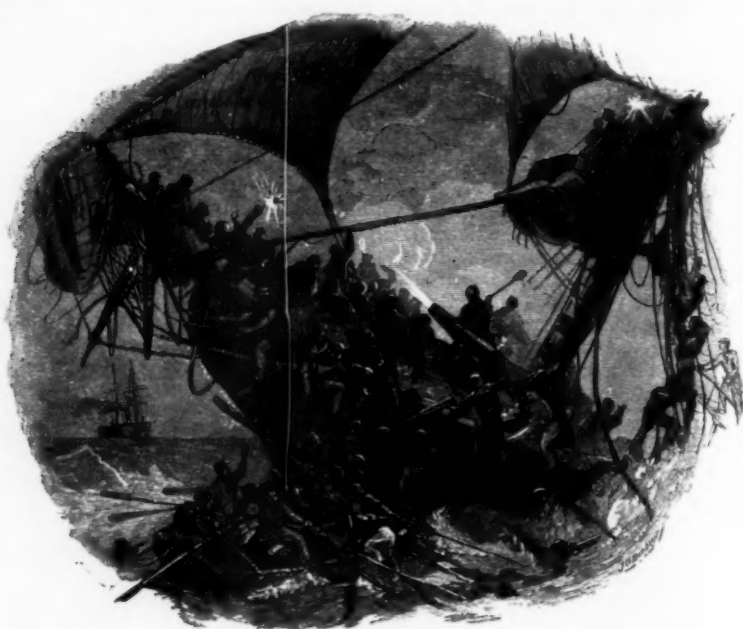
THE COLLISION OF THE "BOMBAY" AND "ONEIDA."

The navigator, now coming on deck, directed Lieutenant Yates as to the proper course, and then both officers plainly saw

the waves rolling in through the breach in the American vessel.

The *Bombay* crushed the *Oneida's* quarter-boat into splinters, and carried away the poop, spanker-boom and gaff, wheel, binnacle, and most likely the rudder and propeller. While she yet lay across the *Oneida's* stern, the executive officer hailed:

* By international agreement, all vessels, when under way, are required to carry at night running-lights, i. e., a green light on the starboard, and a red light on the port side. In addition, steamers, when under steam, carry a white light at the foremast-head.



THE "ONEIDA" AFTER THE COLLISION.

"Steamer ahoy! you have cut us down—remain by us!"

The *Oneida's* steam-whistle was instantly turned on and kept blowing, and guns were fired, but the *Bombay* steamed on to Yokohama without lowering a boat, or for a moment heading in the direction of the sinking ship; nay, worse—with even the malicious boast on his lips, that "*He had cut the quarter off a Yankee frigate, and it served her right!*" I quote the remark from the testimony of Lieutenant Clements, a British naval officer, before a British court. The helm gone, the ship became unmanageable. Order and discipline continued, however, and the most judicious measures were immediately taken for the safety of both ship and crew; the steam and hand-pumps were vigorously worked, and such disposition of sail was made as would beach the vessel on the nearest shoal; but all to no avail. The rent through which the water flowed was too large, and soon the flood of waters extinguished the fires, steam failed, pumps and engines stopped. The quarter-deck was now under water; men were clearing away the only two serviceable boats that remained, the first and third cutters, and these only got clear of the ship as the

spar-deck became submerged. The captain and officer of the deck stood on the bridge till the water reached their feet; then the latter jumped for his life—the former remained. In an instant the *Oneida* disappeared; the captain and most of his officers and men went down with her, to rise no more; others came to the surface, only to struggle a little longer and then sink forever; while a few were rescued by the cutter near by.

It has often been asked: How, with the land so near, did so many perish? I can only give an answer that satisfies myself. For some time after the collision, the efforts of all were in the direction of saving the ship—no one thought of himself. They seemed oblivious of the fact that every compartment was flooded with rushing waters—that danger was imminent; and it was only when the reality burst upon them that they found it too late to devise means of personal safety; every grating, every ladder, every movable spar that would float a man, was securely lashed in its place—now out of reach—submerged!

All the boats save two were disabled, and these were loaded to the gunwales. Thus, only as the deck was slipping away

from them, did they realize that they must go down with the ship. By far the greater number were sucked into the vortex, while those at the surface were so benumbed that they could make little effort to save themselves. Furthermore, the nearest land over two miles distant—certainly too far for an exhausted man to swim on that cold night.

To follow the survivors: The first cutter remained near the sunken vessel picking up the men, until the last one visible was rescued; among these was Lieutenant Yates, the only officer in the party of forty-five persons crowded into that small boat—a shivering crew, whose thin clothes, saturated with water, were stiffening about them. The boat was leaking, much water was already in it, and the spray and crest of waves breaking over it added to the difficulties and hardships to keep afloat—the men had to bail constantly with caps and shoes.

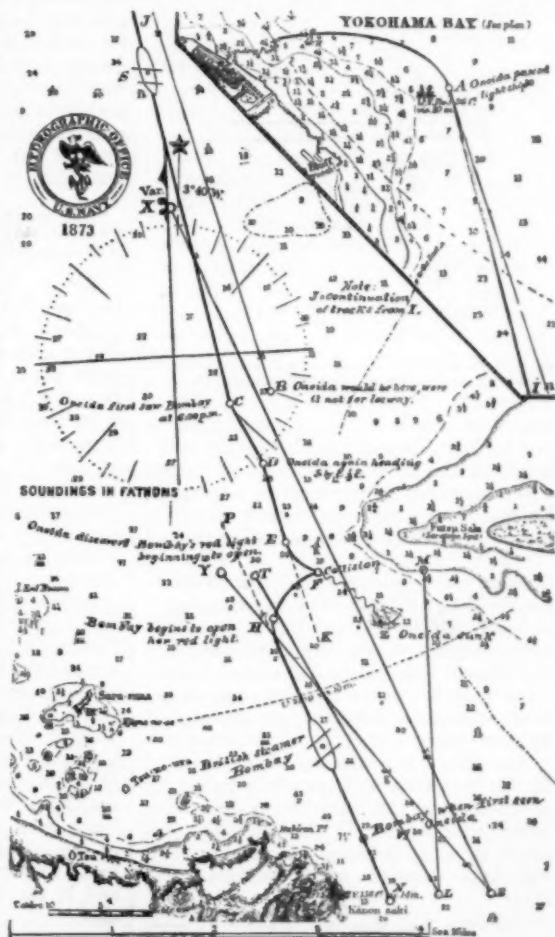
Amidst these vicissitudes they worked on through the three miles that separated them from a little cove near Kanon-Saki, where, at length, they arrived, landed, and proceeded to a Japanese village, where they were received with kindly hospitality.

The third cutter had sixteen men in it, with Doctor Suddards in charge. It got clear of the ship as she was rapidly settling. Observing a junk standing down the bay at some distance, the cutter vigorously pulled for it, to bring it to the sinking ship and take off the crew. But the junk was too swift, and, unconscious of the service it might have rendered, passed rapidly out of reach. The cutter returned to the *Oneida*, but now nothing was to be seen of her but the top-gallant masts just out of water. The boat then headed for shore, and after passing through much the same experience as the first cutter, eventually landed near the same place, though the people in each boat did not know that any but themselves had been saved.

VOL. XX.—49.

Doctor Suddards procured a guide and walked to Yokohama, eighteen miles, where he arrived the next morning at four o'clock, and reported the disaster to the commanding officer of the *Idaho*.

The *Idaho*, a large store-ship, with but few officers and a small crew, was the only vessel of our squadron in harbor. She had no steam launch, and but few of those equipments that usually form the outfit of a man-of-war; hence her commander was unable to render immediate succor to those who might possibly be clinging to fragments of the wreck. This was ten miles away—a long distance to dispatch the only re-



ENTRANCE TO YEDO BAY, SHOWING COURSE OF THE "ONEIDA" AND
"BOMBAY."

source the *Idaho* possessed—a boat under oars.

The *Bombay*, with steam still up, lay about half a mile from the *Idaho*; and as she could afford the quickest relief I was

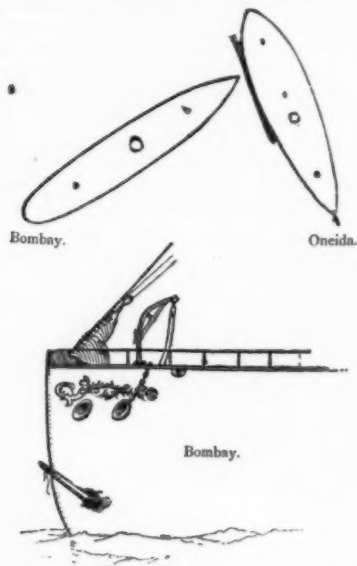


DIAGRAM SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE VESSELS AT THE TIME OF THE COLLISION, AND THE CONDITION OF THE "BOMBAY" AFTERWARD.

sent to request it. I told Captain Eyre he had sunk a ship with 160 men; that many might still be floating on spars and booms, and if speedy succor were given, they might be saved; that his was the only vessel in harbor with steam up—would he go down?

"No?"

After making some trivial excuse about his vessel being damaged, he remarked:

"I think I can clear myself."

I returned to my boat and proceeded to the British flag-ship, a few cables distant. Very different was the feeling I found there: hearty sympathy and an earnest desire to do all they could.

An officer was dispatched in haste to H. M. S. *Sylvia*, with an order to get up steam at once, and another was directed to return with me to the *Bombay*. The evidence of this gentleman before the court will best describe what occurred. He says:

"An officer came from the *Idaho* * * * Captain Tinklar [of the *Ocean*] told me to ask him to take me on board the *Bombay*, and that I was to request

the captain of the *Bombay*, as his was the only ship in harbor with steam up, to go down to where the accident took place, and see what he could do. I went on board. * * * I gave him Captain Tinklar's request; he replied, 'I can't; I've got a hole in my bows.' I asked him if that was his answer, and he sent for his chief officer; he asked the chief officer how much water there was in the hold or compartment, and the officer answered about nine feet. The captain then said, 'Do you hear that?' I said yes, and I wanted an answer, yes or no. He then said, 'No, I can't.'"

The *Bombay* was partitioned into watertight compartments, and the place spoken of as having nine feet of water in it was a small one in the very bows; evidently it might have been filled to the ceiling without cause for apprehension. Indeed, Captain Eyre's own estimate of the damage, on his arrival at Yokohama (it is from the evidence of Lieutenant Clements, R. N.), was "that the ship was making water, but nothing very serious." In Captain Eyre's own testimony, though it makes his conduct of the evening before the more discreditable, he says:

"The next morning [that is, the one on which I sought his aid] I steamed down to the scene of the collision and back, without having made any repairs."

Yes, he finally went—at the request of his agent—but he was too tardy. His assistance should have been given immediately after colliding, even though he was "not aware whether it was customary for two vessels which have come into collision on a dark night to communicate in order to ascertain the amount of injury each has sustained." All which facts seem plainly to indicate that the defect that prevented extending a helping hand to the *Oneida's* drowning crew, existed in the heart of Captain Eyre, and not in the hull of the *Bombay*.

It is gratifying to turn from this conduct to the generous action of the British and Russian naval officers, who, with the American steamer *Yangtse*, Captain Strandberg, got up steam and went down immediately, so that by 8 A. M. the *Bombay*, *Sylvia* and *Yangtse* (the latter having manned boats from the *Vsadnik* and *Idaho* in tow) were all under way for the wreck. On arrival, nothing of the *Oneida* but her top-gallant masts were visible, and the boats engaged in the melancholy work of searching the beach for corpses, but without finding any, and in the evening all went back to the city.

By request of the agent of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam-ship Company, a naval

court of inquiry was immediately instituted at Yokohama to take evidence regarding the circumstances of the collision. It was composed of the British consul at Kanagawa as president, two commanders of the Royal Navy, and two masters of British merchant-vessels in harbor.

All persons that knew anything of the subject were examined under oath; a printed copy of their evidence now lies before me, and with it I have refreshed my memory, although I heard every word, and saw every motion of each witness as he spoke.

It may cause surprise to find that the officers and men of the United States navy appeared in a British court. That court was the first organized. An American court, composed solely of naval officers, was subsequently formed; it examined carefully into the circumstances of the collision and entirely exonerated the *Oneida's* officers. But, in order to have all the evidence pro and con taken and weighed by the same tribunal, the United States naval authorities allowed their witnesses to go into the British court. It was a concession—not a compulsion. Besides the regular attorney retained by the owners of the *Bombay*, the British Minister to Japan was in constant attendance, and the American Minister, Mr. De Long, kindly tendered his services to the survivors of the *Oneida*. Many of the essential points being of a purely technical nature, I was requested by Lieutenant Yates to assist Mr. De Long, and thus I became familiar with every feature of the case.

The court opened at the British Consulate in Yokohama, on the 27th of January, and continued its sessions every day until February 12th. Lieutenant Yates and the other witnesses of the *Oneida* were excluded from the court, except while giving their evidence; Captain Eyre was always in attendance with the company's agent; but this gentleman has long ago gone before a Judge who tempers justice with mercy. I shall, therefore, touch lightly on his failings.

This court cleared Captain Eyre of all blame for the collision, and hence, by implication, threw it on the *Oneida*. My endeavor shall be so to contrast the evidence of different witnesses on the same point as to enable every one to judge for himself who was right, and who wrong.

First. Captain Eyre says that the *Oneida's* speed was "about fourteen knots an hour"; his chief officer, "eleven or twelve," and

his pilot, "about eight knots." It was really *seven*, so that, of the three, the captain's judgment was the most erroneous.

Second. He says, "The *Oneida* must have been about one mile from me when I first saw her light;" his second officer says "five or six miles away," and the pilot, "four or five miles." Other parts of the testimony show that all three saw the light at nearly the same instant. The *actual* distance was four miles, so that here, too, the captain was most in error.

Third. He says, "From the time I stopped the engines until I went on again, was about ten minutes." The log-book of the *Bombay* being produced in court, the following extract from it was accepted as evidence: "(About) Stop, 6:15; easy ahead, 6:19; full speed, 6:21."

Fourth. He says, "I imagined the *Oneida's* quarter-gallery was cut off; it never occurred to me that she was in danger." What, with the *Oneida*, as he must have seen, deep in the water! But it was not the gallery alone—it was the entire quarter, exposing the interior of the cabin, from which a glare of light issued that was seen by various people on the *Bombay*, whose testimony was taken. The "table," a dozen witnesses mentioned, stood in the captain's cabin, the floor of which was on a level with the water; and as this was lit up by the light they speak of, the peril of the *Oneida* must have been apparent—the water must then have been entering through the breach. Is it possible that Captain Eyre alone could have been blind to all this?

Fifth. With regard to the hail, "Steamer ahoy!" etc., uttered in so loud and clear a voice by the executive officer of the *Oneida* that the second and fourth officers of the *Bombay*, and five others, all testified to having heard it, Captain Eyre alone was deaf to the appeal. In fact, all his senses seem to have been unusually obtuse at this juncture. But he was not left ignorant of what had occurred; listen to the fourth officer's evidence on this point:

"Immediately afterward, as the ship [*Oneida*] dropped astern, she hailed us. * * * I went to the bridge and reported to the captain what had occurred. The commander asked the pilot if there was any safe place where the other ship could go ashore; the pilot said yes, she was close to the Spit."

From this it may justly be inferred that Captain Eyre feared the *Oneida* was in *real* danger, notwithstanding his evidence to the

contrary, for he well knew that vessels are not beached for trifles.

Sixth. Shortly after the collision, the *Oneida* began firing guns of distress, and continued them until she sank. Now, the report of a six-pound charge fired from an eight-inch gun is loud, and its flash bright; but neither Captain Eyre nor any one else on the *Bombay*, at the distance of two miles, on a still night, heard the one nor saw the other; yet at Yokohama, *ten miles* beyond the *Bombay*, the guns were distinctly audible. Curiously enough this is one of the "material points" on which all aboard the *Bombay* are in perfect accord with their captain.

Seventh. The second "material point" on which the witnesses for the *Bombay* all agree, is the bearing of the *Oneida*; according to every one of them, she was just *one-half point* on the *port* bow, notwithstanding that, to be strictly correct, the bearing of a near object must be different to each observer.

Eighth. The *Oneida* carried a spare top-sail-yard lashed three feet from the water. The *Bombay* cut this in two between the lashings, and one end of it penetrated through the iron of the port bow and fractured the starboard bow, passing through double iron plates. Captain Eyre's evidence says:

"It was almost immediately after the collision that we discovered the spar. * * * The *Oneida's* gaff and spanker boom, and part of her sail, were left hanging on my bow. * * * It did not strike me that I must have penetrated pretty far into the other vessel in order to take the boom. * * * I think it possible that a spar from a vessel could penetrate and remain in the bows of another vessel without the hull of the former vessel receiving an injury."

All this from a sailor of thirty-seven years' standing, twenty of them in command of both sailing and steam ships! Such was the man whose professional errors, however gross, can be regarded with charity; but whose want of heart, whereby he left one hundred and fifteen brother seamen to die in the water, can never be considered but with horror and loathing.

I shall now proceed to discuss the tracks of the ships.

The hour the *Oneida* began steaming ahead from her anchorage was noted—5:15 P. M.; the distance from the anchorage to the light-ship is one and a half miles; she steamed slowly at first, to return the cheers that were given her; sail was not set until after passing the light-ship; then, when

under all sail and easy steam, her speed was seven knots an hour—certainly it could not have been greater than six between the anchorage and light-ship; at this rate it would require fifteen minutes to reach the light-ship, which brings the time to 5:30 P. M. Heading then S. by E. $\frac{1}{4}$ E. from 5:30 P. M., the *Oneida* proceeded at the rate of seven (or at most eight) knots an hour until 6:20 P. M. During this fifty minutes she went seven miles, which would have brought her to where her officers first discovered the lights of the *Bombay*, and concluded that she would pass well on the starboard. The *Oneida* therefore proceeded straight on until the *Bombay* was suddenly discovered opening her red light. This showed at once that the merchant steamer was violating the international rule of the road, that approaching vessels shall put their helms a-starboard, to give each other a wide berth. Besides conforming to the rule, the putting the *Oneida's* helm a-starboard was the most feasible means of escaping the *Bombay*, for they must have met within *three minutes*. Had the *Oneida's* helm been put a-port at this point, it would have required several seconds for her to *feel* it, besides which, all the after sail would impede her ready motion to starboard, and it is most probable that the two ships would have met bows-on, before the maneuvers could have been effected.

Just previous to collision, the *Bombay's* helm was put hard a-starboard, to swing the ships parallel to each other, whereby she struck the *Oneida* at an acute angle near the mizzen-rigging, instead of cutting her in two near the mainmast, as she would otherwise have done. Consideration of the condition of the man-of-war after she was struck, and the time she had in which to drift to the point where she sunk, establishes her position at the instant of collision with almost absolute certainty.

To locate the *Bombay*, I have a variety of tracks offered, no two witnesses agreeing. I will take first the statement of the captain:

"When Kanon-Saki light-house was abeam of my ship, I should think it must have been about a mile distant, as nearly as I can guess. * * * We altered the ship's course to north when the light was abeam, I think. That course would carry me clear of Saratoga Spit."

Plotting this on a chart, I have a course which, at the rate the *Bombay* was going, would run her aground in *twenty minutes* upon Saratoga Spit. For the next position of the *Bombay*, he says:

"At 6.15 P. M. on the 24th instant, the light-house on Kanon-Saki was bearing S. by E.; the Spit was bearing E. by N., as near as I could judge."

At this point he says:

"I saw a light (the *Oneida's*) half a point on the port bow—a bright light. Shortly afterwards I made out two lights—side lights—a green and a red light. * * * When I saw the light, my course was due north."

These statements cannot be reconciled. They require a screw steamer, with no sail set, running eight knots an hour, to be drifted nearly two miles in a run of three. Impossible!

A mail steamer, to which time is an important item, will take the shortest good route; and as the *Bombay* could pass Kanon-Saki with the greatest safety at a point half a mile from the beach, with twenty fathoms depth of water, she did undoubtedly do so.

Adding the testimony of the pilot, and plotting it on the chart, beside the captain's and others, it appears most lamentable that the *Bombay* did not continue the straight course she was steering when first sighted; then both vessels would have passed to starboard of each other, at the distance of nearly half a mile.

In order to have the collision occur where it did, the *Bombay* must have gone far out of her way to crowd the *Oneida* upon a dangerous shoal—with what object? *To get on the right-hand side of the channel!* as the testimony shows in these words:

"In coming up a narrow channel, it is usual to keep on the starboard side of such channel."

Yes, there seems to be some local English custom, that in navigating narrow inland waters vessels must keep to the right; and in order to conform to this regulation an international rule of the road was violated in a broad bay, miles in width.

The pilot says he thought the *Oneida* "was a Japanese by the way she acted." Every one who cruised in Eastern waters in those days is well aware of the lamentable want of consideration of all foreigners for native craft; and this fact may be of use in explaining why the *Bombay's* helm was persistently kept a-port, even when only the *Oneida's* green and mast-head lights were seen over a mile off, as the pilot testifies.

In view of all that precedes, this seems the most fitting place to introduce an extract from a letter of the Secretary of the (U. S.) Navy to the Speaker of the House of Representatives. He says:

"From an examination of the evidence in the possession of the Department, the testimony taken before a Court of Inquiry composed of British offi-

cers, the evidence of Master (now Lieutenant) Yates, the officer of the deck on board the *Oneida* at the time of the collision, the accompanying charts, and the analysis of Lieutenant Lyons, it is the opinion of the Department that the *Oneida* was, when she was struck, steering her proper course out to sea from the Bay of Vedo, bound to the United States; that the ship was well commanded and her discipline good, and that all the necessary precautions were taken by her commander to insure the safe navigation of the vessel and to prevent collision; and the rules of the road conformed to, agreeably to the regulations of the United States Navy; and that no blame is to be attached to the officers or crew of the *Oneida* for the collision."

The curious may wonder what was the result of the Court of Inquiry at Yokohama. After giving a summary of all the points, it exonerates Captain Eyre from any blame whatever for the collision, and then closes its decision with these words:

"We recognize the fact that he [Captain Eyre] was placed in a position of great difficulty and doubt; and in circumstances under which he was called upon to decide promptly. But we regret to have to record it as our opinion that he acted hastily and ill-advisedly, in that, instead of waiting and endeavoring to render assistance to the *Oneida*, he, without having reason to believe that his own vessel was in a perilous position, proceeded on his voyage. This conduct constitutes, in our opinion, a breach of the 33d section of the 63d chapter of the Merchant Shipping Act, amendment act of 1862, and we therefore feel called upon to suspend Mr. Eyre's certificate for six calendar months from this date."

One hundred and fifteen lives lost—six months' suspension!

In all trials in which interested witnesses are allowed to testify, there is much vagueness of recollection about anything calculated to injure themselves. Mr. Eyre was explicitly warned, before any evidence was taken and by the President of the Court, that whatever he said might afterward be used against him, should any charges be brought on which he might be brought to trial. He was also informed that if this inquiry developed sufficient evidence, he would be arrested by the United States Minister on the charge of murder. Captain Eyre, therefore, and all his subordinates, were extremely careful not to criminate themselves.

My object in writing this article is, not to exhibit the unamiable points of any individual's character, but to clear the officers of the *Oneida* of any stigma that may attach to them for the collision.

In conclusion, I must say that although Captain Eyre left a temporary stain on the name of a British sailor, still it should never be forgotten that it was British sailors who nobly came forward in our moment of extreme necessity and rendered efficient aid—

British sailors who helped us search for the *Oneida's* drowned—British sailors who enabled us to pay befitting obsequies to her recovered dead—and British Royal Marines who fired the requiem volleys o'er the captain of the *Oneida's* grave.

LIST OF OFFICERS LOST WITH THE ONEIDA.

Captain E. P. Williams, commanding; Lieutenant-commander William F. Stewart, executive officer; Lieutenant-commander Alonzo W. Muldaur, navigator; Watch Officers, Masters Walter Sargent and John R. Phelan, Ensigns James W. Cowie, Charles E. Brown, William E. Uhler, George

K. Bower, Charles A. Copp, James C. Hall and George R. Adams; Paymaster Thomas L. Tullock, jr.; Assistant-surgeon Edward Frothingham; First-assistant engineers N. B. Littig and Haviland Barstow; Second-assistant engineers Charles W. C. Senter and John Fomance; Carpenter J. D. Pinner and Paymaster's Clerk W. C. Thomas—in all twenty.

LIST OF OFFICERS SAVED FROM THE ONEIDA.

Master Isaac I. Yates, watch officer; Surgeon James Suddards; Acting Boatswain Nicholas Anderson; and Captain's Clerk William W. Crowninshield—in all four.

Ninety-five men lost—fifty-seven saved.

HICKETTS HOLLOW.

"WHO-A-O-A-A-HUP!"

The stage stopped with a jerk; the cloud of dust which we had been outrunning all the way down the mountain suddenly swooped in at the windows, making itself evident to every sense, and, now that our motion had ceased, the air grew at once many degrees hotter. The incessant rattle and jolt of the past four hours was displaced by an oppressive, sultry quiet, which rendered every movement of the horses in the harness distinctly audible. The driver swung himself leisurely down from his seat, choked his wheel with a stone, and, after extricating my baggage from the boot, assisted me to alight, remarking, as he did so, that "this hyar" was "t' Fork."

Apparently I had missed connection. My friends were to have met me here but no carriage was in sight save the triumphant "Mountain Rover," as it bumped its way on toward its destination. I was all right as to locality; there was the white house on the slope, and the broken sign-post which had been described to me, but for other indications of human life only a dissolving view of the rusty coach, becoming more and more vague in its own dust.

At this moment, while I sat deliberating, a tall woman emerged from the woods which skirted the turnpike, and walked off up the road. She had a basket filled with blackberries on her head, while an empty tin pail, stained with the same fruit, hung on her arm. She moved too fast for me to obtain a sight of her face, except a profile glimpse which I caught as she passed. This gave me the impression of strongly marked features and a peculiar complexion.

There was a self-reliant poise expressed in the erect, angular figure which made me watch her with considerable interest. Strange to say, she did not stop and stare. She gave one quick, sidelong glance in my direction without turning her head; then tramped on with the air of having a long walk before her and was soon out of sight.

Seeing no other alternative, I trudged up the slope to the white house, and asked the man, who sat in the door-way, if I might not come in and wait until Mr. Williams should send for me. He assented at once, said the stage was "earlier'n gin'ral," and escorted me into a sort of best bedroom, where I waited what seemed to me an interminable time. Just as my head was aching its worst, from the combined causes of fatigue and hunger, the man, who divided his attention between me and the road, announced quietly:

"Yere's yer wagin an' t' tumbley cart fur yer trunks."

Headache better in a moment! I ran to the door and cordially greeted my rough charioteer—a farm hand, minus coat and vest—who helped me to my seat beside him, while my baggage was being lifted from the road-side into the tumbley cart by a sullen-looking black boy. A brisk trot down the rocky road, in the comfortable little jagger, a slow walk across the prettiest little river ever forded, a further progress of two miles with those great solemn mountains all around, like giant sentinels guarding the lovely valley. Finally, we drew up before a substantial brick dwelling—my destination. Mrs. Williams ran out to meet me, accompanied by her daughter, a pretty girl of fifteen, and her sister, Belle Holmes. The

sight of Belle was a surprise to me. I had thought her far away at her home in Pennsylvania, but her unexpected appearance was a great treat. Surely a more cheerful, pleasantly helpful woman than she, never existed.

The unaffected kindness felt and expressed, the genuine hospitality manifested by my hostess, did more to render me comfortable and happy than even fresh water, clean clothes and a good supper.

The sun was high in the heavens when I awoke next morning. Afraid of being late, I sprang up and dressed quickly—then, reassured by hearing no bell, I drew aside my curtain and looked out. It was too late to see the mist wreaths melt away. The sun had already cleared all impediments from his path, and now shone on in undimmed glory—there was not even one white speck in the perfectly blue sky. Here and there, down the blue-green mountain-side, one could detect little patches of cultivated ground, while clustered in a clump about the base of the nearest mountain was what appeared to be a tiny village, the only indication of human habitation in this wild mountain-region.

In our after-breakfast chat in the shady front-porch, I casually mentioned the singular figure I had seen while waiting at the Fork.

"That must have been Ibbie Hickett," said Belle. "She is a character, and you must see her when she comes to sell her berries."

I soon grew profoundly interested in Belle's account of the Hicketts and of Hicketts Hollow—which I found was the name of the small settlement I had noticed from my window. They were all of one family, though it would be difficult to define their relationship to one another, as the marriage relation was almost unknown among them,—very ignorant and poor. When I asked if something could not be done to improve them, Belle said she had often tried to get the children to come to her, Sunday afternoons, but so far her efforts had been entirely unsuccessful; they would not come and she could not go to them. She had thought of doing so, but when she mentioned her plan her brother-in-law positively forbade it, and said no lady should ever go alone to Hicketts Hollow. The men drank whenever they could get the liquor, they were rude and impertinent, and the idea was altogether impracticable.

"There was a cabin some distance off—further up the mountain. Is that one of them?" I asked.

She looked in the direction I indicated.

"Yes, that is Simps Hickett's house. Mr. Williams calls him the 'head devil of the lot.' He is a handsome savage, and possesses rather more intelligence than most of his kinsfolk—but his temper is terrible. He lives there with his wife, Ibbie, and three children. The mountain women say he treats her cruelly, yet, in spite of this, she is devoted to him and fears him to an extent which is almost amusing, when you see what a powerful creature she is."

A few mornings later, as I sat alone in my room, Belle knocked at the door.

"Come down in Emma's room," she said. "Ibbie Hickett is there; she has sold her berries, and I am afraid she may go without your seeing her."

Down I went at once. I found, sitting in an easy chair in Mrs. Williams's bedroom, an odd-looking figure enough. It was a woman, tall, raw-boned and muscular, with long strong arms and powerful, sinewy hands. Her perfectly straight black hair hung down, lank and greasy, around her gaunt face. She was barefooted, and her short stuff petticoat reached very little below the knee. Something there was about her which recalled the degraded type of the North American Indian; the complexion was thick and muddy, with dashes of ugly red about the high, prominent cheek-bones. Singularly at variance with the black hair and tawny skin were the eyes; these were of a light-gray color, bright, restless and almost fierce. A wide mouth, containing a set of even white teeth, completed this description, and Ibbie Hickett sits before you. Something strangely familiar about the woman, apart from her grotesque appearance, made me look at her rather fixedly. She was perfectly free from embarrassment. As I entered, she bent forward and coolly returned my gaze with a self-possession which a London belle might have envied.

"Ibbie," said Mrs. Williams, "here is a lady from away down the railroad. You must look at her well, and tell me which you think is the prettier, she or Belle."

Ibbie could scarcely have looked at me much harder than she was already doing; but, as Mrs. Williams spoke, she darted her glittering light eyes around on Belle for an instant, then they were brought to bear on me again. I thought I detected a flash of recognition in them as they seemed to take in, with one comprehensive glance, my face, figure and costume. Her opinion was given in a sort of guttural sing-song. She began

low down the scale, gave full value to the first note, gradually quickened the time as she increased in pitch, until she reached the word "fattest," when she suddenly dropped her voice to its first tone and completed the sentence:

"Wy, t' biggest one; t' fattest one's t' puttiest."

I suppose I must have looked a little disconcerted. It is not pleasant to listen to a candid disapproval of one's personal appearance, even when that disapproval is expressed by a wild creature like Ibbie Hickett. Belle read my countenance, and hastened to interpose in my behalf.

"Why, Ibbie, I thought you would like her fair skin. I've heard you say you liked white skins many a time, and I'm so dark."

Ibbie took a cool, leisurely survey of my slender proportions, and presently chanted out as before:

"Ye-a-as, she's whi-ite 'nuff, an' she's ri-ight good-lookin' gal—too; but she's too poor fur me; w'en I see her standin' in t' pi-ike I knowed s' haint got t' nuff meat hon her."

This, then, was the woman whom I had seen on the road. I wondered that I had not recognized her sooner, her individuality being so marked.

Belle, perceiving the impossibility of extorting a compliment for me from Ibbie, tried a change of subject.

"Ibbie, I hear you have a new baby; is it pretty?"

"Ye-a-as, hit's putty, Baal,"—Ibbie never said Miss,—"*hit's* reel putty; hit favors Simps; he's 'bout t' puttiest man I ever see."

"Is he fond of it?"

The woman's face changed in a moment. She rose abruptly, and gathered her baskets from the floor.

"Someti-imes h' li-ikes hit, someti-imes h' don't," she replied, curtly. "Nobody can't make him li-ike nut'in' 'dout h' wants ter; h' kin whup any man in t' holler; *he* haint 'feard er nobody," she added, with an odd kind of pride.

"Does he ever whip *you*, Ibbie?" inquired one of the children, who was standing near.

"I haint a-gwine to tell *none* on yer nut'in' 't all 'bout Simps," said Ibbie, with rough decision. She continued, her face wearing an uneasy expression:

"Ef *he* knowed hit, ef Simps knowed hit, he'd jess lief pick hup some 'um nuther an' knock me in t' head 's not."

"But he wouldn't know it," said Belle.

"Who on earth would be mean enough to tell him such things?"

"Oh, plenty powerful mean critters 'bout yere," replied Ibbie, sententiously. "'Sides, h' knows everythin', 'pears li-ike. Gimme my money, Mis' Williams; I mus' g' home ter t' chillun."

She took the coin without a word of thanks, and stalked out of the room. Just as she reached the hall door, Bessie Williams commenced playing a popular melody very badly; the parlor was opposite, the door open, and the sound to us was disagreeably audible. Ibbie did not think so, however. She pricked up her ears, showed her white teeth in a grin, nodded her head in time to the tune, and finally threw back to us, over her shoulder, by way of a parting salutation:

"That there thin' makes er mi-ighty putty noise."

A moment more and we saw her tall figure striding up the road, with the heavy baskets poised on her head.

"Well, what do you think of her?" said Belle.

"Oh, I hardly know; it seems to me she is a woman of tremendous force. Did you notice how reserved she was about her husband?"

"Yes, indeed."

"I believe he does beat her; Mr. Williams," said I, as the Squire entered the hall, "you are a magistrate. Could not a stop be put to such cruelty?"

"What cruelty?" inquired the big, good-humored man. "Oh, I suppose Belle has been enlisting your sympathies in behalf of Ibbie Hickett—it's a sort of hobby with Belle. Now, you know, Mrs. King, I think our friend Ibbie needs no champion. I met her just now on the road, and it struck me she looked quite as capable of self-defense as any man I know, besides, she dotes on Simps. I don't believe she would ever forgive me if I was to interfere between him and her. So I let them alone, and am very popular with both. Emma," turning to his wife, "can't you stop that thrumming in the parlor? Come, Mrs. King, let's let our neighbors' domestic affairs alone, and have some good music."

One Sunday morning, early in September, as I went down to a late breakfast, I found Mrs. Williams and Belle in the hall, busily engaged in packing two large hampers with eatables of various kinds. The children were running excitedly around, getting in the way, and everything betokened some exodus of an unusual kind.

"We are going to a big meeting at the 'Hawk's Bill,'" said my hostess, before I had time to ask questions. "We only heard of it this morning. Make haste and eat your breakfast,—you must not fail to go; it will be an entirely new experience to you."

"Will it be right to go on Sunday?" said I, remembering a graphic account I had received of these meetings.

"Well, I'm afraid you will not be spiritually much benefited," replied Belle. "I would rather go on a week-day myself; but the difficulty lies just here—the meeting only lasts one day."

"You haven't much time to lose," put in the Squire; "the Hawk's Bill is a good long way off, and Emma is always late."

I stifled the rising voice of conscience, soon finished my breakfast, changed my dress, and was ready for the expedition. Our party was a pretty large one. Mr. Williams, the children, the nurse and the baskets were packed in the bottom of the rickety spring-wagon, as tightly as sardines in a box. Mrs. Williams, who rivaled Jehu in her style of driving, and who prided herself upon her proficiency in that exercise, assumed the reins quite as a matter of course. Belle and I, less ambitious, and certainly less capable, made ourselves content with the back seats of the "jagger," while Joe, the ploughman, undertook the management of our horses.

It was after eleven o'clock before we reached the meeting-house, and the sermon had already begun. The various carts, wagons and buggies, with the crowd which surged and swayed before us, rendered it a matter of impossibility to come within thirty yards of the building. So we remained seated in our respective vehicles, on the extreme outskirts of the congregation. The preacher, for the greater convenience of most of his hearers, was stationed in the open air, a few paces from the door. As well as I could judge from the discourse, of which I caught only stray fragments, the speaker taught *fatalism* of the most radical kind.

"Why do you send for a doctor when your children are sick?" he vociferated hoarsely, gyrating his arms about in erratic and redundant gesture. "It's because you haint got faith. I tell you the thing's displeasin' to Almighty God. Do you doubt His power to save you? Then why employ human means? If your child dies, what then? It dies because its time is come; if the Lord wills to take it, all the doctors in the world wont save it. An'

ag'in, all this yere nonsense 'bout Sunday-schools; 'tain't right; if the children are goin' to be saved, they will be, that's all; if not, you might send them to Sunday-school for fifty years, an' 'twouldn't do no good. Ag'in, there's a good many people says you mus' go to school, an' go to college, 'fore you're fitten to preach. I never learned at college, an' yere I've ben a-preachin' to big crowds for twenty years. Yes, brethren, I thank the Lord I never rubbed my head ag'in' a college wall."

Just then Belle touched my arm.

"Ibbie Hickett is behind us," she said, in a low tone. "I wonder what she came for; I never knew her to attend a religious meeting before."

I turned around, and looked out from the tiny window in the back of the carriage. The woman was standing in the shade of a large tree, with two forlorn children near her. Certainly it was not a holiday-seeking spirit which had brought her to the "Hawk's Bill." She was attired in her usual short homespun gown, and she carried a calico sun-bonnet in her hand.

Her manner was entirely free from self-consciousness, except, perhaps, that she seemed to shun observation with a sort of instinct which made no demand on her attention. The contrast which her haggard face and soiled garments made with the gaudy finery of the other women present was very marked. Her restless gray eyes did not glance around with their accustomed alertness; instead, she kept them intently fixed on a distant part of the grounds. Looking in that direction, I had just espied a tall man and a gayly dressed woman talking together, when Belle exclaimed:

"She is watching Simps and that Cox girl; there they are," and she designated the couple I had noticed. "I heard that he visited at Cox's a great deal. Now I know what brought Ibbie here to-day; she's as jealous as Othello."

"Aunt Belle," called out one of the children, "mamma says come and help her with dimer."

The morning sermon was by this time concluded, and the congregation had begun to bestir themselves. Most of them were making for their respective baskets.

Belle descended from the carriage and walked off with her little nephew, and I was left alone—Joe having long since betaken himself to more congenial society than ours. I was unable to resist a strange impulse which kept my eyes fixed in the direction

of Ibbie Hickett. I felt for her an almost unaccountable sympathy, and this in spite of her repulsive appearance.

The poor thing's jealous misery, so plainly expressed in her countenance, seemed to confer upon her a kind of dignity. She never once withdrew her steady gaze from the man and woman who were walking together, but presently I saw her eyes take a shorter range. At the same time she quickly and carefully withdrew herself and children behind a large farm-wagon which stood between her and the crowd, and which served to screen the trio entirely from my view. Simps must be somewhere near. I scanned the crowd for him and Jinny Cox, with the scarlet dress of the latter for a guide. Ah! there they were, scarcely ten yards from me now. They formed two of a lot of people grouped around a water-melon stand. The vender of the melons was driving a brisk trade. The preacher himself, determined to be consistent with his teaching, was slowly working his way through the crowd toward the pine boards piled up with dark-green "Mountain Sweets."

Simps Hickett stood on the side next our carriage, waiting for his turn, and I had abundant opportunity to satisfy my curiosity regarding him and his companion. She was a blowsy, vain-looking girl of about twenty, with a round, simpering face, rosy cheeks and dark eyes—rather pretty in spite of the five distinct shades of red she had contrived to combine in her costume. The man's magnificent physique almost startled me. Tall and well formed, broad in the shoulders, deep in the chest, he held his handsome head like a stag. The features were clearly cut and almost perfectly regular; the long, sensuous eyes were a deep, perfect blue, well shaded by profuse black lashes. He would have been beautiful, but the lower jaw was too heavy and sullen, the mouth too dogged; and, as he turned to speak to the girl, one lost sight of the pure tint of his eyes after their expression became visible.

"Jinny," said he, in a mellow baritone, which accorded well with his face and figure, "arter w' gits t' watey-melin, le's take hit in t' woods. We kin eat hit thar, an' I kin talk t' yer better—I ca-ant s' nutin' to yer fur t' fellers a-runnin' arter yer."

Jinny seemed to object; possibly, being a belle, she did not care to waste her engaging manners and brilliant costume on Simps Hickett alone.

"Oh, no, Simps," she said, giggling; "I don't keer fur t' melin hin t' woods—t'

preachin' 'll 'gin 'fore long. Yere's er good place, nigh dis wagin. Come 'long; nobody ca-ant yere yer thar."

After a little demur she seemed to carry her point. Simps shouldered the melon, and they sat just back of our carriage, with only a farm wagon between them and Ibbie. Belle's voice, speaking close to me, made me start.

"What's the matter?" she exclaimed. "Your face is as white as your dress; I am afraid this long jaunt has been too much for you."

I nodded toward the man and woman, now busily engaged with their collation.

"Ibbie is hiding behind that wagon. Oh, Belle, something will surely happen."

Scarcely was this sentence uttered when the little ragged girl, who had evidently escaped from her mother, crept from her hiding-place and accosted the man.

"Gimme er piece, daddy," she said, extending her little dirty hand; "I'm so hongry."

Simps had been too much occupied with the feast and Jinny to notice the child's approach until she spoke; his first expression was that of astonishment; but almost immediately his face darkened.

"Who brung yer yere, Nance?" he asked.

"Mammy brung me; sh' brung Pete, too; we's ben yere putty nigh all t' mornin'."

"What's yer mammy now?" said Simps, rising.

"She's roun' thar, 'hin' t' wagin. She let me an' Pete play all 'roun' yere tell w' seed yer an' Jinny a-comin'; den mammy hid us 'hin' t' wagin, she did."

"She's hid 'hin' t' wagin, are she? Well, yer g' back t' her, an' take that wid yer."

Here he struck the child with his heavy hand, as he added, with a short laugh, "Yer kin tell her I gin hit t' yer."

Nancy shrieked with pain and terror. At that instant, as if summoned by an irresistible voice, the mother sprang into view and caught the sobbing child in her arms. Then she turned fiercely, like a she-wolf at bay, her blazing light eyes glaring on silly, frightened Jinny Cox.

"Twuz you got her that thar lick; he wouldn't er teched her ef hit warn't for you. I tell yer, Jinny Cox, yer'd better cl'ar 'way f'om yere putty quick, if yer want to save yer mushy face."

Ibbie still preserved her peculiar guttural chant, even in the midst of her rage. I remember I thought at the time it increased her resemblance to an angry beast. Jinny Cox began to whimper.

"La, Ibbie, I never teched Nance. I wouldn't hurt her no way. She's welcome t' a piece er melin. Yere, Nance, take er piece, an' go give mammy some."

Ibbie dashed away the peace-offering, and strode up to her rival.

"Ef she teches hit, I'll whup her worsen' he done. Go 'way whar yer come f'om, an' leave my man 'lone."

Jinny shrank in her terror closer to Simps, and this goaded Ibbie to frenzy.

"If yer don't want ter git hurt, yer'd better step dis minnit."

She added, with a still, deliberate utterance, which I had to strain my ears to catch:

"I swar, ef I ever gits hole yer, yer wont nuver — Yer'd better take keer, Jinny Cox."

Jinny was beginning to move off in a bewildered fashion, when Simps, who had been watching the frantic woman with a set, dark attention, now interposed.

"Yer kin jis' stay whar yer is, Jinny," said he, touching the girl's shoulder. "Leave her t' me. I kin fix her; set down an' wait er minnit. I'll soon git done."

Approaching Ibbie, with his half-closed eyes fastened on her, I thought, in spite of his handsome face, he was neither pleasant to see nor safe to encounter. When he spoke it was in his deepest voice, and with a sense of mastery which had its effect at once.

"Haint yer knowed no better'n t' come yere peekin' arter me? Is I got ter learn yer 'gin?"

Ibbie, after the first glance at him, looked down at the child in her arms, and began nervously to pick at its frock.

"I s'pose yer feels mighty smart braggin' 'bout tearin' people's faces," he continued, "but I tell yer, an' yer know I haint mucher han' fur foolin', ef I ever yere yer talkin' that way 'gin, w'y I'll sarve yer like I done t' big rattlesnake tried to bite me las' week; he'll never p'isen nobody no more; yer seen me hit him," and his grim smile pointed his last remark significantly. "Take dem chillun an' g' home faster'n what you come—d'yer yere?"

The woman was no match for Simps Hickett; she knew it, and attempted no reply to his threat. One felt, while listening to him, that there was a strong reserve of moral force which he kept in check; he might employ it at any time, but the present occasion did not demand its use.

As he spoke, Ibbie's flushed face gradually settled into the scared, ashen look we had

noticed once before. Even then her jealous fondness for this man, stronger than fear, asserted itself in a last effort to recall him.

"I never meant to make yer mad, Simps," she faltered. "Come, g'home wid me an' t' chillun. Yer cloze his all mended good an' t', dinner's on a-cookin'."

He made no reply—he was letting her exhaust herself.

Poor Ibbie blundered on, with a ghastly attempt at ease:

"W'y, I brung t' chillun yere so I could fin' yer, an' tell yer about hit. Come, Simps, haint yer a-gwine?"

"D'yer think yer kin fool me 'bout dinner an' cloze, an' sech? I haint no fool. Yer come yere to peek arter me," replied he. "I knows yer ways, an' 'member, ef I ever ketches yer peekin' arter me 'gin—w'y, jis' take keer, that's all. Jinny 'n' me 's keepin' comp'ny ter-day. I reckon I'll hev to go whar she sez. She's er powerful good-lookin' gal, yer see, Ibbie," with a cold smile, "an' hit kinder res's er man ter look at her arter he's ben had so much er sich ugly wimmin."

He turned from Ibbie, and walked toward the Cox girl, saying:

"Come 'long, Jinny. Sh' wont pester you no more."

Jinny, now all possible harm to herself had been averted, had recovered her habitual self-complacency; she stood waiting for Simps, bridling rather triumphantly. Ibbie did not face either of them after that last taunt; for the first time her grotesque figure seemed to trouble her. She gave one of her quick looks at her muddy frock and soiled ankles, then she wheeled suddenly around, put on her slat sun-bonnet, called "Pete," and was ready for her ten miles' tramp. She had to pass our carriage in order to gain the road. Her bonnet did not hide her face. We could see that the bright, fierce eyes were dimmed with tears, and the hard mouth was working.

She still carried the little girl in her arms, the boy trotted by her side, holding on to her frock. The children did not appear to think anything unusual had happened, except the fact of their mother's tears. "Nance" was begging her not to cry, and "Pete" was asking if her foot hurt much. The whole party had a travel-worn and weary appearance, and Belle's kind heart could stand it no longer.

"Come here, Ibbie," she called; "sit down, while I run and get you some dinner."

She walked quickly away to give Ibbie time to recover herself, and I turned my head toward the crowd for the same reason.

She was the first to speak.

"I never seed y' all 'fore. Is yer ben yere all t' time?"

The unsubdued emotion in her voice told me I must not look at her yet.

"For some time," I said, as lightly as I could. "What do you think of the new preacher, Ibbie?"

"I didn't git t' yere him," she replied. "I wur too fur off." Then, after a pause,—

"Did you see me jis' now?"

I looked toward Belle, who was returning, as I answered:

"I saw you talking with a man. Is he your husband?"

"Yes, that's Simps, an' that there gal wur his cousin, Jinny Cox; he haint seen her fur er good piece; she's ben stayin' way 'roun' t' udder side t' mount'n wid her aunt. She's his cousin, yer see, an' he's gwine ter take her home. Nance, yer must 'a' switched yer coat in my eye,—'pears li-like hit keeps hon a-waterin'."

Belle's hands were full of eatables, and the children were soon eating with an eagerness which told of long fasting. Ibbie refused to take anything; she took one mouthful when we insisted, but she shook her head as we again proffered the food.

"I ca-an't eat," she said; "'pears li-like t' vittles'd choke me; but thanky, Baal, fur t' chillun. Come, chillun, yer got 'nuff now; 's long way home."

We watched her until her tall figure was no longer visible. Then I looked at my companion. She dr̄w a long breath, and we descended from the carriage, and walked on toward the meeting-house.

"Some people is sech fools!" observed "Marthy Ann," the house-girl, as she vigorously dusted the mantel-piece. It was about four or five days after the meeting at the "Hawk's Bill."

I gave a murmur of assent to this most truthful statement, and returned to my book. But this did not satisfy "Marthy." She evidently had some communication to make. She invited inquiry, lingering in my vicinity dusting and re-dusting the furniture, glancing in my direction every now and then; but I asked no questions, and she presently broke out again with: "Thar'll be er broken head 'bout yere 'fore long, I'm thinkin', ef some people don't look out an' learn some sense," wagging her own head mysteriously.

"Hit do 'pear like Ibbie Hickett haint got t' sense sh' wuz born with."

"What about Ibbie Hickett?" I asked, roused into sudden interest.

"W'y, she's follerin' Simps 'roun' ag'in. An' ef he ketches her at it—well, I wouldn't like ter stan' in her shoes, that's all!"

"How do you know she is following him?"

"I seen her at it, Mis' King—that's w'y. Yeste'day ev'n' I come 'long home f'om mammy's, over thar t' udder side t' Holler, an' I come acrost Simps Hickett an' Jinny Cox, plump. Sh' wuz goin' over ter t' Holler. An' I stopped an' talked ter Jinny er piece, an' bimeby I started 'long home. An' I hadn't went no way 'fore I come acrost Ibbie, cree-pin' 'long easy, like, up 'g'in t' bushes. I speak'n ter her, but sh' wouldn't stop. Sh' said sh' wur in er hurry. An' Jim Bryles, he come acrost her ter-day. He tell'n' Mis' Pettit, an' Mis' Pettit tell'n' me. Well, all I got ter say, I hope Simps wont see her; he wont take no foolin' off nobody—much less off Ibbie."

Only two days after this the September rains set in, and, as a matter of course, the little Shenandoah became swollen and turbulent, detaining me in the neighborhood beyond my time. There was no flood, but the ford could not be used, and I was told to make myself content, as I could not get home for a week or more.

One evening, as we were sitting in the parlor at work, Mr. Williams came in and stood quietly beside the table. I looked up, and met such a grave look that I immediately asked if anything had gone wrong on the farm.

"Not on the farm," he said. "At least, not on this farm; but that old bridge at Kite's is gone at last, and carried a poor woman with it into the brook. She was alive when I come from Kite's; but the doctor says she wont get well."

"Why, the water's not deep enough to drown any one there," said Belle.

"No; but she has received severe internal injuries, and she can't live long, no how. She's been asking for you, Belle, and I want you to get ready. I'll take you 'round to Kite's right away."

"Who is it?" we all cried.

"It's that poor thing, Ibbie Hickett. She was picked up by one of Kite's men, and taken there. I don't understand," pursued the Squire, with a perplexed countenance, "how that bridge come to go. 'Twas a

crazy old thing, to be sure; but nothing short of a yoke of oxen and cart could make it give way. One woman of Ibbie Hickett's weight ought to cross safe enough. I thought may be Simps's devilment was at the bottom of it; but she says she was entirely alone. Well, poor thing, she's done for now. You'd better go with Belle, Emma," said he, addressing his wife.

Mrs. Williams hesitated. One of the children was not well, and she had been a little anxious all day.

"I'll go," said I; "I've nothing to keep me," and about fifteen minutes later found us on the road.

Kite's farm-house was only about two miles distant, and we soon reached the cabin where Ibbie Hickett lay. There was a dim light burning inside, and two or three women were seated around the room as we entered. Belle walked right up to the bed, and spoke.

"Is that you, Baal?" said the sick woman, feebly.

"Yes, Ibbie. How do you feel?"

"I'm mos' pas' feelin' bad," she said, brokenly. "I'm a-goin', Baal, I'm a-goin', shore. An' I aint sorry ter go," she added, after a short pause. "Not much. 'Taint so good a-livin' ter make er body hate ter die, ef 'twa'n't fur them poor chillun an' t' baby. I spec he's hongry now," she said, making an effort to rise.

"He's yere, Ibbie," said one of the women. "Jim Kite went over ter the Holler and brunged him."

"Bring him in, Patty," said Belle. "Ibbie wants him—don't you, Ibbie?"

I repeated this request.

"Who's that?" said Ibbie, suddenly, as she looked in my direction. I came forward.

"It's I, Ibbie. Don't you remember me?"

She looked at me fixedly, and then said, wearily:

"Oh, yes. I 'member now—you wuz at t' 'Hawk's Bill' that day. She's er good gaal, too, Baal. W'en she sees er body's in trouble, she don't make um feel wussern t' do, talkin' 'bout hit."

The woman here entered with the baby. Ibbie stretched out her brawny arms for him, and they placed him beside her.

"Mammy's baby," she murmured, brokenly, as she stroked the little plump cheek with her hard hand. "Don't he favor Simps, now?" she continued, turning to us with a feeble attempt at a smile.

"Where is Simps?" asked Belle.

"I dunno—I dunno," said the sick woman, with a kind of wail. "I telled t' men ter tell him t' come; but I'm 'feered he haint at t' Holler. He's 'feered I'll tell," she muttered, tossing her head uneasily from side to side. "He needn't be 'feered. I wouldn't tell, not ef they killed me dead — What did I say?" she said, suddenly, in a different tone. "Y' all mustn't mind me. Words comes outen my mouth sometimes, an' 'pears li-ike I don't have nuthin' ter do wid 'em."

"Here's Simps now," said Belle, as a tall figure darkened the door-way.

"Oh, sen' him yere," said his wife, eagerly.

"Come yere, Simps; I got sumun' ter tell yer. Go 'way, y' all; you too, Baal; all on yer—I don't want nobody 't all."

We stepped into the next room, and sat there in perfect silence. We could hear a faint hum of voices from the room where the dying woman lay. About ten minutes passed, when Simps came and called us to come in. Ibbie was looking brighter, and one of the women evidently thought her well enough to answer a few questions.

"I ca-an't make out how t' ole bridge come t' fall, Ibbie," she said. "Me an' Patty's ben er studyin' 'bout hit putty nigh all t' eve'n, an' we ca-an't make out how yer done it, 'dout yer had 'er fight, or sumun', an' yer say t' wa'n't nobody thar to fight wid."

Simps stood by the fire, looking down at the coals; but I, who was standing next him, thought I detected a look of quick attention as Ibbie replied:

"T' bank give way thar; 't wuz muddy an' slip'ry, an' I fell down hard on t' ole bridge, an' fore I knowed hit I wuz in t' water."

"Wa'n't nobody nowheres nigh, ter yere yer holler?"

"Thar wa'n't nobody nigh me, I tell yer," said Ibbie, feverishly eager; "nobody 't all, tell Jim Kite come 'long—nobody 't all."

At this moment the doctor returned. I asked him if she were not talking too much. He merely shook his head; but I knew from his look that the end must be very near—nearer than we thought.

"Baal," said Ibbie, "yer'll take Nance an' learn her, yer say; Simps don't keer."

"Yes, Ibbie, I promise you."

"She's er gal, an' I want her t' learn sum-un'; t' yuthers is boys; they'll git 'long some way; 'pears li-ike 'taint so hard for boys t' git 'long."

There was a long silence, unbroken except by the crackle of the fire, and the faint sound of the coals, as they dropped now and then.

Presently Belle began to speak in a low tone to Ibbie. I could now and then catch a word. She was trying to take the place of the priest at this bed of death.

The sick woman appeared to listen. All at once, she gave a kind of smothered groan.

"My bres'," she cried, piteously, "hit hurts so! Ca-an't some er you do sumum' for me?"

I ran for the bottle of liniment, but the doctor whispered, "It's no use."

Belle heard him, and fell on her knees beside the bed.

"Ibbie, Ibbie," she cried, "can't you *try* and love God? Can't you try and listen while I pray to Him for you? Oh, Ibbie, He *loves* you! He died on the cross for you—for *you*. He let them kill Him because He loved us so. Can't you understand that?"

"Died—'cause—He—loved—us—so," repeated Ibbie, as if groping for the meaning. Then her tone changed.

"Yes, I know what yer mean." A slight pause, then she added, in a hoarse whisper, "Taint—so—hard—ter—do—hit,—Baal,—ef—ef yer—ef yer think much—think 'nuff er anybody——"

When Belle rose, Ibbie was speechless, and the doctor motioned us to leave the room. Simps would have gone, too, but Ibbie stretched a feeble, detaining hand toward him, and we passed out and left him standing irresolutely in the middle of the room.

We entered the carriage, and drove home in perfect silence.

An hour later, the doctor stopped to tell us Ibbie Hickett was dead.

THE VALUE OF VIVISECTION.

"DOES vivisection pay?" is the question which was discussed, with much moderation and force, in the July number of SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE. Since in this country public opinion is at once jury and judge, it is natural that men like myself, who have practiced vivisection largely, and who believe in its great importance, should desire that the reasons for an affirmative answer to the question should be heard by those who have read the negative reply.

It should be clearly borne in mind that the existence of an abuse of a practice is no reason for the abolition of such practice, although it may be a good reason for its regulation by law. It is further plain that the law must reach the abuse to do good, and that consequently it is essential that the abuse should be proven to exist where the law is demanded. Cruelties practiced in France are not to be remedied at Albany nor Harrisburg.

So far as concerns the medical schools of Philadelphia, vivisection without anaesthetics is not practiced to any extent, if at all, for class demonstration, and, in my own opinion, demonstrative vivisection is not justifiable, unless with the use of anaesthetics. It will be seen, therefore, that there is no discord between the first three conclusions reached in the previous paper and my own views.

It is the last proposition of the paper

under consideration to which most strenuous objection is here offered, because it is believed to contain an important misstatement as to facts, and because it would, if carried out, strike a staggering blow at that scientific study of medicine which is in America still in its infancy. The proposition alluded to is as follows:

"IV. In view of the slight gain to practical medicine resulting from innumerable past experiments of this kind, a painful experiment upon a living vertebrate" (is an invertebrate animal not endowed with nerves?) "animal should be permitted by law solely for the purposes of original investigation, and then only under the most rigid surveillance, and preceded by the strictest precautions."

No word is more winsome to the non-scientific American mind than is "practical," but no word is more easily abused. Every new truth which gives us greater grasp over the forces and materials of nature is a practical fact. Upon science the most abstruse rest the practical applications of an Edison; a Henry must needs precede a Morse. What is *impractical* medicine? Every fact which adds to our knowledge of the healthy structure or of the normal workings of the animal organism; every revelation as to the nature of disease poisons,—the avenues through which they enter the body, the methods in which they work out their deleterious results, the ways in which nature triumphs over these effects and gets

rid of them,—in other words, every fact which is an addition to our knowledge of the laws of health and disease is a practical fact; and when these facts have been added by the aid of vivisection, one to the other, until all is known concerning the healthy and diseased workings of the human system, one great branch of medical science will have been perfected. Knowing disease, we will be in a position to undertake its cure.

Anatomy or the structure of animals may be studied upon the dead. Physiology or the science of life and life actions must be studied upon the living. It would occupy many pages of this magazine to show in detail what vivisection has been to physiology. Such a demonstration would indeed be simply a co-writing of the history of vivisection and of physiology. Fortunately, it is not at present necessary; the SCRIBNER essayist himself says:

"It is undeniable that to the practice of vivisection we are indebted for *nearly all* our present knowledge of physiology. However questionable it may be whether from future experiments, and especially from that class of experiments in which the infliction of pain is a necessity, any additions to our present knowledge are likely to be acquired, it is certain that about *all we have* we owe to this source."

One thought is naturally suggested by this quotation. As there is no other known way of making physiological researches except by vivisection, as "about all we know" has been discovered through vivisection and as these discoveries continue to be made in an increasing rather than a decreasing ratio up to the present writing, it is not reasonable to suppose that no future additions will be made through vivisection to our present very imperfect knowledge of physiology.

Exactly what is meant by "practical medicine," I do not know; but all medical science rests upon or is bound up with the science of physiology, and, on the principle that the greater includes the less, the admission made in the paragraph last quoted disproves the statement that practical medicine has had but "slight gain" from experiments. This is true even if the term physiology be used in the narrower sense to which it has been incorrectly limited by some modern writers,—that is, the science which treats of *healthy* function. As well might it be said that Newton's law of gravitation was a slight gain to practical astronomy, or that light is a slight gain to the searcher, as that a knowledge of the blood supply of the liver, the way its nerves control the

action of its blood-vessels and of its secreting cells, the methods in which it acts upon the crudely prepared food brought to it, of the effects it has upon the blood, of the substances which it casts out, of the relation of its bile to the lower intestine, was a slight gain to the doctor who meets liver disease in the sick-room. Without modern physiology, modern medicine were not. The vivisectioner working in the laboratory lays the foundation on which the clinician working in the hospital builds.

Physiology, however, in its original sense, includes the science of diseased as well as of normal life actions. The study of physiology of disease, or "experimental pathology," has not progressed nearly as far as has that of normal physiology, partly because, until we understand the laws of health, we cannot investigate wisely those departures from these laws which we call disease, partly on account of the greater difficulties which beset the study of morbid physiology, and partly because only within a few years have the profession begun to recognize the importance of the subject. So far from this field offering little prospective hope of gain, in it lie really the hopes of medical science; we have scarcely commenced to dig for the precious ore.

The study of disease by the bedside has been prosecuted so earnestly, so ably, so long, that it has in great part reached the limit beyond which it of itself cannot pass. Take, as an instance, the subject of lung and heart disease; there has been a perfecting of details, but in no important point has our knowledge of these diseases progressed since I was a student of medicine, save only where they have been studied by means of experiments upon the lower animals. The fact that a piece of glass placed under the skin will produce consumption in the rabbit may not seem a very practical one, yet it, and the series of experimental facts to which it belongs, have completely upset the views universally held by the profession a few years since in regard to the most common and most fatal of maladies. Through years, popular belief held to the suspicion that consumption is contagious; the profession derided the idea. Now the experimentalist has proven that he can pass it from man to the lower animals, and from one lower animal to another. To complete the chain of evidence, we ought to pass it from the lower animal to man, but this is neither justifiable nor really necessary. There is enough to show that the popular suspicion was well

grounded. Is it a "slight gain" that we are able to warn the wife who is nursing a consumptive husband against sleeping in the same bed or room with him, or coming into unnecessary personal contact? Is it a "slight gain" for us to know that the attendants in a consumptive ward must not be too closely confined in the air, and especially must take precautions against any possible inhaling of the sputa of the sick?

In order to meet any cause of evil judiciously, it is essential that the nature of this cause be understood. Studies upon man himself never have, and probably never can, isolate and determine the nature of the poison which produces such diseases as diphtheria, small-pox, typhoid fever, etc., etc. Supposing we had five bottles of organic matter, and knew that in one of them was the veritable poison of diphtheria, pure and isolated, and that the other four contained only more or less poisonous animal products, thousands of lives, it might be, would be saved by knowing the nature of the diphtheria poison; but would public opinion justify the investigator in going into a foundling hospital, and there make trial until out of the heap of dead babies came forth the perfected knowledge? It is plain that, in order to recognize any principle, we must have some test for it, and the only original test for disease-poison is its power of producing the disease. Progress in this line is impossible except by experiments upon the lower animals. In the difficulty of passing contagious human diseases to the lower animals lies at present the great obstruction to our ascertaining the nature of disease-poison. But some diseases certainly do pass from man to animals, and from animals to man. Moreover, there are many contagious animal diseases, and here is opportunity of determining the nature of the contagious poisons. For the sake of animal life, for the preservation of our wealth of herds, the government should further not suppress experiment. Such a disease as hog-cholera should by government aid be studied until absolutely known.

Only one or two more instances of the practical application of experimental pathology can be mentioned for want of space. A reader of SCRIBNER'S said to me, "Of what use is it to know that a stick in a certain part of the rabbit's brain will cause diabetes?" Not long since, I saw a case of diabetes in consultation which had resisted all treatment. Certain symptoms made me believe that the trouble was due

to a specific tumor of the brain, pressing upon the diabetic spot. Sure enough; in three weeks, under appropriate treatment, the diabetes was cured. Brown-Sequard has discovered that, if you cut the sciatic nerve of the Guinea-pig, epilepsy is developed, but that, if a certain region of the skin of the face is cut out, the animal gets well. Some time since, a boy was struck on the head with a brick; epilepsy followed, and two years of complete wreck of health, threatening idiocy. A vivisector was at last called in consultation, and, bearing in mind Brown-Sequard's experiments, had the scar on the head cut out. Result—cure. A considerable gain, that, to one young life.

So far I have spoken of the aid rendered by vivisection to our knowledge of disease. Knowing disease and how to recognize it, the physician wants to know how to remedy it. Hence the great science or art of healing known as therapeutics. This is certainly practical, and it is just here that vivisection has been most active in the last fifteen years and accomplished most of good. It is plain that the chief obstacle to the successful study of therapeutics at the bedside lies in the difficulty in deciding whether the patient has got well in consequence of or in spite of the administration of the medicine. The shoe-maker of a village was sick of a fever; a customer called and said, "John sick of a fever! Give him cabbage and pork." So it was done, and in a day or two the cobbler's shop resounded as of yore with cheery song and its lapstone accompaniment, whilst in the note-book of the cobbler was written, "Fever cured by pork and cabbage." Weeks rolled on. The blacksmith's forge was one day silent. Note-book in hand, over ran the warm-hearted son of Crispin. "Fever?" "Yes." "Give him pork and cabbage." The next day, the crape swayed heavily upon the door-knob of the smithy. The shoe-maker stands before it nonplussed, but suddenly his face lightens up, and tugging out his note-book, he writes, "Fever: Pork and cabbage cures shoe-maker, but kills blacksmith"—and is satisfied.

In this over-true incident lies an epitome of the older methods of therapeutics. So many patients, so many recoveries after this, so many more after that—that is the remedy. The modern method of therapeutics tries to find out the natural history of the disease,—its course, progress, its dangers—how nature brings about the recovery when left to itself, and how the disease kills,—and thus learns what can be and what cannot be done,

and also what it is desirable to do. It then studies its drugs, and, knowing what it wants to do and what it has to work with, adapts its means to the end. As a simple and familiar example of this, take typhoid fever. The profession has learned that the typhoid fever process once fairly established cannot be aborted, but that it tends to stop in three weeks if the patient live; also that it kills sometimes by producing general exhaustion, sometimes by the fever burning up the strength, sometimes by diarrhea. We do not try to arrest the fever process, but by appropriate means to prevent exhaustion, to check or, better still, prevent the diarrhea; if the fever be excessive, to remove the heat by cool sponging or bathing; and thus, as it were, to bring the ship safely through the storm we cannot prevent.

It is evident that there is only one way in which we can learn the action of drugs upon human beings—namely, by experiments upon the lower animals, supplemented by studies upon man himself in health and disease. It has been denied that drugs act upon the lower animals as upon man. The discussion of this subject would be too technical for a magazine article like the present. Suffice it to state that this objection is at present almost never heard from medical men under fifty years of age, and that the two books on therapeutics which practically hold in this country the market are written avowedly upon the principle here upheld.

A single illustration will suffice to indicate the necessity of vivisection to the therapist. A drug reduces the rate of the heart's beat; this reduction may be produced by a stimulation of one set of nerves, or it may be caused by a paralysis of another set of nerves. In order to determine in which way the drug acts, the first set of nerves are removed under anæsthetics, and when the animal has recovered the medicine is administered; if, now, it lowers the pulse rate, it is evident that it paralyzes the second set of nerves. Lack of space forbids further illustration, but it is, I think, sufficiently evident even to the lay reader that, in order to determine how a drug acts, we must be able to vary at will the conditions of the experiment, removing this or that possible cause of the symptoms produced, until we find the real cause. We never can do this except upon the lower animal, unless, indeed, we are willing to lay aside our consciences and go to China.

I have seen it stated, with an air of triumph, that vivisection has never added a

single new remedy to our list of medicines. The mere assertion of such a fact as an argument shows the total absence of any comprehension of the province of vivisection. Vivisection does not originate—it tests and determines. I had sent to me, not long since, a lot of plants belonging to the genus *Astragalus*, said to be the poisonous "Loco-plant" or "Crazy-weed," which kills so many horses and cattle upon the western plains; a few experiments showed, however, that the plant in question was not a poison, and that further search must be made for the true crazy-weed. The natives of Africa have certain ordeal barks and beans; the vivisectioner, procuring these, determines whether they will be useful to the physician or are merely poisonous. Such is the province of vivisection—not to originate remedies, but to determine their value and the ways in which they act.

It is not possible here even to enumerate the various individual additions made by vivisection to our knowledge of action of drugs upon man; let me, however, point out a very old and a very recent subject as examples: When I was a student of medicine, digitalis had been studied at the bedside by the profession for over three hundred years, having been introduced into notice by Fuchs in 1542; and the books and memoirs which had been written about it would almost fill a small library. It had been for centuries known to have the power of reducing the pulse, and in 1860 we were most earnestly taught that it was a powerful cardiac depressant, to be avoided strenuously when the heart was weak. In the last fifteen years the vivisectioner has been at work, and now we know that digitalis is an invaluable heart tonic and stimulant,—a gain to practical medicine which has brought ease and prolonged existence to hundreds of sufferers, and, not rarely, even life to the dying. It is almost universally acknowledged by the medical profession that ether is a safe but inconvenient anæsthetic, and chloroform an unsafe but convenient one. There is, therefore, a constant search after a new agent. Not long since, the bromide of ethyl was brought forward as a substance uniting to the safety of ether the good qualities of chloroform. It rapidly rose in favor. The vivisectioner took hold of it, and announced that it was even more dangerous than chloroform, and would certainly kill in the same sudden, uncontrollable manner. Some clinicians believed this. Many were too much charmed to do so. Scarcely a week elapsed,

however, before a case was reported in which death was nearly produced in the way which had been foretold; a few weeks later, the prediction of the vivisector was fully verified upon the operating-table, and now the whole profession acquiesces in his verdict. Is it a "slight gain" to be able to determine, at the expense of the lives of a few dogs or cats, that a remedy is not safe, and not to be forced to experiment on human beings until, by repeated fatal results, the lesson has been learned?

Verbum sat sapienti. I think enough has been said to justify my opinion, that the continued progress of medical science is alone possible through vivisection, and that without it our medical knowledge, except in certain special directions, will become as crystalline as that of the Chinese.

In the United States, vivisection certainly does not pay—the vivisector. To him it is a costly business, in the actual outlay required, in the toil gone through, and in the indirect personal results to himself. A memoir upon certain actions of the nervous system, now being published for me by the Smithsonian Institute, has been prepared at a cost of over \$1000 (partly defrayed by the Institute) in money, and about 2500 hours of personal labor, besides a more than equal amount of work performed by mostly unpaid assistants (young physicians in training)—labor which in some of the experiments involved thirty-six to seventy-two consecutive hours of constant watchfulness. What is the reward of such work? The pleasure of doing, even at the expense of physical exhaustion; the consciousness of having accomplished some little thing which shall tend toward the relief of human suffering and human trouble; the esteem of fellow-laborers, and a not inconsiderable loss of character and good-will amongst an influential and estimable, though misled, portion of the laity. I have known ladies to canvass against a doctor because he was a vivisector, and have seen cultured women leave the room at a social gathering because they could not associate with a vivisector.

Perhaps I can best express the feelings of this class by quoting the words with which Professor Rutherford, of Edinburgh, closes a very laborious and valuable research:

"The discourtesy and misrepresentation that we have suffered at the hands of those who should have acted otherwise has not, however, induced us to prove false to the interests of suffering humanity. We are conscious of having faithfully done our utmost to advance the scientific treatment of disease, and

while steadily pursuing this object we have been most careful to avoid the infliction of all pain that was not absolutely necessary."

Are in this country laws to control vivisection necessary, or is it probable that they will do good? Possibly there might be a law regulating the use of vivisections as means of demonstration which would be satisfactory; but it does not seem as though this law was necessary. There is more pain inflicted upon the first day of October of each year by sportsmen in the United States than has been caused the brute creation by American vivisections since the world was. Did the reader ever see reed-bird shooting? The tiny mites are "bunched," as it is called,—that is, carefully and slowly driven together until the reeds are covered with them,—and then the torrent of shot rushes to kill many, and to maim it may be even more. In the thick reeds the most expert professional can only find a portion of the wounded, so that, as any one may see in the season, the marsh becomes full of wounded birds, although the snakes and eels do flock to the banquet. Why not divert some of the humanitarian energy which is making the life of the scientific man miserable into such channels as these just pointed out? There is certainly nowhere in the United States any abuse of vivisection as a means of investigation. The personal sacrifices are too great, the rewards too impalpable, to induce many Americans to do the work. What is wanted is not a law to check, but aid to foster and encourage scientific investigations. So far as my knowledge goes, only in Baltimore and Philadelphia, and Easton, Penn., is there at present steady, persistent work of this kind going on in the United States; probably, however, Boston and New York ought to be included in the list. Glean the country from the Gulf to Canada, and not more than a dozen men can be found who are with any steadiness engaged in the making of vivisections for the purpose of investigation. Shall laws be passed in half a dozen States, and expensive inspection organizations be maintained, to exercise strict surveillance upon these few men, only to save an amount of animal pain which, compared with that under which the brute creation groans, is inconceivably minute—pain, too, which accomplishes so much for the human race? Is it necessary that the population shall be taxed in order to render more irksome and laborious that progress in the divine art of healing which is even now possible only through unrequited labor?

THOMAS PAINE AND THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

THE relations which Thomas Paine held to the French Revolution of 1789 do not appear to have ever been very widely treated upon in all that has been written and said of that somewhat remarkable man. It is not the purpose of the present paper to touch upon the controversy, in regard to his personal character and habits, his writings, and his alleged want of religious belief, which has to some extent agitated public opinion for three-quarters of a century. Setting aside all the heated discussion in relation to him, both in England and in our own country, it is simply proposed to review his career in France in the midst of the most stupendous events ever set down in the annals of any nation. A somewhat extended study of the French Revolution, during the extraordinary period in which Paine was so intimately connected with it, fails to show anything to the prejudice of his personal or political character, but, on the other hand, it reveals many things eminently creditable to him.

Paine was in Paris in the earlier days of the Revolution and at the time of the flight of Louis XVI. and his family, and when they were brought back to that revolutionary city. He was soon heard of as a member of a little society which took the name of "*Société Républicaine*," and which was composed of only five members. Three of them, including Paine, afterward became members of the National Convention.

Taking the ground that the flight of the king should be deemed an "abdication," this society was formed for the purpose of opposing the "re-establishment" of Louis XVI., "not only in reason of the faults which were personal to him, but for the purpose of overturning entirely the monarchical system and establishing the republican system and equal representation."

As the organ of this society and in elaboration of its views, Paine drew up in English a statement to be placarded on the walls of Paris. It was translated into French, and as the law required that all handbills should be signed by a citizen before they were posted, Achille Duchâtelet, a member of the society, and afterward a lieutenant-general of the armies of the French Republic, affixed his name thereto. The appearance of the handbill created a great sensation. Malouet, a royalist member of

the National Assembly, tore it down with his own hands, and proposed that the author (Paine), the signer (Duchâtelet), and their accomplices should be prosecuted. Martineau, also a royalist member of the Assembly, vehemently demanded the arrest of all the parties connected with the handbill, and denounced as infamous a proposition that was made in the Assembly to "pass to the order of the day," on the subject (equivalent in our legislative practice to "laying on the table"). After an excited debate the motion to "pass to the order of the day" was carried, and so the matter dropped.

Some time after this, Paine, deeply impregnated with the doctrines of the French Revolution, returned to England. The publication, in 1789, of Mr. Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" produced a great excitement throughout all England. Up to that time, while there was an intense interest felt touching events in France, distinctive parties had not been formed. The immediate consequence, however, of the publication of Mr. Burke's "Reflections" was the formation of parties friendly and unfriendly to the French Revolution. Fox and Sheridan antagonized Mr. Burke. The publication of Mr. Burke was soon followed by the first part of Paine's great work, "The Rights of Man." This last publication "added fuel to the flame." It was disseminated by all the democratic societies in England, and particularly among the lower classes. The excitement increasing, Paine was finally indicted for a "wicked and seditious libel" on the British Government. He had by this time become intensely unpopular with the ruling classes of England. Prosecuted under the indictment, he was defended by Erskine, who was then in the zenith of his glory as an advocate, in a speech of marvelous power and eloquence. After he had concluded his magnificent effort, the attorney-general rose to reply. The jury coolly informed him that they did not desire to hear him, as they had made up their minds, and without leaving their seats brought in a verdict of *guilty*. Paine was not present at the trial, but had made his way to France, and was followed by an avalanche of detraction which showed how deeply he had wounded the British Government. It was not only the "Rights of Man," but a

pamphlet on "The Decline and Fall of the English System of Finance," afterward published, in May, 1796, which raised such a storm against him in England. The part he had taken in our revolutionary struggle had much to do with the prejudice excited against him in England. His pamphlet, "Common Sense," translated into French, created a great impression in France, and many of his infidel disciples claimed that it had more influence than a "battle gained."

On Paine's return to Paris after leaving England, his work on the "Rights of Man" was translated into French, and published in May, 1791. Mr. Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution" had enraged the revolutionary masses of Paris beyond all measure, and Paine's "Rights of Man" was considered a triumphant answer to that masterly production. It was circulated everywhere and read with great avidity by all classes. He at once became a hero in France, and was everywhere received with enthusiasm. The doors of the *salons* and clubs of Paris were opened to him, and he was soon recognized as one of the advanced figures in the Revolution, standing by the side of de Bonneville, Brissot and Condorcet. It is, perhaps, not to be wondered at, that his reception and the attentions showered upon him made him somewhat vain and egotistical. Both in England and in France he "magnified his office." He had simply been clerk to the Committee on Foreign Affairs in the old Continental Congress; but he styled himself as "Secretary of Congress for the Department of Foreign Affairs during the war in America," giving the idea of an exaggerated importance. His bearing at this period seems to have offended Madame Roland, who speaks of him in her "Mémoires" in terms not altogether complimentary. He affected a supreme disdain for books, implying that he considered himself "wise above what was written." It is alleged that he said that if he had the power he would annihilate all the libraries of the world, in order to destroy the errors of which they were the dépôt.

Paine remains in Paris after the spring of 1791. The Revolution sweeps onward with a resistless and remorseless tread. The National (or Constituent) Assembly, composed of the most imposing body of men which ever illustrated the history of any country, terminates its existence and is succeeded by the Legislative Assembly. On the motion of Robespierre, the National Assembly prohibited every man who had

been a member of it from becoming a member of the Legislative. This latter body, therefore, while containing many able and brilliant men, had a large majority of advanced revolutionists, and all were lacking in legislative experience. It soon proved itself utterly incapable of meeting the frightful exigencies which it had to confront. It was overtaken by that terrible "Tenth of August" (1792), when the mob of Paris surrounded the Tuileries and clamored for the blood of the royal family, and when the king and queen and their children sought a refuge from violence in the bosom of the Assembly, which had declared its sittings *en permanence*. All Paris was a prey to a supreme agitation, and the exaltation of political spirit was at its height. The Assembly, weak, incapable, vacillating and completely demoralized, still sought by every device to strengthen itself in popular estimation. It was this which led to the decree declaring that the title of "French citizen" should be conferred on certain foreigners. The prevailing idea that Paine was made a French citizen for the special purpose of enabling him to become a member of the legislative and constituent bodies of France, is not exactly correct, and it is not generally known that the names of other Americans were included in the same decree which conferred the title of French citizen on Thomas Paine.

It was on Sunday, the 26th of August (1792), and when the Legislative Assembly was in permanent sitting, and sixteen days after the shocking events of the "Tenth of August," that Guadet, a deputy from the Department of the Gironde, proposed, in the name of the "Commission Extraordinaire," that the Assembly adopt unanimously the following preamble and decree:

"The National Assembly, considering that the men who, by their writings and their courage, have served the cause of liberty and prepared the enfranchisement of the people, cannot be regarded as strangers by a nation rendered free by its intelligence and courage:

"Considering that, if five years' residence in France is sufficient to confer upon a stranger the title of French citizen, this title is more justly due to those who, in whatever land they may inhabit, have consecrated their arms and energies to the defense of the cause of the people against the despotism of kings, to banish the prejudices of the earth, and to advance the limits of human knowledge:

"Considering that, as it is hoped that men one day will form before the law, as before nature, but one family, one association, the friends of liberty and of that universal fraternity which should not be the less dear to a nation that has proclaimed its renunciation of all conquest and its desire to fraternize with all peoples:

"Considering, therefore, that at the moment when a National Convention is about to fix the destinies of France and prepare, perhaps, those of the human race, it belongs to a generous and free people to call to it all the intelligences, and to allow them the right to concur in this grand act of the reason of mankind, who, by their sentiments, writings and their courage, have shown themselves so eminently worthy:

"Decree, that the title of French citizen be conferred on Priestly, Paine, Bentham, Wilberforce, Clarkson, McIntosh, David Williams, Gorani, Anacharsis Clootz, Campe, Cornelius Paw, Pestalorri, Washington, Hamilton, Madison, Klopstoc, Kosciusko, Gilleers."

It will be seen by the above decree that the title of French citizen was conferred on Washington, Hamilton and Madison, as well as on Paine.

This decree, so interesting to Americans, awakens the most painful souvenirs of its author, Guadet. A young deputy from the Department of the Gironde, he was the colleague of Vergniaud, Gensonné, Ducos, Boyer-Fonfrède and others. He became afterward a distinguished member of the party of "Girondins" in the National Convention, a party that was composed of the ablest, the most eloquent and most brilliant men in all France, and whose sad fate will ever be associated with the worst days of the French Revolution. At a little more than thirty years of age he had become a leader at the bar of Bordeaux, which then rivaled that of Paris. A republican by conviction, earnest, able, eloquent and courageous, he was sometimes called the "Danton of the Gironde." Impetuous and aggressive, he antagonized Robespierre and the Montagne and confronted Danton in the very height of his power. He bravely resisted the aggressions of the Commune of Paris, and in return the Commune inscribed his name among the "twenty-two" proscribed deputies of the Gironde. Afterward he was put in accusation, with his colleagues, by a decree of the National Convention, but he was enabled to escape from Paris. He was not guillotined with them, but was declared an outlaw; hunted by the bloodhounds of Carrier, his retreat was discovered at the house of his father at St. Emilion. Conducted to Bordeaux, his identity was proved before a military commission and he was immediately sent to the guillotine. With unsubdued courage he said to his judges: "I am Guadet;—butchers, do your duty. Go with my head in your hands and demand your pay of the tyrants of my country; they will never see it without growing pale, and seeing it discolored they will yet grow still more pale."

He was executed the 17th of June, 1794, at the age of thirty-five years. When conducted to the scaffold, he wished to address the people, but the roll of the drum drowned his voice. These were the only words that were heard: "People, here you see the only resource of tyrants; they choke the voices of free men in order to commit their crimes." Such was the fate of the author of the decree of the National Assembly (legislative) which made George Washington, James Madison, Alexander Hamilton and Thomas Paine French citizens.

Of the whole number of men that were made French citizens, only two of them became members of the French legislative bodies, Thomas Paine and Anacharsis Clootz.

Jean Baptiste Clootz was a rich Belgian baron, a chattering madcap and fool; he lost his head in the excitement of the time, took to himself the name of "Anacharsis," and designated himself as the "orator of the human race." Traveling over Europe proclaiming the revolutionary doctrines of the times, in 1790 he presented himself at the bar of the National Assembly at the head of a deputation of "foreigners," as he called them, and read an address against despots, congratulating the Assembly on its labors and demanded that all the foreigners in Paris should be admitted to the federation of the 14th of July, 1793. It turned out afterward that most of these "foreigners" were Frenchmen picked up in Paris, dressed in the fantastic costumes of different countries, which Clootz had provided at his own expense.

The day after the passage of the decree above named, Clootz was admitted to the bar of the National Assembly (legislative), where he made a ridiculous speech, thanking the Assembly for having made him a French citizen. "Cosmopolitan philosophers," he said, "were associated with you in your dangers and your labors, and you associate them in declaring them French citizens. As to myself, penetrated with thanks for your philosophical decree, I feel, legislators, how much it honors me and how honorable it is to you. I pronounce the oath of fidelity to the universal nation, to equality, to liberty, to sovereignty of the human race. Gallophile of all time, my heart is French, my soul is *sans culottes*." (Applause.) Soon after this Clootz was elected a member of the National Convention from the Department of the Oise. In the Convention he was in the first ranks of

the atheists and Montagnards. He was the author of a work on the certainty of the proofs of Mohammedism, which he says was the fruit of fifteen hours' labor a day for consecutive years. He presented that book to the National Convention, in a rambling and incoherent speech beneath criticism. The Convention passed the following decree:

"Anacharsis Clootz, deputy to the Convention, having made homage of one of his works entitled 'The Certainty of the Proofs of Mohammedism,' a work which proves the emptiness of all religions, the Assembly accepts this homage and orders the honorable mention and insertion in the 'Bulletin,' and turns the book over to the committee on public instruction.

"The National Convention orders the printing and forwarding to all the departments of the speech made by Anacharsis Clootz, preceding his offer."

But in the progress of events the poor Clootz was ingulfed, and was soon made to realize the saying of Vergniaud, "that the revolution, like Saturn, would devour all its children." He was embraced in the prosecution of the Hébertistes. The crime imputed to Clootz, whom Louis Blanc calls the most devoted of the adopted children of France, was a participation in a conspiracy with foreigners. The proof adduced of that conspiracy only amounted to this, that he had taken some steps to know if a French woman, who had gone to England to get married, was or was not a political emigrant. But this was enough. Clootz was tried by the Revolutionary Tribunal, jointly with nineteen others known as the Hébertistes; he is described as: "Jean Baptiste Clootz, called Anacharsis, aged 38 years, born at Clèves, Belgium; living in France since eleven years, domiciled at Paris, rue Ménars, 153; before the Revolution a man of letters, and subsequently a member of the Convention." All the devotion which Clootz had shown for France availed him nothing before the Revolutionary Tribunal, but it was rather to his prejudice. Renaudin, one of the jury, said to him:

"Your system of a universal republic was a profoundly meditated perfidy and gave a pretext for a coalition of crowned heads against France." Clootz quietly answered that the universal republic was in the natural system; that he had spoken, as the Abbé de St. Pierre, of universal peace; that they certainly could not suspect him of being a partisan of kings, and that it would certainly be very extraordinary that a man who had been burned at Rome, hung at

London and broken on the wheel at Vienna should be guillotined at Paris.

He was, however, sent to the scaffold with his associates, the Hébertistes, and with many others, accused of the lowest crimes, on the 24th of March 1794. The "orator of the human race" marched to his destiny with the courage of a philosopher and a smile upon his lips. It was with shame that many saw him in the midst of robbers, and sitting at the side of one Ducroquet, charged with having robbed a provision-cart. The bearing of Clootz at the scaffold was admirable for its *sang froid*. Though scouting all Christian ideas, he endeavored to calm those around him, and requested that he might be the last one executed, in order that he might have the time to prove the correctness of certain principles while they were cutting off the heads of the other condemned.

Anacharsis Clootz has been thus spoken of for the reason that he was the only naturalized citizen, besides Thomas Paine, who was a member of the National Convention, and that the names of Clootz and Paine, described as "ex-deputies to the National Convention," were included in the same warrant of arrest issued by the Committee of Public Safety, and were sent in the company of each other to the prison of the Luxembourg.

It will have been seen that the decree of the Legislative Assembly (or, as it came to be called, the National Assembly) conferring French citizenship upon Paine and others, was of the date of the 26th day of August, 1792. That assembly came to the end of its existence on the 21st day of the following month, when the "National Convention" was constituted. While it does not appear from the "Moniteur" that Paine was a member of the Legislative (or National) Assembly, yet it appears, from the following letter of its President, that he was elected from the Department of the Oise. The original of this letter, now in the hands of the writer, is believed never to have been before published:

[Translation.]

PARIS, September 6th, 1792, the 4th Year }
of Liberty; the 1st of Equality. }

TO THOMAS PAINE: France calls you, sir, to its bosom to fill the most useful, and, consequently, the most honorable of functions—that of contributing, by wise legislation, to the happiness of a people whose destinies interest and unite all who think and all who suffer in the world.

It is meet that the nation which proclaimed the rights of man should desire to have him among its

legislators who first dared to measure all their consequences, who developed their principles with that common sense which is but genius putting itself within the reach of all men and drawing all its conceptions from nature and truth. The National Assembly had already accorded to him the title of French citizen, and had seen with pleasure that its decree had received the only sanction that is legitimate—that of the people, who already claimed you before it had named you. Come, sir, and enjoy in France the spectacle the most interesting to an observer and to a philosopher—that of a people, confident and generous, who, betrayed basely during three years and wishing, at last, to end this struggle between slavery and liberty, between sincerity and perfidy, rises finally as one man, puts under the sword of the law the great offenders who have betrayed it, opposes to the barbarians whom they have roused against it all its citizens turned soldiers, all its territory turned into camp and fortress; and, on the other hand, calls together in a congress the lights scattered through all the universe, the men of genius most capable, by their wisdom and their virtue, of giving her the form of government best fitted to secure liberty and happiness.

The electoral assembly of the Department of the Oise, prompt to choose you, has had the good fortune to be the first to render this justice to Thomas Paine, and when a number of my fellow-citizens desired that I should make this intelligence known to you, I remembered with pleasure that I had seen you at Mr. Jefferson's, and I congratulated myself upon having the happiness of being acquainted with you.

HÉRAULT,

President of the National Assembly.

Hérault de Séchelles, the writer of the foregoing letter, was a marked man in the French Revolution, making his entrance into public life as a member of the Legislative (or National) Assembly from the Department of the Seine et Oise, and becoming President of it toward its close. A friend of Danton, he allied himself to the party of the Montagne and became one of its most prominent members, though as far separated from it as a man well could be by birth, education, and association in life.

Rich, superb, of elegant manners and person, they called him the *beau Séchelles*. Intelligent, highly educated and eloquent, he placed himself at the service of the popular cause in the early days of the Revolution. In the midst of the Jacobins he presented the type of the *Grand Seigneur*, and lived *en garçon* in luxury and elegance at No. 16 rue Basse-du-Rempart, a well-known street of Paris at the present day. In him the gentleman always appeared under the democrat, and it was said at the time that Hérault proved that "democrats" were not strangers to personal accomplishments and captivating manners. He was President of the Convention during the events of the 31st of May and 2d of June,

and when Henriot, at the head of his troops, threatened the Convention in the name of the insurgent people, and demanded the arrest of the proscribed Girondins. He presided at the national fête of the 10th of August, 1793, and was soon afterward made a member of the Committee of Public Safety, and his name is associated with many of its most atrocious decrees. When absent in mission the quarrels broke out in the Convention in the party of the Montagne, and Hérault found himself accused in that body by Bourdon de l'Oise, who, before that time, had been a party friend of Hérault's and a violent *révolutionnaire*. Hérault, on his return, defended himself before the Convention in a speech which was a masterpiece of eloquence, but it was of no avail in the strides of revolutionary madness. More victims were now demanded, and, at this time, the oldest children of the Revolution were claimed. They were the "Dantonists," among whom was included Hérault. On the report of the Committee of Public Safety, Danton, Camille Desmoulins, Philippeaux and Lacroix were sent to the Revolutionary Tribunal on the 2d of April, 1794, convicted, and on the 3d day of April they were sent immediately to the guillotine. Hérault was unmarried. When imprisoned at the Luxembourg awaiting his trial he appeared sad and preoccupied, and only associated with his valet, who was permitted to accompany him. On arriving at the guillotine, on the Place de la Revolution, on the day of his execution, all his looks were turned toward the hotel of the Garde-Meuble, hoping, evidently, to exchange glances with one with whom were all his thoughts at that supreme moment. Behind the shutters, half-closed, could be seen a beautiful woman who sent to the condemned a last adieu and waved a last sigh of tenderness to the dying man: *Je t'aime* (I love thee). It was a beautiful day of the spring-time, and the crowd that had assembled to witness the execution of Danton, the great apostle of the Revolution, and some of his associates, was enormous. The splendid figure of Hérault de Séchelles seemed to take new life, and the serenity of courage replaced the inquietude and sadness which had settled upon him. The first one to mount the scaffold, he showed himself calm, resolute and unmoved. As he was about to lay his head under the knife, he wished to present his cheek to the cheek of Danton, as a last farewell. The aids of Sanson, the executioner,

prevented it. "Imbeciles!" indignantly exclaimed Danton, "it will be but a moment before our heads will meet in the basket, in spite of you."*

The Legislative Assembly, having proved itself utterly incompetent and powerless to direct the destinies of France, then in convulsive throes of revolution, practically abdicated by calling a convention, the members of which were to be immediately elected by all the departments. This was the National Convention, composed of some of the ablest, the most distinguished, the most patriotic, as well as many of the worst men in France. This Convention, seizing all the powers of government—executive, legislative, and judicial—sublime in its aspirations, it was at once terrible and sanguinary, heroic and cruel. It held its empire over France for three years, one month and five days, by terror and force, unchaining all the worst passions of mankind. Never was there a legislative or constituent body which displayed such stupendous energy or performed such immense labor. It depopulated France and left in its pathway anarchy, misery, and social disorganization. In the delirium of its passions, it stamped itself on the history of the world not only by its crimes, but by its great acts of legislation, which will live as long as France shall endure.

Thomas Paine was a member of this Convention. His popularity in France at this time, is shown by the fact that he was chosen a member of the Convention by three departments, the Pas de Calais, the Oise, and the Seine et Oise. He chose to sit for the Pas de Calais.

He was in England at the time of his election. Achille Audibert, of Calais, was deputed to go to England and escort him to France. It seems to have proved a somewhat hazardous adventure, for at a later period, in a letter to a member of the Committee of Public Safety, in relation to Paine, he says he "hardly escaped becoming a victim of the English Government, with whom Paine was openly at war." The "Moniteur" of the 23d September, 1793, refers to this matter as follows:

"The celebrated Thomas Paine, author of 'Common Sense,' and of a refutation of Mr. Burke, entitled 'The Rights of Man,' had believed it his duty to take precautions for his personal safety in coming into France, where he had been called by the National Convention. He had come by Rochester,

Sandwich, and Deal; arrived at Dover, after having been put to the inconvenience of making that circuit, he had suffered much from the impertinence of a clerk in the Custom House, who, not content with placing his books and papers in disorder under pretext of examination, even went so far as to tear up his letters. Some paid wretches insulted him grossly in presence of M. Audibert, of Calais, and M. Frost. Probably M. Paine has been recompensed for all these insults by the brilliant reception which he received upon his arrival on French soil."

Paine had commenced his career in Paris, in 1791, by establishing the "Société Republicaine," which has been referred to, one of the objects of which was "to overthrow entirely the monarchical system." What must have been his emotions at finding himself a French citizen, and a member of the Convention, and when giving his voice and vote to its first decree, introduced by the Abbé Gregoire, and which, according to the official report, was received by "acclamations of joy, the cries of *vive la nation*, repeated by all the spectators, prolonging themselves for many minutes."

"*La Convention Nationale décrète que la royauté est abolie en France.*"

As a member of the Convention, Paine labored under the immense disadvantage of not speaking nor writing the French language, and very few of the members spoke English. At the epoch of the Revolution, it was as unusual to hear English spoken in Paris as it is now to hear Arabic. As far as now recollected, the only members of the Convention who spoke English were Danton, Marat, Lanthenas, Garan-Coulon, and young Bançal, one of the secretaries. Danton had spent much time in England, understood the language, and was quite well acquainted with the English people. This was evidently to his disadvantage, for one of the charges of the time against him was, that he associated *avec les Anglais*, and dined too often with them in the Rue Grange Batelière. Marat lived a long time in England, taught French in London and Edinburgh, acquired a good knowledge of English, and published two books in that language, "The Chains of Slavery," and "A Plan of Criminal Legislation." Dr. Lanthenas, Garan-Coulon and Bançal were good English scholars.

The Convention was not long in giving Paine a striking recognition of the consideration in which it held him. One of its earliest decrees was to establish a special commission (committee) of nine members, on the constitution. This commission was composed of the most distinguished men of

* Jules Claritie.

the convention: Gensonné, Thomas Paine, Brissot, Pétion, Vergniaud, Barère, Danton, Condorcet, and the Abbé Sieyès. The latter was called the "constitution-maker," and the wits of the time said that he always carried a constitution in his pocket, ready to be drawn on the slightest provocation. It was he who exclaimed in the National Convention, when a project was before it which seemed to him to be in the nature of a spoliation, "You wish to be free, but know not how to be just."

Of the nine members of this remarkable commission, which devoted itself to the preparation of what is known as the constitution of the year III., four of them were guillotined, Vergniaud, Gensonné, Brissot and Danton. Condorcet committed suicide in the cell of a prison at Bourg-la-Reine, and Pétion, escaping from Paris, after being placed in accusation by the National Convention, perished miserably while hiding in the forest near St. Emilion, and where his body was afterward found half eaten up by wolves. Paine, Sieyès and Barère were the only members of this commission who died a natural death.

As Danton was the only man on the commission who spoke English, it was through him that Paine communicated his ideas. In the Convention he sat with the most advanced of the Jacobins, on the benches of the Montagne. Though afterward becoming widely separated from Danton in the policy of the Revolution, their amicable relations appear never to have been disturbed. It was a strange scene; these two constitution-makers, Paine and Danton, met for the last time in the prison of the Luxembourg, both equally destined for the scaffold. Conversing one day on the mutations of the Revolution, forgetful of the terrible rôle he had played, and of the "Massacre of September," in accents of the most profound discouragement Danton said to Paine: "What you have done for the happiness and liberty of the people in your own country, I have vainly endeavored to do in mine. I have been less fortunate than you. They are going to send me to the scaffold; very well, I will go gayly."

In 1876, the minister of the United States to France, while examining the papers of Danton, preserved in the National Archives at Paris, found an extraordinary letter written in English by Paine to Danton. It had never been made public, but it was afterward made part of an official dispatch, and published by the State Department at Wash-

ington in 1877, in its volume of "Foreign Relations." The letter was dated, "Paris, May 6 (second year of the Republic)," that is to say, 1793. It is too long for this article, but its full text will ever be read with interest by the student of history. The date of the letter is but little more than three weeks prior to the events of the 31st of May (1793), one of the most damning epochs of the Revolution, when the Convention, under the guns of Henriot, and surrounded by the mob of Paris, mutilated its representation, decreed the arrest, the forerunner of the guillotine, of the "Twenty-two Deputies" of the Gironde.

When Paine wrote his letter, with prophetic vision he beheld before him the yawning chasm which was so soon to engulf France. Oppressed by that revolutionary madness and fury of the hour which were sweeping away the hopes of all patriotic men, in an access of despair, he pours out his thoughts to Danton:

"I am exceedingly distressed," he says, "at the distractions, jealousies, discontent and uneasiness that reign among us, and which, if they continue, will bring ruin and disgrace on the Republic. * * * I now despair of seeing the great object of European liberty accomplished, and my despair arises not from the combined foreign powers, not from the intrigues of aristocracy and priesthood, but from the tumultuous misconduct with which the international affairs of the present revolution is conducted. * * * While these internal contentions continue, while the hope remains to the enemy of seeing the Republic fall to pieces, while not only the representatives of the Departments, but representation itself is publicly insulted as it has lately been, and now is, by the people of Paris, or at least by the Tribunes, the enemy will be encouraged to hang about the frontiers and wait the event of circumstances. * * * The danger every day increases of a rupture between Paris and the Departments. The Departments did not send their deputies to Paris to be insulted, and every insult shown to them is an insult to the Departments that elected and sent them."

Paine then says that the remedy for such a state of things is to fix the location of the Convention at a distance from Paris, and cites the example of the United States which formed the project of building a town and having its seat of government not within the limits of any municipal jurisdiction. He expresses the most friendly feeling toward the "Twenty-two Deputies" (the Girondins) who were then already on the lists of proscription, and says that "most of the acquaintance that I have in the Convention are among those who are in that list, and I know there are not better men nor better patriots than they are."

The trial of Louis XVI. commenced be-

fore the National Convention on the 26th day of December, 1792. It is in the progress of this trial that the name of *Thomas Paine* first appears. On the motion of Couthon it was decreed that the discussion upon the trial be continued, to the exclusion of all other business, until judgment should be pronounced. It was not until the 18th of the following month, January, 1793, that Paine was able to obtain attention, and then only by filing an opinion, "*sur l'affaire de Louis Capet*," with the President of the Convention. Paine says he could not get the floor, as so many were inscribed for speeches that the debate was closed before his turn came.

The first sentences of this "opinion" of Thomas Paine illustrate its character:

"My contempt and hatred for monarchical government are sufficiently known. My compassion for the unfortunate, friends or enemies, is equally profound."

He alludes to the position he had taken in the address of the "*Société Républicaine*," heretofore alluded to, that Louis XVI., by his flight from Paris, had abdicated the throne, and censures the government for re-establishing him in the power which his evasion had suspended. He comes, he says, "to recall to the nation the error of that unfortunate day, of that fatal error of not having rejected Louis XVI. from its bosom, and to plead in favor of his banishment in preference to the punishment of death." He continues:

"As to myself, I avow it frankly, when I think of the strange folly of replacing him at the head of the nation, all covered as he was with perjuries, I am embarrassed to know which I ought to despise the most, the Constituent Assembly, or the individual, Louis Capet. But, all other considerations apart, there is in his life one circumstance which should cover up or lessen a great number of crimes; and that same circumstance should furnish the French nation the occasion of purging its territory of kings without soiling it with impure blood. It is to France entire, I know it, that the United States of America owes the help by the means of which they have shaken off, by force of arms, the unjust and tyrannical domination of George the Third. The energy and zeal with which it furnished men and money was a natural consequence of its thirst for liberty. * * * The United States should, then, be the safeguard and asylum of Louis Capet. There, henceforth, finding shelter from the miseries and the crimes of royal life, he will learn by the continual aspect of the public prosperity that the veritable system of government is not of kings, but of representation."

Paine closes his "opinion" as follows:

"In the particular case submitted in this moment to our consideration, I submit to the Convention the following propositions:

"First. That the National Convention pronounce the banishment of Louis Capet and his family.

"Second. That Louis Capet shall be imprisoned until the end of the war, when the sentence of banishment shall be carried into execution."

This "opinion" of Thomas Paine, thus partially set out, not being in the nature of a speech, but simply read to the Convention, seems to have been quite well received, on account of his savage denunciation of monarchical governments.

The question submitted by the Convention, "What shall be the punishment of Louis, formerly king of the French?" was decided by *appel nominal*. By this method the members of each department appear at the tribune and each one expresses his opinion orally, giving his reasons, if he desire to do so, or deposes his vote in an *urn de scrutin*. Paine voted for "the imprisonment of Louis till the end of the war, and banishment afterward."

The Convention having decreed that the punishment of death should be inflicted on Louis, the next question which arose was, should there be a suspension of the execution of the sentence? It was on the 19th day of January, 1793, that Paine mounted the tribune to speak to this question. This trial of Louis XVI. by the National Convention is one of the most remarkable on record. The session was made permanent, and the trial went on day and night. After a lapse of nearly one hundred years, the painful and dramatic scenes stand out with still greater prominence. The *Salle des Machines*, in the Pavillon de Flores at the Tuileries, had been converted into a grand hall for the sittings of the Convention.

The galleries were immense, and could seat fourteen hundred spectators. In an immense city like Paris, convulsed with a political excitement never equaled, the trial of a king for his life produced the most profound emotions that ever agitated any community. All classes and conditions in life were carried away by the prevailing excitement, and the pressure for places exceeded anything ever known. The scenes, as painted by one of the most gifted historians of the French Revolution (Louis Blanc), will never cease to awaken the most thrilling interest. The first row of seats was filled by ladies *en négligé charmant*. In the upper tribunes, men of all conditions in life; an enormous number of foreigners who had been attracted to Paris by the events of the day. On the side of the Montagne there sat great personages, from the Duke of Orleans to the

Marquis de Chateaufort; from Lepelletier, St. Fargeau and Hérault de Séchelles to the rich Belgian baron, Anacharsis Clootz. The tribunes were reserved for the ladies, "*à rubans tri-colors*," and the *huissiers* would go and come to make way for the beautiful visitors. The private boxes were filled with ladies of fashion, who sipped ices and ate oranges while the members of their acquaintance came to salute them. In the higher galleries, they drank *eau-de-vie* and wine, as in a tap-room.

The appearance of Thomas Paine at the tribune, with a roll of manuscript in his hand, created quite a sensation in the Convention. By his side stood Bançal, who was there to translate the speech into French and read it to the Convention. The first declarations of the celebrated foreigner produced a commotion on the benches of the Montagne. Coming from a democrat like Thomas Paine, a man so intimately allied with the Americans, a great thinker and writer, there was fear of their influence on the Convention. Marat, indignant and furious, raised the point of order that Paine should not be allowed to vote; that, being a Quaker, his religious principles made him opposed to the death penalty. It must be said to the credit of the Montagnards that Marat's question of order was not received with favor. Liberty of opinion was invoked from all parts of the hall, and demands made that Marat should be called to order. Paine was finally permitted to continue his speech, but with violent interruptions from the Montagne. At last Thuriot, one of the most violent and blood-thirsty of the revolutionists, declared that the language of the translator was not the language of Thomas Paine. At this moment Marat rushed to the tribune and violently interrupted Paine in English. Obligated to descend from the tribune, he addressed the Convention:

"I denounce the interpreter. I contend that it is not the opinion of Thomas Paine. It is a wicked and unfaithful translation."

The most violent exclamations broke out, drowning the voice of Bançal, the unfortunate interpreter, and creating an indescribable tumult. Never was a man in a more embarrassing condition than Paine was at this time. Though not understanding the language, he yet realized the fury of the storm which raged around him. Standing at the tribune in his half-Quaker coat, and genteelly attired, he remained undaunted

and self-possessed during the tempest. The question as to the correctness of the translation of the speech was then left to Garan-Coulon, a distinguished member of the Montagne and a good English scholar, who declared that he had seen the speech in the hands of Paine, and that the translation was correct. Bançal was then permitted to translate the remainder of the speech.

This speech of Paine breathed greatness of soul and generosity of spirit, and will forever honor his memory. "My language," he says, "has always been the language of liberty and humanity, and I know by experience that nothing so exalts a nation as the union of these two principles under all circumstances." He warned the Convention against doing that which at the moment might be deemed an act of justice, but which would appear in the future only as an act of vengeance. Prophetic words, indeed. He pleads for the life of the king:

"I can assure you that his execution would produce a universal affliction in America, and it is in your power to spare that affliction to your best friends. If I could speak the French language I would descend to your bar, and, in the name of all my brothers in America, I would present to you a petition to suspend the execution of Louis."

There is no doubt that this speech utterly destroyed Paine in the estimation of the Montagne, and from that time commenced his relations with the Girondins, which added to his unpopularity with the Jacobins. That Robespierre had doomed him to the guillotine, there is no question, and his life was only saved by the fall of that merciless tyrant on the 9th Thermidor (July, 1794). In the exhaustive report subsequently made by Courtois, "in the name of the commission charged with an examination of the papers found at the house of Robespierre after his death," the fact is disclosed that a note-book was found, all in his own handwriting, in which was the following entry:

"Demand that Thomas Paine be decreed in accusation for the interests of America as well as those of France."

After quoting this entry in his report, the author of the report says: "Why Thomas Paine rather than others? Is it because he has labored to found liberty in two worlds?"

Though Marat spoke English, and he and Paine were colleagues in the National Convention, there was evidently no sympathy between them. Marat was as insincere

in his republicanism as in his patriotism; he was as hypocritical as he was cruel. At a time when he was bawling in public most lustily for "liberty," "equality" and a "republic," he accosted Paine one day in the lobby of the Convention, and said to him sneeringly, in English:

"And it is you who believe in a republic; you have too much sense to believe in such a dream."

The hostile feeling of Marat toward Paine was shown by his violent and indecent interruptions of the latter at the tribune during the trial of Louis XVI. before the National Convention, in January, 1793. The hatred which there cropped out seems to have become intensified at a later period (the following April). Marat, in his journal, "*L'Ami du Peuple*," had preached murder and pillage to such an extent that the Convention, a majority of whose members were openly in sympathy with him, was obliged to place him in accusation and send him for trial before the "Tribunal Criminal Extraordinaire." This trial, as reported in the "*Moniteur*" of May 3, 1793, is one of the curiosities of revolutionary jurisprudence. Marat was completely master of the situation, violent, aggressive and impudent, instead of being tried himself, he made the Tribunal an instrument of attack upon his enemies, and particularly Brissot, Girey-Dupré and Paine. The two former were editors of the "*Patriot Français*," the organ of the Girondins, and Marat took advantage of the occasion to revenge himself on them, as well as on Paine, for the publication of an article in relation to a young Englishman named Johnson, who had attempted suicide. It was alleged that having abjured his country, because he detested kings, he came to France, hoping to find liberty, but he only saw, under its mask, the hideous visage of anarchy. Revolted by such a spectacle, he undertook to kill himself. The article concluded with a note "written in a trembling hand and which is in the hands of a celebrated foreigner"—meaning Paine. It is as follows:

"I came into France to enjoy liberty, but Marat has assassinated it. Anarchy is yet more cruel than despotism. I cannot resist the grievous spectacle of seeing the triumph of imbecility over talent and virtue."

This infuriated Marat, and one of his objects was to connect Paine with this article in the "*Patriot Français*." All this had nothing whatever to do, as Paine well said

in his testimony, with the accusation preferred against Marat. Nevertheless, all the evidence given on the trial, as reported in the "*Moniteur*," is in relation to the matter of this article in the "*Patriot Français*." One Samson Pégnet is called as a witness, who testified that the man Johnson lived in the house occupied by Thomas Paine, deputy to the National Convention, rue Faubourg Saint Denis, No. 63—that from the reading of different articles announcing that those deputies who voted (on the trial of Louis) for an appeal to the people would be massacred, his friendship for Thomas Paine, who was of that number, had induced him to attempt to destroy himself for fear of being a witness to the execution of his friend.

The President of the Tribunal: Is it to your knowledge that they held conversations at the house of Thomas Paine tending to the belief that he would be massacred?

Samson Pégnet: Yes; it was stated that Marat had said it was necessary to massacre all foreigners, particularly the English.

The President, to Marat: What answer have you to make to this last fact?

Marat: I observe to the Tribunal that it is an atrocious calumny, a wickedness of the "statesmen" to render me odious.

The President, to Samson Pégnet: Are you often at the house of Thomas Paine, and are there many people there?

Samson Pégnet: I have never seen more than five or six English there, and one Frenchman.

Thomas Paine is then introduced as a witness. He testifies, through an interpreter, that he had only known Marat since the meeting of the Convention. The note inserted in the "*Patriot Français*" was then read to him, and he answered that he did not conceive that it had anything to do with the charge preferred against Marat. He further said that Johnson had stabbed himself twice, because he had heard that Marat was going to denounce him.

Marat: It is not because that I denounced this young man who has stabbed himself, but because I wished to denounce Thomas Paine.

Thomas Paine: Johnson had for a long time been very inquiet in his mind. As to Marat, I have only spoken to him once in the passage-way of the Convention. He said to me that the English people were free and happy, and I answered him that they groaned under a double despotism.

It was probably in this interview that

Marat sneered at Paine for being a republican, and told him that he had too much sense to believe in the dream of a republic.

Other witnesses were introduced, and all for the purpose of connecting Paine with the article in the "*Patriot Français*."

Marat was on trial for inciting to murder and pillage in his newspaper, and the charge was fully proved by the articles he had published. Marat proved at the trial that Paine was connected with the publication of an article in the "*Patriot Français*" prejudicial to him, Marat. Hence:

"Marat is acquitted and leaves the Tribune in the midst of the applause of the spectators, who, after having crowned him with leaves of oak, conduct him in triumph to the Convention." (See proceedings of the trial in the "*Moniteur*" of May 3, 1793.)

It was on the 24th of April, 1793, that this "trial" of Marat took place, and Paine's name does not appear any more in the "*Moniteur*." The triumphant acquittal of Marat, which was a savage defiance thrown in the face of all the moderate element of the time, gave a fresh impulse to revolutionary madness. On the second of June the Convention decreed the arrest of the "Twenty-two Deputies" (the Girondins).

At the instigation of Robespierre a decree was passed in the same month excluding foreigners from the Convention. This was for the sole purpose of getting rid of Paine and Cloutz, who are afterward described as "ex-deputies."

On the 14th of the following month (July) the career of the wretched Marat was ended by the poignard of Charlotte Corday, followed by a delirium of rage and fury on the part of the Montagnards which was alike without limit and without example. This event was the death knell of the Girondins, and they so understood it. Vergniaud said to one of his colleagues that the act of Charlotte Corday had prepared their way for the scaffold, "but," he added, "she has shown us how to die."

In the following September the Convention passed that terrible enactment known as the "law of the suspect," which was one of the most terrible engines of oppression ever known in legislative annals. In virtue of its ingenious and elaborated provisions, one half of the people of France could send the other half to the prison and the scaffold. This law was drawn up by Merlin (de Douai), an advanced revolutionist, one of the most distinguished lawyers of his time, and who was called the "legist of terror."

It was under this law that Thomas Paine and Anacharsis Cloutz were arrested in the following December (7th Nivose) and sent to the prison of the Luxembourg.

From the time that Paine was excluded from the Convention until his arrest, he had witnessed with indignation and shame the accumulating horrors of the revolution, and he had the courage to openly denounce Robespierre. From that moment he was undoubtedly doomed to the scaffold. Cloutz, who was sent to prison with him in December, 1793, was guillotined on the 24th of March, 1794. But there was a distinct charge against Cloutz of having been connected with the Hébertistes. There could be no accusation sustained against Thomas Paine. His being an American, the author of the "Rights of Man," and the high consideration in which he was held in France, may have caused Robespierre to hesitate until he was himself overtaken by the IX. Thermidor.

Paine was sent to the prison of the Luxembourg, that great palace built by Marie de Medicis in 1615. At the time of the Revolution it was converted into a prison of state. Here were incarcerated a thousand people of all classes and conditions of life, accused of political offenses. It seems to have been the prison where Robespierre sent his most illustrious victims. It was this prison from which Danton, Lacroix, Camille Desmoulins, Fabre d'Eglantine, General Westerman, Chabot, Bazire, Delaunay (d'Angers) and Héault de Séchelles were taken to be conducted to the guillotine. The condition of the prisoners was to the last degree deplorable, and when guarded *au secret* was absolutely horrible. "A Prisoner at the Luxembourg" has given to the world an account of the state of things that existed in that prison just previous to the fall of Robespierre. The unfortunate prisoners were considered by the agents and subalterns of the revolutionary authorities as miserable animals, which were to be killed indifferently without exception of individuals. All were to die and no matter who was the victim. All were in a state of the most cruel suspense and torment, increased by the permission given to news-venders to cry the contents of their journals under the windows of the prison, but without permission to sell them. These boys would vociferate in loud tones: "Here is the list of those who have drawn tickets in the lottery of the holy guillotine! Who wishes to see the list? There are

to-day sixty, more or less"; and like cries, varied from day to day. No one knew when he would be called upon to take up his march to the remorseless revolutionary tribunal. Sometimes a squadron of gendarmes would enter the prison at two o'clock in the morning, generally arresting one hundred and sixty persons; divided into three squads they were to be taken for trial, one third at each session of the tribunal. Their nurture was detestable; a thousand prisoners were to be fed. Tables and benches were set out in one of the grand halls of the palace at which could be seated more than three hundred people. They served them a vile soup in vases or tin basins, a half bottle of wine which was worse than the soup; two dishes, one of vegetables swimming in water, the other always pork boiled with cabbage. They had each day a ration of a pound and a half of bread. This was the only meal in twenty-four hours. As there were about a thousand persons, they had to have three separate dinners, one at eleven o'clock, one at noon and one at one o'clock. There were in the prison many spies and pimps of the Government, with instructions to mingle among the prisoners in order to observe all their actions, take down all their words and find out or invent plans of conspiracy. Betrayed by these wretches, who would worm themselves into the confidence of the prisoners, each one began to fear that he had one of these monsters at his side, and at last would speak only in monosyllables, trembling that even these might be metamorphosed into a conspiracy.

The following is the warrant issued for the arrest of Paine and Cloodt :*

NATIONAL CONVENTION.

Committee of *Sûreté Générale et de Surveillance* of the National Convention.

Nivose 7th, in the 2d year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

The Committee order that Thomas Paine and Anacharsis Cloodt, formerly deputies to the National Convention, be apprehended, and, as a measure of general safety, committed to prison; that their papers be examined, and that such as may be suspicious put under seal and taken to the Committee of General Safety.

The Committee commissions citizens Jean Baptiste Martin and Lamy, bearers of these presents, to carry the same into execution, for which purpose they

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shall summon the civil authorities and, in case of need, the armed force.

The representatives of the people, members of the Committee of General Safety: M. Bayle, Voulland, Jagot, Amar, Vadier, Elie Lacoste, Guffroy, Louis du Bas-Rhin, La Vicomterie.

This is followed by this receipt of the concierge of the prison of the Luxembourg:

I have received from citizens Martin and Lamy, secretaries, clerks of the Committee of General Safety of the National Convention, citizens Thomas Paine and Anacharsis Cloodt, formerly deputies, by command of the Committee.

LUXEMBOURG, Nivose 8th, in the 2d year of the French Republic one and indivisible.

BENOIT, Concierge.

As it will have been seen, Paine was incarcerated in December (7th Nivose), 1793, and remained enduring all the horrors of that frightful prison, and at the Luxembourg, making no sign, until July (19th Thermidor), 1794. Declared an outlaw by the same Convention which he had so long used as an instrument of his private vengeance, Robespierre was killed like a dog ten days previous. (July 28, 1794.)

The fall of the tyrant filled with hope the hearts of so many of his victims, still lingering in prison, and produced a ray of light in the gloom of despair. For eight months Paine had suffered and endured in silence. Prostrated by disease and tortured by anxiety, his condition was most deplorable. He was liable at any moment, day or night, to be dragged before the Revolutionary Tribunal, and that meant the guillotine. Cloodt mounted the scaffold March 24, 1794, and on the 5th of the following month Paine bid a final adieu to his associates in prison, Danton, Bazire, Lacroix, Camille Desmoulins, Héroult de Séchelles, Delaunay (d'Angers) and others of the early apostles of the Revolution, and they were, on the same day, hurried to the scaffold. At this time Paine could not doubt that his own hour would soon come to strike, but the death of his mortal enemy, Robespierre, saved his life. Ten days after this event, and on the 19th Thermidor, Paine addressed the following letter to the National Convention. It is a touching and dignified appeal of the victim of a cruel persecution, and one which, now brought to light after a lapse of nearly a century, will be read with feelings of the liveliest emotion. It was sent to the Committee on Public Safety, and inclosed with the following note:

having occasionally conversed with that foreigner, whom the people's suffrage had called to the national representation, and because I spoke his language a little, I could perhaps throw light upon their doubt, then I would readily come and communicate to them all that I know about that individual.

like himself, but who dared to say that Robespierre was a monster to be struck off the list of men. From that moment he became a criminal; the despair marked him as his victim, put him into prison, and doubtless prepared for him the way to the scaffold, as well as for those who knew him and were true.

CITIZENS, REPRESENTATIVES AND MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLIC SAFETY.

I forward you a copy of a letter which I have written to-day to the Convention. The singular predicament I find myself in induces me to apply to the whole Convention, of which you are a part.

THOMAS PAINE.

LUXEMBOURG PRISON, on the 19th day of Thermidor, in the 2d year of the Republic, one and indivisible.

CITIZEN REPRESENTATIVES.

If I should not express myself with the energy I used formerly to do, you will attribute it to the very dangerous illness I have suffered in the prison of the Luxembourg. For several days I was insensible of my own existence; and, though I am much recovered, it is with exceedingly great difficulty that I find power to write you this letter.

But before I proceed further, I request the Convention to observe that this is the first line that has come from me, either to the Convention or to any of the committees, since my imprisonment, which is approaching eight months. Ah, my friends, eight months' loss of liberty seems almost a life-time to a man who has been, as I have been, the unceasing defender of liberty for twenty years.

I have now to inform the Convention of the reason of my not having written before.

It is a year ago that I had strong reason to believe that Robespierre was my inveterate enemy, as he was the enemy of every man of virtue and humanity.

The address that was sent to the Convention some time about last August, from Arras, the native town of Robespierre, I have always been informed was the work of that hypocrite and the partisans he had in the place. The intention of that address was to prepare the way for destroying me, by making the people declare (though without assigning any reason) that I had lost their confidence. The address, however, failed of success, as it was immediately opposed by a counter-address from Saint Omer, which declared directly the contrary.

But the strange power that Robespierre, by the most consummate hypocrisy and the most hardened cruelties, had obtained, rendered any attempt on my part to obtain justice not only useless, but even dangerous; for it is the nature of tyranny always to strike a deeper blow when any attempt has been made to repel a former one. This being my situation, I submitted with patience to the hardness of my fate, and awaited the event of brighter days. I hope they are now arrived to the nation and to me.

Citizens, when I left the United States of America in the year 1787, I promised to all my friends that I would return to them the next year; but the hope of seeing a republic happily established in France that might serve as a model to the rest of Europe, and the earnest and disinterested desire of rendering every service in my power to promote it, induced me to defer my return to that country and to the society of my friends for more than seven years. This long sacrifice of private tranquillity, especially after having gone through the fatigues and dangers of the American Revolution, which continued almost eight years, deserved a better fate than the long imprisonment I have silently suffered.

But it is not the nation, but a faction, that has done me this injustice, and it is to the national representation that I appeal against that injustice.

Parties and factions, various and numerous as they have been, I have always avoided. My heart

was devoted to all France, and the object to which I applied myself was the Constitution. The plan that I proposed to the Committee of which I was a member is now in the hands of Barère, and it will speak for itself.

It is, perhaps, proper that I inform you of the cause assigned in the order for my imprisonment. It is that I am a *foreigner*; whereas the *foreigner* thus imprisoned was invited into France by a decree of the late National Assembly, and that in the hour of her greatest danger, when invaded by Austrians and Prussians. He was, moreover, a citizen of the United States of America, an ally of France, and not a subject of any country in Europe, and, consequently, not within the intention of any of the decrees concerning foreigners. But any excuse can be made to serve the purpose of malignity when it is in power.

I will not intrude on your time by offering any apology for the broken and imperfect manner in which I have expressed myself. I request you to accept it with the sincerity with which it comes from my heart; and I conclude with wishing fraternity and prosperity to France, and union and happiness to her representatives.

Citizens, I have now stated to you my situation, and I can have no doubt but your justice will restore me to the liberty of which I have been deprived.

THOMAS PAINE.

LUXEMBOURG, Thermidor 19th, 2d year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

On the 18th Thermidor, the day previous to the date of Paine's letter, as above, Dr. Lanthenas had already interceded in behalf of Paine, by addressing the following letter to Merlin (de Thionville), a member of the Committee of "General Safety." Lanthenas was a great admirer of Paine, and allied to him by the ties of a sincere friendship. The fact that he "spoke English a little" seems to have brought him into close relations with Paine.

I deliver to Merlin de Thionville a copy of the last work of T. Paine, formerly our colleague, and in custody since the decree excluding foreigners from the national representation.

This book was written by the author in the beginning of the year 93 (old style). I undertook its translation before the revolution against priests, and it was published in French about the same time.

Couthon, to whom I sent it, seemed offended with me for having translated this work; still its nature and translator were altogether free from any reproach that might be directed to the author in his private or political life.

I think it would be in the well-understood interest of the Republic, since the downfall of the tyrants we have overthrown, to re-examine the motives of the imprisonment of T. Paine. That re-examination is suggested by too multiplied and sensible grounds to need to be related in detail. Every friend of liberty, who is somewhat familiar with the history of our Revolution and deems it necessary to repel the slanders with which the despots load it in the eyes of the nations, and who mislead them against us, will, however, understand such grounds.

Should the Committee of General Safety, entertaining no founded charge or suspicion against T. Paine, have any scruples and believe that, from my

tyrants of Europe, and, above all, to the despotism of Great Britain, which did not blush to outlaw that bold and virtuous defender of liberty.

But their insatiable enjoyment should be of short duration: for we feel entirely confident that you will deliver us, by the aid of a powerful press, from the yoke of a despotic and manly pen has already contributed to free the Americans, and will

period (including that in regard to his reception) is very interesting, and is found in the first volume of the "American State Papers." As nothing appeared there, however, in regard to the proceedings of the Convention on the day of the reception, the "American State Papers" (Journal of the Convention)

in his republicanism as in his patriotism; he was as hypocritical as he was cruel. At a time when he was bawling in public most lustily for "liberty," "equality" and a "republic," he accosted Paine one day in the lobby of the Convention, and said to him sneeringly, in English:

"And it is you who believe in a republic; you have too much sense to believe in such a dream."

The hostile feeling of Marat toward Paine was shown by his violent and indecent interruptions of the latter at the tribune during the trial of Louis XVI. before the National Convention, in January, 1793. The hatred which there cropped out seems to have become intensified at a later period (the following April). Marat, in his journal, "*L'Ami du Peuple*," had preached murder and pillage to such an extent that the Convention, a majority of whose members were openly in sympathy with him, was obliged to place him in accusation and send him for trial before the "Tribunal Criminal Extraordinaire." This trial, as reported in the "*Moniteur*" of May 3, 1793, is one of the curiosities of revolutionary jurisprudence. Marat was completely master of the situation, violent, aggressive and impudent, instead of being tried himself, he made the Tribunal an instrument of attack upon his enemies, and particularly Brissot, Girey-Dupré and Paine. The two former were editors of the "*Patriot Français*," the organ of the Girondins, and Marat took advantage of the occasion to revenge himself on them, as well as on Paine, for the publication of an article in relation to a young Englishman named Johnson, who had attempted suicide. It was alleged that having abjured his country, because he detested kings, he came to France, hoping to find liberty, but he only saw, under its mask, the hideous visage of anarchy. Revolted by such a spectacle, he undertook to kill himself. The article concluded with a note "written in a trembling hand and which is in the hands of a celebrated foreigner"—meaning Paine. It is as follows:

"I came into France to enjoy liberty, but Marat has assassinated it. Anarchy is yet more cruel than despotism. I cannot resist the grievous spectacle of seeing the triumph of imbecility over talent and virtue."

This infuriated Marat, and one of his objects was to connect Paine with this article in the "*Patriot Français*." All this had nothing whatever to do, as Paine well said

in his testimony, with the accusation preferred against Marat. Nevertheless, all the evidence given on the trial, as reported in the "*Moniteur*," is in relation to the matter of this article in the "*Patriot Français*." One Samson Pégnet is called as a witness, who testified that the man Johnson lived in the house occupied by Thomas Paine, deputy to the National Convention, rue Faubourg Saint Denis, No. 63—that from the reading of different articles announcing that those deputies who voted (on the trial of Louis) for an appeal to the people would be massacred, his friendship for Thomas Paine, who was of that number, had induced him to attempt to destroy himself for fear of being a witness to the execution of his friend.

The President of the Tribunal: Is it to your knowledge that they held conversations at the house of Thomas Paine tending to the belief that he would be massacred?

Samson Pégnet: Yes; it was stated that Marat had said it was necessary to massacre all foreigners, particularly the English.

The President, to Marat: What answer have you to make to this last fact?

Marat: I observe to the Tribunal that it is an atrocious calumny, a wickedness of the "statesmen" to render me odious.

The President, to Samson Pégnet: Are you often at the house of Thomas Paine, and are there many people there?

Samson Pégnet: I have never seen more than five or six English there, and one Frenchman.

Thomas Paine is then introduced as a witness. He testifies, through an interpreter, that he had only known Marat since the meeting of the Convention. The note inserted in the "*Patriot Français*" was then read to him, and he answered that he did not conceive that it had anything to do with the charge preferred against Marat. He further said that Johnson had stabbed himself twice, because he had heard that Marat was going to denounce him.

Marat: It is not because that I denounced this young man who has stabbed himself, but because I wished to denounce Thomas Paine.

Thomas Paine: Johnson had for a long time been very inquiet in his mind. As to Marat, I have only spoken to him once in the passage-way of the Convention. He said to me that the English people were free and happy, and I answered him that they groaned under a double despotism.

It was probably in this interview that

Marat sneered at Paine for being a republican, and told him that he had too much sense to believe in the dream of a republic.

Other witnesses were introduced, and all for the purpose of connecting Paine with the article in the "*Patriot Français*."

Marat was on trial for inciting to murder and pillage in his newspaper, and the charge was fully proved by the articles he had published. Marat proved at the trial that Paine was connected with the publication of an article in the "*Patriot Français*" prejudicial to him, Marat. Hence:

"Marat is acquitted and leaves the Tribune in the midst of the applause of the spectators, who, after having crowned him with leaves of oak, conduct him in triumph to the Convention." (See proceedings of the trial in the "*Moniteur*" of May 3, 1793.)

It was on the 24th of April, 1793, that this "trial" of Marat took place, and Paine's name does not appear any more in the "*Moniteur*." The triumphant acquittal of Marat, which was a savage defiance thrown in the face of all the moderate element of the time, gave a fresh impulse to revolutionary madness. On the second of June the Convention decreed the arrest of the "Twenty-two Deputies" (the Girondins).

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It was under this law that Thomas Paine and Anacharsis Cloodt were arrested in the following December (7th Nivose) and sent to the prison of the Luxembourg.

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As it will have been seen, Paine was incarcerated in December (7th Nivose), 1793, and remained enduring all the horrors of that frightful prison, and at the Luxembourg, making no sign, until July (19th Thermidor), 1794. Declared an outlaw by the same Convention which he had so long used as an instrument of his private vengeance, Robespierre was killed like a dog ten days previous. (July 28, 1794.)

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But it is not the nation, but a faction, that has done me this injustice, and it is to the national representation that I appeal against that injustice.

Parties and factions, various and numerous as they have been, I have always avoided. My heart

was devoted to all France, and the object to which I applied myself was the Constitution. The plan that I proposed to the Committee of which I was a member is now in the hands of Barère, and it will speak for itself.

It is, perhaps, proper that I inform you of the cause assigned in the order for my imprisonment. It is that I am a *foreigner*; whereas the *foreigner* thus imprisoned was invited into France by a decree of the late National Assembly, and that in the hour of her greatest danger, when invaded by Austrians and Prussians. He was, moreover, a citizen of the United States of America, an ally of France, and not a subject of any country in Europe, and, consequently, not within the intention of any of the decrees concerning foreigners. But any excuse can be made to serve the purpose of malignity when it is in power.

I will not intrude on your time by offering any apology for the broken and imperfect manner in which I have expressed myself. I request you to accept it with the sincerity with which it comes from my heart; and I conclude with wishing fraternity and prosperity to France, and union and happiness to her representatives.

Citizens, I have now stated to you my situation, and I can have no doubt but your justice will restore me to the liberty of which I have been deprived.

THOMAS PAINE.

LUXEMBOURG, Thermidor 19th, 2d year of the French Republic, one and indivisible.

On the 18th Thermidor, the day previous to the date of Paine's letter, as above, Dr. Lanthenas had already interceded in behalf of Paine, by addressing the following letter to Merlin (de Thionville), a member of the Committee of "General Safety." Lanthenas was a great admirer of Paine, and allied to him by the ties of a sincere friendship. The fact that he "spoke English a little" seems to have brought him into close relations with Paine.

I deliver to Merlin de Thionville a copy of the last work of T. Paine, formerly our colleague, and in custody since the decree excluding foreigners from the national representation.

This book was written by the author in the beginning of the year 93 (old style). I undertook its translation before the revolution against priests, and it was published in French about the same time.

Couthon, to whom I sent it, seemed offended with me for having translated this work; still its nature and translator were altogether free from any reproach that might be directed to the author in his private or political life.

I think it would be in the well-understood interest of the Republic, since the downfall of the tyrants we have overthrown, to re-examine the motives of the imprisonment of T. Paine. That re-examination is suggested by too multiplied and sensible grounds to need to be related in detail. Every friend of liberty, who is somewhat familiar with the history of our Revolution and deems it necessary to repel the slanders with which the despots load it in the eyes of the nations, and who mislead them against us, will, however, understand such grounds.

Should the Committee of General Safety, entertaining no founded charge or suspicion against T. Paine, have any scruples and believe that, from my

having occasionally conversed with that foreigner, whom the people's suffrage had called to the national representation, and because I spoke his language a little, I could perhaps throw light upon their doubt, then I would readily come and communicate to them all that I know about that individual.

I request Merlin de Thionville to submit these considerations to the Committee.

F. LANTHENAS.

Thermidor 18th, in the 2d year of the French Republic.

François Lanthenas, the writer of this letter, was a doctor at the epoch of the Revolution, and was elected a member of the National Convention. He voted for the death of the king, but fixed a delay for his punishment. On the return of the Bourbons he was expelled from France as a regicide. He was attached to the party of the Girondins, and his name was on that fatal list which proscribed, and subsequently sent to the scaffold, the "Twenty-two Deputies" of that party. Strange as it may seem, his name was stricken from the list on the motion of the bloodthirsty Marat. His reasons for his motion were not very complimentary to Lanthenas, but fortunately they saved his life. He said: "Lanthenas is a poor devil, who is not worth thinking of." He lived to write the letter alike, creditable to his head and heart in behalf of Thomas Paine, and was afterward, in the time of the Directory, a member of the Council of Five Hundred.

Dr. Lanthenas, whose letter of the 18th Thermidor has been quoted above, was not the only Frenchman who intervened in behalf of Paine. In the succeeding month (August), Achille Audibert, of Calais, one of his constituents, addressed the following letter to Citizen Theuriot, a member of the Committee of Public Safety, appealing for the release of Paine. As Robespierre was then dead, he was safe in denouncing him, particularly to Theuriot. From having been the associate of Robespierre in all his crimes Theuriot had become his violent enemy. He was the president of the National Convention on the 9th Thermidor, and every time that Robespierre attempted to speak he would ring his bell furiously and cry out: "*Tu n'as pas la parole! Tu n'as pas la parole!*" (You have not the floor.)

PARIS, Fructidor 2d, in the 2d }
year of the Republic. }

To Citizen Theuriot, a member of the Committee of Public Safety.

REPRESENTATIVE: A friend of mankind is groaning in chains—Thomas Paine, who was not so politic as to remain silent in regard to a man who was not

like himself, but who dared to say that Robespierre was a monster to be struck off the list of men. From that moment he became a criminal; the despot marked him as his victim, put him into prison, and doubtless prepared for him the way to the scaffold, as well as for those who knew him and were courageous enough to speak out.

Thomas Paine is an acknowledged citizen of America. He was the Secretary of the Congress of the Department of Foreign Affairs during the Revolution. He has made himself known in Europe by his writings, and specially by his "Rights of Man." The Electoral Assembly of the Department of Pas-de-Calais elected him one of its representatives to the Convention, and commissioned me to go to London and inform him of his election, and to bring him to France. I hardly escaped being a victim of the English Government, with which he was at open war; I performed my mission; and ever since friendship has attached me to Paine. This is my apology for soliciting you for his liberation.

I can assure you, Representatives, that America was by no means satisfied with the imprisonment of a strong column of its Revolution. Please to take my prayer into consideration. But for Robespierre's villainy the friend of man would now be free. Do not permit liberty longer to see in prison a victim of a wretch who lives no more but by his crimes; and you will add to the esteem and veneration I feel for a man who did so much to save the country amidst the most tremendous crisis of our Revolution.

Greeting, respect and brotherhood.

ACHILLE AUDIBERT,
Of Calais,

No. 216 rue de Bellechasse,
Faubourg St. Germain.

The following appeal by American citizens, then in Paris, in behalf of Paine—which is in the shape of a petition for his release from prison—to the National Convention, was also found in the National Archives at Paris. Breathing a spirit of humanity and friendship, it is deemed worthy of insertion in this paper:

CITIZENS LEGISLATORS.

The French nation, by a unanimous decree, have invited one of the most estimable of our countrymen to come to France; it is Thomas Paine, one of the political founders of the independence and republic of America. A twenty years' experience has taught America to know and respect his public virtues and the inappreciable services he has rendered his country.

Convinced that his quality of a foreigner and ex-deputy is the only cause of his provisional apprehension, in the name of our country (and we trust it will be appreciated) we apply to you to claim our friend and countryman, so that he may be able to leave with us for America, where he will be received with open arms.

If it should be necessary to say more to back the petition which, as friends and allies of the French Republic, we submit to their representatives in order to obtain the release of one of the most zealous and faithful apostles of liberty, we would conjure the National Convention, by all that is dear to the glory and hearts of freemen, not to afford a cause of exultation and triumph to the coalition of the

tyrants of Europe, and, above all, to the despotism of Great Britain, which did not blush to outlaw that bold and virtuous defender of liberty.

But their insolent enjoyment should be of short duration; for we feel entirely confident that you will detain no longer in the bonds of a painful captivity a man whose energetic and manly pen has so much contributed to free the Americans, and whose designs, we do not doubt at all, tended to render like services to the French Republic. We are convinced, indeed, that his principles and views were pure, and in this respect he is entitled to the indulgence due to human fallibility and to such regard as true-heartedness deserves; and we hold to the opinion we have of his innocence so much the more, as we are informed that after a rigorous examination of his papers by order of the Committee of General Safety, far from anything being found against him, they have, on the contrary, found out much to corroborate the purity of his political and moral principles.

As our countryman, and especially as a man so dear to the Americans as well as to you, ardent friends of liberty, we do, in the name of that goddess dear to the only two Republics in the world,—entreat you to render Thomas Paine to his brothers, and to allow us to take him back to his country, which is also our own.

If you require it, citizens representatives, we will become responsible for his conduct in France for the short stay he may remain to make arrangements for his departure.

M. JACKSON, of Philadelphia.
J. RUSSELL, of Boston.
PETER WHITESIDE, of Philadelphia.
HENRY JOHNSON, of Boston.
THOMAS CARTER, of Newburyport.
JAMES COOPER, of Philadelphia.
JOHN WILLET BILLOPP, of New York.
THOMAS WATERS GRIFFITH, of Baltimore.
TH. RAMSDEN, of Boston.
SAMUEL P. BROOME, of New York.
MEADENWORTH, of Connecticut.
JACK BARLOW, of Connecticut.
MICHAEL ALCORN, of Philadelphia.
M. ONEALY, of Baltimore.
JOHN M'PHERSON, of Alexandria.
WILLIAM HOSKINS, of Boston.
J. GREGOIRE, of Petersburg, Virginia.
JOSEPH INGRAHAM, of Boston.

The last document in relation to Paine, found in the National Archives, is the letter of Mr. Monroe, the Minister of the United States, to the Committee of General Safety. Mr. Monroe had but recently arrived in Paris. He was received by the National Convention of France in full session on the 15th of August, 1794 (28th Thermidor, year II.), which was only about three weeks after the fall of Robespierre, on the 27th of July, 1794 (9th Thermidor, year II.). As this was the first instance in which a minister had been accredited to the French Republic, there was some delay in the "Committee of Public Safety" in regard to the presentation of his letters of credence, caused by the necessity of establishing some general regulation on the subject. The correspondence of Mr. Monroe with his government at this

period (including that in regard to his reception) is very interesting, and is found in the first volume of the "American State Papers." As nothing appeared there, however, in regard to the proceedings of the Convention on the day of the reception, the "procès verbal" (journal) of the Convention was sought for in the National Archives. In the interest of the history of those extraordinary times, the full proceedings in respect of the matter are here set out.

[Translation.]

Extract from the "procès verbal" of the National Convention, of August 15, 1794.

The Citizen James Monroe, minister plenipotentiary of the United States of America near the French Republic, is admitted in the hall of the sitting of the National Convention. He takes his place in the midst of the representatives of the people, and remits to the President, with his letters of credence, a translation of a discourse addressed to the National Convention; it is read by one of the secretaries. The expressions of fraternity, of union, between the two people, and the interest which the people of the United States take in the success of the French Republic are heard with the liveliest sensibility and covered with applause.

Reading is also given to the letters of credence of Citizen Monroe, as well as to those written by the American Congress and by its president to the National Convention and to the Committee of Public Safety.

In witness of the fraternity which unites the two people, French and American, the President gives the accolade (fraternal embrace) to Citizen Monroe.

Afterward, upon the proposition of many members, the National Convention passes with unanimity the following decree:

ARTICLE I.

The reading and verification being had of the powers of Citizen James Monroe, he is recognized and proclaimed Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America near the French Republic.

ARTICLE II.

The letters of credence of Citizen James Monroe, Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States of America, those which he has remitted on the part of the American Congress and of its president, addressed to the National Convention and to the Committee of Public Safety, the discourse of Citizen Monroe, the response of the President of the Convention, shall be printed in the two languages, French and American, and inserted in the bulletin of correspondence.

ARTICLE III.

The flags of the United States of America shall be joined to those of France, and displayed in the hall of the sittings of the Convention, in sign of the union and eternal fraternity of the two people.

It will be observed in Article II. of the decree that it was ordered that the letters

of credence and the discourse of Mr. Monroe and the president of the Convention should be "printed in the two languages, French and American." The frantic hatred of the revolution toward England at that time would not permit the Convention to recognize our mother tongue as the English language.

The ceremony of the reception excited great interest. Mr. Monroe was introduced into the body of the Convention, and after the passage of the decree he advanced to the tribune, when the President, Merlin (de Douai), gave him the *fraternal kiss* ("accolade"), which was witnessed with emotion and hailed with intense enthusiasm by the whole Convention.

Though Mr. Monroe was accepted as minister in August, it does not appear that he took any steps for the release of Paine until 11th Brumaire (October), when he addressed to the Committee of General Safety the following letter, which is a model of a diplomatic communication:

PARIS, Brumaire 11, in the 3d year }
of the French Republic. }

The minister plenipotentiary of the United States of America, to the members of the Committee of General Safety.

CITIZENS.

In every case where the citizens of the United States of America are subject to the laws of the French Republic, it is their duty to obey them in consequence of the protection they receive therefrom, or to submit to such penalties as they inflict. This principle is beyond all dispute. It belongs to the very essence of sovereignty, and cannot be separated from it. Then all that my countrymen have a right to expect from me is to see that justice be done to them, according to the nature of the accusation, or the offense they may have committed, by the tribunals which take cognizance of the case.

I trust few occasions will occur when the demeanor of any American citizen may become a matter of discussion before a criminal court; and should any such case take place, I would fully rely on the justice of that tribunal, convinced that, if the scales were even, it would be in the heart of the magistrate to turn them in favor of my countrymen. To urge their trial, if that should become necessary, is therefore the only point that I may be solicitous in relation to.

In the present circumstances I would not draw your attention to a matter of this kind if I were not compelled to it by considerations of great weight, and which I hope you will appreciate, because every day brings forth further proofs of devotedness on the part of France to the cause which gives rise to them. The strenuous endeavors she has already made and is every day making for the sake of

liberty obviously show how much she cherishes it, and her gratitude toward such men as have supported that cause is justly considered to be inseparable from the veneration due to the very cause itself.

The citizens of the United States cannot look back upon the times of their own revolution without recollecting among the names of their most distinguished patriots, that of Thomas Paine; the services he rendered to his country in its struggle for freedom have implanted in the hearts of his countrymen a sense of gratitude never to be effaced as long as they shall deserve the title of a just and generous people.

The above-named citizen is at this moment languishing in prison, affected with a disease growing more intense from his confinement. I beg, therefore, to call your attention to his condition, and to request you to hasten the moment when the law shall decide his fate, in case of any accusation against him, and, if none, to restore him to liberty.

Greeting and brotherhood,

MONROE.

This communication of Mr. Monroe is written in the French language. The practice of our Government is different at the present day. All diplomatic communications of English-speaking nations are now addressed to foreign nations in the English language. The tribute which the minister officially paid to Paine is worthy of notice.

The intervention of Mr. Monroe was successful, for two days afterward Paine was released, as appears by the following:

BRUMAIRE 13th, in the 3d year }
of the French Republic. }

The Committee of General Safety order that citizen Thomas Paine be immediately discharged from custody, and the seals taken off his papers on sight of these presents.

The members of the Committee: Clauzel, Lesage Senault, Bentabolle, Reverchon, Gaupilleau de Fontenai, Rewbell.

Delivered to citizen Clauzel.

Thus, after a cruel and barbarous imprisonment of ten long months, enduring untold sufferings, Thomas Paine was set free. Made a citizen of France and elected to its National Convention, he served his country (adopted for the time) with ability, zeal and usefulness, devoting his acknowledged talents and large experience to the preparation of its fundamental law. His arrest and imprisonment, without charges preferred or even the pretense of crime, was an act of perfidy, baseness and ingratitude without a parallel except in the history of the "French Revolution."

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Presidential Campaign.

THERE are many reasons why the American people should be gratified with the course and results of the two political conventions which have placed in nomination for the Presidency, General Garfield and General Hancock. The first is, that the political machines of both parties were subordinated and superseded. In the Republican convention, the machine received a tremendous and ignominious defeat. This result was not so pronounced in the Democratic convention, but even there the men who were supposed to manipulate the controlling influences were obliged to submit to powers beyond their control, and assist in the nomination of a man very far from their first choice. Indeed, the political machine had very little to do with the nomination of either Garfield or Hancock, and so much may be set down as a great gain for the cause of political morality. The chief wire-pullers on both sides have failed; the party managers, who choose to do business without much respect to the wishes of the people, have miscarried in all their plans, and each party has the great privilege of presenting a candidate for the popular suffrage whose hands are clean, at least, of all dirty work done for himself, in the attempt to secure a nomination.

More and better even than this can be said. There is nothing, so far as we know, in the record of either of these gentlemen to prevent the most conscientious partisan from voting for him. General Garfield is, in all respects, an admirable man. He knows the public business, probably, as well as any man in America. He has been in it, as an active and intelligent force, for many years, in which he has demonstrated his ability for statesmanship and leadership. The record of his life does not exhibit a stain, and, if he shall be elected, he will be much the most brilliant President, in his endowments and attainments, who has graced the White House in this generation. General Hancock's name is familiar as one of the successful military chieftains of the late civil war, and he has always been recognized as a gentleman, and a man of unstained private life. He has had many trusts, and been faithful to them all. It is a great comfort to feel that the American voters this year are not left to base their votes on a choice of evils, and that there is nothing repulsive or offensive in either of the candidates presented for their support. Any Republican ought to vote for General Garfield, and any Democrat ought to vote for General Hancock. We mean by this simply that there is nothing in the character or record of either of these candidates which should shut him from the sympathy and support of those who approve his political views.

Another cause of gratification growing out of the foregoing facts, is that this campaign is not to be a campaign of slander. One of the degrading and disgraceful things connected with nearly all presidential campaigns within our memory, was the mud-throw-

ing at the personal character of the candidates. The brutality of the old campaigns was debasing and demoralizing to the last degree. Every canvass has been belittled and degraded by personalities of the lowest character. It has seemed as if a man had only to be placed in nomination for the high office of President to be regarded as the legitimate butt of party ridicule and the mark of party obloquy.

Now, in the present campaign, there certainly can be no apology for this brutal kind of warfare, and we hope to see it finished with the highest personal courtesy on both sides. There ought to be enough in the issues between the two parties to engage the attention of all writers and speakers, and fix the determinations of all voters. The questions for the American people to decide relate simply to the policy of the two parties, as represented in their history and platforms. Which party has the soundest financial policy?—which holds the policy of the highest justice alike to capital and labor?—which party is most devoted to the maintenance of the equal rights of all?—which party stands strongest for the purity of elections? and, in every sense and in every emergency, which party is the most patriotic? The people who settle these questions conscientiously, in their own minds, may congratulate themselves that they will find at the head of the party for which they decide a man who is personally worthy of their votes. They have not to quarrel over men, or to believe that the representative of the other party is a thief or a cut-throat, or a knave of any other sort. Their business is simply to make up their minds what party is the true party of patriotism and progress, and cast their votes for the man who represents it.

There is a good deal, too, in the failure of the political machines to encourage those who have been sufficiently conscientious and brave to struggle against their supremacy. There has been, of late years, a good deal of independent political thinking, which had already begun to show itself in independent political acting. In the Republican party, particularly, there were the "Young Scratchers," to whom the machine devoted a good deal of angry criticism, and who drew to their support, and won over to sympathy, some of the very best men in the party.

In the result at Chicago, they have their reward. The machine would have given them a man whom they sincerely disliked and disapproved, and they were not without a great deal of influence in securing the nomination of a man very much to their mind. Scratching is a pretty good remedy for party bosses, which, we trust, will not soon pass out of memory. How much Mr. John Kelly did, with his menace of revolt, to secure the nomination of Hancock, he undoubtedly did more for his party and his country, than years of fealty to the machine could have accomplished.

Dandyism.

CARLYLE says that "a dandy is a clothes-wearing man—a man whose trade, office and existence consists in the wearing of clothes." Then he adds, in his grim irony:—"Nay, if you grant what seems to be admissible, that the dandy had a thinking principle in him, and some notion of time and space, is there not in the life-devotedness to cloth, in this so willing sacrifice of the immortal to the perishable, something (though in reverse order) of that blending and identification of eternity with time, which . . . constitutes the prophetic character."

After Carlyle has handled the dandy, there is not, of course, much left for other people to do. Still, we can reflect a little more particularly on the style of mind which produces or accompanies dandyism, and get our lesson out of the process. Why supreme devotion to dress, on the part of a man, should be so contemptible, and, on the part of a woman, so comparatively venial, we have never been able to determine, but there is no doubt that we are quite ready to forgive in woman a weakness which we despise in man. To see a man so absorbed in the decoration of his own person, and in the development of his own graces that all other objects in life are held subordinate to this one small and selfish passion or pursuit, is no less disgusting than surprising. To amplify Carlyle's definition of a dandy a little, we may say that he is a man whose soul is supremely devoted to the outside of things, particularly the outside of himself, and who prides himself not at all on what he is, but on what he seems, and not at all on seeming sensible or learned, but on seeming beautiful, in a way that he regards as stylish. A male human being who cares supremely about the quality of the woolen, silk, linen, felt and leather that encase his body and the place where his brains should be, forgetting the soul within him and the great world without him, with the mysterious future that lies before him, would seem to deserve the mockery of all mankind, as well as of Carlyle.

Still, the dandy in dress is not a very important topic to engage the attention of a man who is sensible enough to read a magazine, and we should not have said a word about him if we did not detect his disposition in other things besides dress. We have what may legitimately be denominated dandyism in literature. Literature is often presented as the outcome of as true dandyism as is ever observed in dress. There are many writers, we fear, who care more about their manner of saying a thing than about the thing they have to say. All these devotees to style, all those coiners of fine phrases who tax their ingenuity to make their mode of saying a thing more remarkable than the thing said—men who play with words for the sake of the words, and who seek admiration for their cleverness in handling the medium of thought itself, and men also who perform literary gymnastics in order to attract attention—all these are literary dandies. The great verities and vitalities of thought and life are never supreme with these men. They would a thousand times rather fail in a thought than trip in the rounding of a sentence and the fall of a period. Of course, all this petting of their own style, and this

supreme study of ways with words, is in itself so selfish a matter that their work is vitiated, and even the semblance of earnestness is lost. Dandies in literature never accomplish anything for anybody except themselves. Verily they have their reward, for they have their admirers, though they are among those no more in earnest than themselves.

We have had in America one eminent literary dandy. He lived at a time when it was very easy for a man of literary gifts to make a reputation—easy to attract the attention of the people; and the temptation to toy with the popular heart was too great for him to resist, and so he who could have taught and inspired his countrymen was content to play with his pen, and seek for their applause. He had his reward. He was as notorious as he sought to be. People read his clever verses and clapped their hands, but those verses did not voice any man's or woman's aspirations, or soothe any man's or woman's sorrows. They helped nobody. They were not the earnest outpourings of a nature consecrated either to God or song, and the response that they met in the public heart was not one of grateful appropriation, though that heart was not slow to offer the incense of its admiration to the clever and graceful, even if supremely selfish, artist. It is hardly necessary to add that this superb literary dandy has found no one who cared enough for him to write his life; and it takes a pretty poor sort of literary man nowadays to escape a biography. We would not speak of this man were we not conscious that we have—now living and writing—others who are like him in spirit and in aim—men who are supremely anxious to get great credit for their way of doing things, and who are interested mainly in the externals of literature—men who, moved by personal vanity, are seeking rather to attract attention to themselves than to impress their thoughts, as elevating and purifying forces, upon their generation.

Dandyism does not stop either with dress or literature, but invades all art. Never, perhaps, in the history of painting, has there been so much dandyism in art as at the present day. Never, it seems to us, were painters so much devoted to painting the outside of things as they are now. We are dazzled everywhere with tricks of color, fantastic dress, subjects chosen only with reference to their adaptation to the revelation of the special clevernesses of those who treat them. It seems as if every painter who had managed to achieve some remarkable trick of handling, were making it the business of his life to play that trick, and to have nothing to do with any topic which will not furnish him the occasion for its use. Our young men, in a great number of instances, are running after these trick-masters, learning nothing of art in its deeper meanings, but supremely busy with the outside of things, and very trivial things at that. In this devotion to the tricks of art, all earnestness and worthiness of purpose die, and art becomes simply a large and useless field of dandyism.

We have plenty of dandyism in the pulpit. We do not allude to the dandyism of clerical regalia, although there is a disgusting amount of that; but the

devotion to externals as they relate to manner of writing, and manner of speech, and manner of social intercourse. The preacher who is in dead earnest, and has nothing to exhibit but the truth he preaches, is not a man of formalities. The clerical dandy impresses one with himself and not with his Master. He shows off himself. He studies

his poses and his intonations as if he were in very deed an actor. We have stylists in the pulpit, we have actors in the pulpit, who challenge attention and intend to challenge attention by their manner, and it is not at all a manner of humble earnestness. Preachers are human, and they, like the rest of us, should pray to be delivered from the sin of dandyism.

COMMUNICATIONS.

ABERDEEN, MISS., May 24, 1880.

EDITOR SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY:—Mr. Henry King is named as the author of a paper in the June number of your magazine, on the Negro Exodus to Kansas.

As to his theories, views and predictions I have nothing to say, as we have learned from long experience that reason, logic and argument, on our part, are thrown away upon a large and very worthy, but prejudiced, class in the North.

In his paper, however, Mr. King makes the following statement:

"It is claimed, upon what seems to be good authority, that in the State of Mississippi not a single white man has been convicted and punished for an offense against a colored man, or made to pay a debt to a colored man, for the past five years."

Now, sir, does it not occur to you that this is a rather reckless assertion to be made, even upon an irresponsible *ou dit*, without some previous inquiry as to the truth of it? I do not know who Mr. Henry King is (though I may argue myself unknown by the admission), I do not know who or what his "good authority" is—but I have a proposition to make to him. If Mr. King—or his "good authority"—will pay for the transcripts, I bind myself to furnish to SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, for publication, certified records of twenty cases in which

white men have been convicted and punished for offenses against colored men, and as many cases in which white men have been made, by legal proceedings, to pay debts due to colored men,—and all this not in the whole State of Mississippi, but in this (Monroe) county—*one* only of its seventy-five counties, and during the period from 1875—when Mississippi emerged from the valley of the shadow of death—down to the present time. In the only case that occurs to me during that time of the *killing* of a colored man by a white man, in this county, the accused was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for life, and is there now,—having narrowly escaped hanging.

The democratic majority in this county averages one thousand.

If Mr. King is as earnest in his sympathy for the colored people of the South as he would appear to be, he will be willing to pay the small cost of the transcripts for the sake of getting his mind relieved as to their condition in Mississippi.

I could as easily name fifty cases; but twenty will answer every purpose.

As regards the Exodus, I can only say "God speed it!"—and in saying so I echo the sentiments of three-fourths of our people. The class of colored people who are emigrating to Kansas is a curse to any country—is just the class we want to get rid of, and can spare to Kansas or any other State.

E. H. BRISTOW.

HOME AND SOCIETY.

Letters to Young Mothers. Second Series.—IV.

THERE is danger that, where so much pains is taken to amuse children and make them happy, they may grow selfish and exacting. Always to receive and never to give is as bad for children as for grown people. To be sure, there is not much they can do for you, and what they can do is worth very little in itself, but just because it develops a generous thoughtfulness for others, encourage them in all their little plans for other people's pleasure. Children are naturally generous, and delight to make and give presents, until they see their gifts considered as rubbish. Probably they *are*, but a great deal of love

can be put into very common things. You keep *their* birthdays. Encourage them to remember the birthdays of the older members of the family, even if their celebrations are troublesome and their presents useless. In the family festivals, let them have something to *do* for somebody else. Do not let the doing always be on your side.

I have seen some very pretty little affairs arranged by children for such occasions. I remember one, designed by a girl nine years old, for her mamma's birthday. She dressed herself and her sisters to represent the four seasons, and each one brought to the mother a trifling gift, repeating in turn a line of a verse of poetry she had found in an illuminated cal-

endar. The youngest, dressed in her best white dress, trimmed with artificial apple-blossoms and lilies of the valley, and carrying her present in a tiny basket, hidden among spring flowers, represented spring. As she handed her present to her mother, she said:

"First, beautiful spring, with flowers and song."

Summer, also in white, with bright ribbons, followed with her gift, saying:

"Next, rosy summer comes tripping along."

Autumn, glowing in a garnet dress, and wearing a wreath of bright leaves and wheat, brought her present in a basket of red apples, and repeated:

"Then blushing autumn, with rich fruits laden,"

while,

"Last, sober winter, cold, thoughtful maiden,"

clad all in white, with a band of swan's-down around her head, drew out her gift from a large cornucopia filled with cotton, to represent snow.

Of course, the mother had been consulted, and had given permission to use the finery. She entered into the spirit of the occasion, and gave advice and made suggestions, but was conveniently blind till everything was complete. It occupied the children for the best part of the afternoon, and under all the fun of the thing was the pleasant consciousness that they really were doing something for the happiness of mamma, who had done so much for them.

These same children were greatly amused with the pictures and poetry in "St. Nicholas" of the

"Three wise old women were they, were they,
Who went to walk on a winter's day—
One carried a basket to hold some berries,
One carried a ladder to climb for cherries;
The third, and she was the wisest one,
Carried a fan to keep off the sun."

So they "made a game of it" for a Thanksgiving evening celebration. They appeared suddenly in the sitting-room, dressed like old women, with marvelous bonnets, one with a huge market-basket, the little three-year-old with a great palm-leaf fan, almost as big as she was, and the oldest carrying the family step-ladder. When the wind blew them all away, one of the audience had to represent wind, and lay the ladder down, and it was quite a comical sight to see them bail out the imaginary water and attend to their bonnets and their balance at the same time. On another occasion, with the help of playmates, they added the "Three Wise Men" to the performance, though this was more difficult.

Another family of boys and girls, a little older, were always getting up tableaux and burlesque-opera entertainments for their father's birthdays. It was no end of trouble; old clothes and the tableaux did not always "preserve the unities," but they were pleasant recollections long after the merry boys and girls were fathers and mothers themselves.

I saw another birthday celebration once, and I shall never forget it. The mother's birthday had come too soon for the child's calculation, and there

was no preparation made. The oldest, a sensitive, loving child of seven years, was overwhelmed with grief, and sobbed, "Mamma is always giving us something, and getting up things for us, and now we have forgotten her. Oh! dear, dear!"

Close by stood a little basketful of stones, picked up in their afternoon ramble—just such stones as you can find in any New England pasture lot or by any stone wall. But the white, imperfect quartz crystals and the shining little bits of mica seemed very beautiful to the child. Suddenly she noticed the basket. There was a hurried consultation with her younger sister, a great parade of secrecy and business, a rattling of stones in the kitchen wash-basin, and much dancing about and shouts of "Now, mamma, we've got something for your birthday. Don't look into that basket! Now, don't guess—oh! you never *can* guess what it is!"

The next morning at breakfast there was something on mamma's plate, heaping up the napkin so carefully spread over it.

When the napkin was lifted there was nothing but the little heap of shining stones, but the children were as happy as if they had been gold and diamonds. Said the youngest: "Mamma, I picked out the very prettiest, the very whitest and shiny-est"; and the oldest added, "We washed them just as carefully last night."

The father said afterward:

"They came to me in the evening in great glee, for now they had something for mamma, and they showed me the stones, all wet and dripping in the basket—about as pitiful a thing for a present as could be imagined."

A trifle, you say, but the love and delight that went with that worthless little pile of stones could not be counted by dollars. No wonder the mother's eyes grew dim, as she looked from the stones heaped up on her plate to the glowing faces of the children, and that she carefully put the stones away. Trifles like these are the very dearest of treasures to a mother's heart, if some day the bright eyes that shone with delight are forever shut from her sight, and the busy little hands are folded still and cold.

You never know how long you and your children will have each other. At best, they will not be little children always. Make the life which you live together, as happy and as full of yourself as possible. If you can do but little, put plenty of love and sunshine into that little. It is worth a great deal to have them to grow up with the habit of being happy. If this habit comes—not because every wish is gratified, but because they are always busy at some cheerful or helpful work, never fear that they will grow up querulous and selfish. Children so trained are not apt to fall into fashionable listlessness, or to give themselves up to idle grief, if disappointment and sorrow come into their maturer lives.

The effect of such a home atmosphere as this is incalculable. It not only tends to strengthen and purify each separate individual in the family, but its influence is still deeper and more far-reaching.

Whatever tends to make our family life purer and stronger is doing the best and noblest service for society. We women listen to the growl of the storm in other countries; we tremble for our own, and feel so useless and insignificant!

Brave little Holland keeps the whole mighty Atlantic at bay with her dykes of commonplace earth and stones and turf—mere every-day material. Take courage, weary mother. Your life may seem to you not much more than a dreary grind, day after

day, to supply the physical wants of your children; but if they grow up to love and honor you because you deserve their love and honor—if they go out from you to build up other homes like the one you have made to them the purest and sweetest place, on earth, you have built a few rods of dyke over against your own house, and so have built, not for yourself alone, but for all society—not for to-day alone, but for all time.

MARY BLAKE.

CULTURE AND PROGRESS.

White's "Every-day English."

In this volume, Mr. Richard Grant White has brought together various scattered contributions made to magazines and newspapers on the subject of the English language. It is nine years, he tells us, since his previous work, entitled "Words and their Uses," was published; and what is here printed may fairly be supposed to represent the result of the study and reflection of the interval which has passed. As contrasted with that work, it will be seen at once that this one shows a marked advance on Mr. White's part, both in opinion and expression. There are in it comparatively few of those extraordinary mistakes, which, however, added to the interest of his previous book, though they may possibly have impaired its value. Wider study, even if of a *dilettante* character, has inevitably led to more accuracy of statement, as well as to less positiveness of assertion. This lowering of the feeling of general omniscience has likewise been attended with a sensible diminution of virulence of tone. True it is, as the poet tells us, that "knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers"; and the wisdom of the author's views has not altogether kept pace with the progress of his knowledge. But, if occasionally the crude ideas of his earlier work appear, they are no longer made offensively prominent. It would, indeed, be asking too much of human nature to expect him to withdraw them formally. It is enough for us that they are now stated with modification and moderation, or quietly put entirely into the background.

So much is justly due, at the outset, to a work which cannot be spoken of with unqualified praise. For, together with merits of its own, it has peculiar defects. In a general way, it may be said to be pervaded by the fault of too great an abundance of assertion for the supply of facts upon which the assertion is founded. The very opening pages of the volume illustrate this. They are given up to a discussion of the word *share*, which Mr. White derives from *shire* through the pronunciation *sheer*. "So," he says, "*shire* came to be written *sheer*, and *sheer* to be pronounced and then written *share*." One main

difficulty with the late derivation of *share* from *shire*, by this roundabout process is that *scir* or *scire*, from which *shire* comes directly, and *searu* or *searu*, from which *share* comes directly, existed side by side in the earliest known period of our tongue. Statements like this we have quoted, and which lack only the quality of accuracy to be invaluable, are scattered up and down the pages of this volume. But no one would wish them away, for Mr. White communicates so pleasantly the misinformation which he has to give, that we feel that we have made an actual gain when, under his guidance, we exchange an uninteresting and unaccommodating fact for a charmingly told fiction. It is only when he hesitates that he loses in interest. This is plainly seen, for illustration, in the remarks contained in his twenty-eighth chapter upon *had rather be*—a very ticklish phrase for one to meddle with who is not familiar with its origin and history, and the precise nature of its constituent parts. Mr. White writes about it and about it without really saying anything of it; and the sort of wobbling movement which characterizes him in this place, so different from his usual directness and positiveness, not only takes away interest in the subject, but gives to the reader that painful impression which affects all of us at the sight of the struggles of a writer to impart to others information in regard to matters which he himself does not thoroughly understand.

The work is divided into four parts. The first, entitled "Speech," is largely taken up with a discussion of the statements of Professor Whitney in regard to pronunciation; and it will be gratifying to the friends of that scholar to learn that, though occasionally disapproving his views, Mr. White is enabled to speak well of them on the whole.

The second part is entirely devoted to the subject of "Spelling Reform." To this, it is almost needless to say, the author is opposed. Indeed, the present agitation of it he looks upon with those mingled feelings of pity and contempt with which superior natures are supposed to view the follies and frailties of their fellow-beings. He speaks of it with the fine irony of quotation marks as a "movement." He abandons himself to the most dismal prophecies of its failure. Yet it can hardly be said that, outside of his personal opinion, he has added anything to the

* Every-day English. A sequel to "Words and their Uses." By Richard Grant White. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

facts and arguments of the controversy, save in the way of perversion of the one and misapprehension of the other. We retract: there is one contribution to the discussion, absolutely new, which he has made. Nowhere can be found so complete an exposure of the utter incapacity of linguistic scholars and special students of a tongue to deal with the question of spelling. Nowhere have we seen the advantage of ignorance of a subject as a qualification for its successful treatment more convincingly stated, and, we may be permitted to add, more adequately illustrated. There is, too, a sort of poetic justice in Mr. White's speaking disparagingly of specialists and laying bare their incompetence. He is only repaying them in their own coin.

There are, however, a number of references to and quotations from articles on spelling reform which appeared in this magazine, and these require a slight notice here. Certain statements, in particular, in regard to two words have so much attention paid to them that it would be discourteous in us not to make clear to the author the mistakes into which he has unwittingly fallen. The words are *been* and *colonel*. In regard to them it was said that two ways of spelling corresponding to two ways of pronouncing existed side by side; and that modern English has with us retained the spelling of the one form and the pronunciation of the other. Let us take these two words in order. Before saying anything specifically about *been*, it is necessary to remark that the letter *i* had from the beginning two sounds, correspondingly long and short. The latter of these is now represented in *pin*, the former in *pique*. But in process of time the letter *i*, when long, came often to have the diphthongal value—heard in *pine*—which it still retains; its strictly long sound, corresponding to short *i*, was often though not invariably denoted by *ee*. Mr. White gives up a good deal of time and space to proving, what no one ever denied, that *i* had once the sound of *ee*. But the question is, when we find the word *bin* in our earlier literature, whether the *i* of it had its strictly long or its short sound—that is, whether it was pronounced *bēen* or *bīn*. He unhesitatingly declares for the former view, and when he finds *bin* rhyming with such a word as *in*, he goes on to say that the latter was pronounced *een*. To prove this he quotes a passage from Wallis, who in 1653 published in Latin an English grammar. There are many extraordinary things in this volume of "Every-day English," but, upon the whole, this is the most extraordinary. Will it be believed that the very quotation which is introduced to prove this assertion proves the direct opposite? The passage from Wallis in the original Latin can be found on page twenty; and, as Mr. White has failed to comprehend it in that tongue, we shall take the liberty of translating it for him. The grammarian is speaking of the vowel-sound we are discussing. "This sound," he says, "as often as it is shortened, the English express by short *i*; but when it is lengthened they write it for the most part with *ee*, not unfrequently, however, with *ie*, or even with *ea*." Wallis then proceeds to contrast the correspondingly long and short sounds by examples,

and to make the difference perfectly clear, he takes, in most cases, words bearing a close resemblance, as *fit* and *feet*, *fill* and *feel* and *field*, *sin* and *seen*, *ill* and *est*, and several others. This settles the question; but, as if he had not done enough to ruin his own cause, Mr. White introduces on page 225 another quotation from Wallis, in which that grammarian says, in regard to this specific word, that the pronunciation *bīn* was sometimes used instead of *bēen*, improperly, as he thinks. These foot-notes, generously added by the author of "Every-day English," enable us to correct the errors of his text; and, though he fails to understand their force, his readers will not—at least, those of them who can construe Latin. We especially are under obligations for these quotations, as they relieve us from the necessity of burdening our columns with a defense of what there was never the slightest reason to attack. It is not often that the victim about to be immolated brings with him as an additional offering the sacrificial knife.

Nor, when he comes to *colonel*, can it be said that our author is much better off. He adds a good deal to what was found in the columns of this magazine; but it is in the way of exposition and not of contradiction. But though he does not state definitely that the *l* of *colonel* was pronounced exclusively as *l*, and never as *r*, up to the middle of the eighteenth century, he implies it; at any rate, without that assumption his argument is worth nothing. It was, according to him, about a hundred years ago that the change of letter-sound took place. Now, if two different pronunciations of the same word exist side by side in cultivated speech, it is easy to see how one might drive out the other; but for a word then to assume an entirely new pronunciation, not in accordance with its spelling, but in utter defiance of it, is something so difficult, that it may be called practically impossible under ordinary conditions. The transition of *l* to *r* is common in language; but it is common only in the language that lives almost wholly in the mouths of men, not in the developed language that is recorded in literature, read in books, and heard in the daily speech of an educated class. But this is not all. The occurrence of the word in the writings of the sixteenth century, not merely with the spelling *coronel* but with that of *cornel*, is satisfactory proof that, even at that early period, the present pronunciation was more or less prevalent. Mr. White is, indeed, totally unacquainted with this fact; but his ignorance, however great, cannot justly be held to counterbalance any one else's knowledge, however slight. He has found the word in Spenser's prose treatise on Ireland, and says that "this is probably the earliest appearance of the word in our literature in any form." It is a striking illustration of his somewhat lax method of procedure that, though in the article which he criticises there was a specific reference to the use of the term in the Leicester correspondence of 1585-6,—and this is no solitary case,—he was willing merely to borrow the fact without consulting the authority; and not even content with this, he went on to hazard the assertion that "the earl doubtless got the new title" from the

Spaniards, and to state by implication that it was he alone who used it. As a matter of fact, while it is employed by many, it occurs most frequently in this correspondence in the letters of Sir Francis Walsingham, the English Secretary of State.

It is necessity rather than choice that has led us to spend time on these unimportant details; though, alongside of the mistakes which have been pointed out here, little slips that occur frequently elsewhere—such, for instance, as Ormin's having written about two thousand lines when he actually wrote about twenty thousand—are hardly worthy of mention. We come now to the third part, which Mr. White entitles "Grammar," apparently because he denies that there is in English any such thing, and to the fourth part, which discusses mainly questions of usage. Here our author can be said to have his foot upon his native heath. This is a province which he has made peculiarly his own; and there is little doubt that what is found in this part will be much the most attractive to most of his readers. Indeed, it is they who have largely made up this portion of the book. Mr. White has a large correspondence, as he tells us, all over the country. He receives and for some years has received daily "letters written by representatives of all sorts and conditions of men"; and these appear to consist mainly of inquiries about the proper use of words and phrases. He seems, indeed, to play to some extent the part of a modern Delphic oracle, to which members of the English-speaking race resort from far and near for guidance. This is necessarily an unprofitable as well as onerous tax upon time and patience; for the modern seeker after light rarely comes laden with a larger gift than the solitary postage-stamp. But it is attended with this special consolation of its own to the feelings—that the agricultural, the bucolic, and even the medical and the military correspondent love, no less than death, a shining mark. It is certainly in his observations upon these questions of usage that Mr. White is at his best, as might naturally be expected; for they depend for their value far more upon that accuracy of judgment which comes from familiarity with the best writers than upon that mere accuracy of knowledge which can only be gained at the price of patient labor. It is, indeed, a signal illustration of the superiority of taste to truth that in particular instances the conclusions of the author are altogether right, while the reasons he gives for them are altogether wrong. To young and careless writers, therefore, this part of the work, in spite of some mistakes, will be valuable; while it will seem a perfect treasure to that class of persons whose intellectual diet consists largely of real or fancied improprieties of speech, and who are never happy unless they can make themselves miserable by discovering errors of expression where none had been thought to exist.

Howells's "Undiscovered Country."

THOSE who have criticised Mr. Howells for keeping too near the surface in his delineations of life,

ought not to complain if his latest novel shows a more solid texture than its predecessors, and has less than usual of that valuable literary attribute which Edmund Quincy used to call "specific levity." Among the vagaries of spiritualism and in the analysis of a character absorbed in its mysteries, we cannot expect a treatment so gay and amusing as if the scene were laid among very youthful maids and lovers in a "parlor-car." To many persons, moreover, the mere atmosphere of these "manifestations," real or supposed, is so unattractive as to repel them from any book which deals with such themes. It seems, indeed, a curious circumstance that while the interest in these phenomena has seemed to be unequivocally waning, it should be simultaneously revived by Mr. Howells in literature, and by Mr. Joseph Cook in discoursing on what he calls science. Yet this may be, after all, only a recognition that the whole subject is lapsing into the past, since it is with the past and completed that both art and science must mainly deal.

Mr. Howells has too much of Hawthorne in his temperament to find any difficulty in evading all assertion of his personal belief or disbelief in these wonders. He handles the rappings with as airy and impersonal a touch as if he were Hawthorne dealing with a supposed birth-mark or a bosom-serpent; his treatment is, as it should be, dramatic; he is writing a novel, not a polemic treatise. In this case of handling this book surpasses its predecessors; and it is also superior to them in the feeling for external nature. It is perhaps due to the author's good fortune in personally exchanging suburban for rural life that there is here perceptible a certain warmth and mellowness of natural allusion, with a delicate observation of the habits of plants and animals, such as has not before been prominent in his books. The scarlet of the maples, "the sunny glisten of meadows," the joy of the red squirrels, enter as never before into his pictures. Never before could he so exquisitely describe the hour of dawn, "when the robins and orioles and sparrows were weaving that fabric of song which seems to rise everywhere from the earth to the low-hovering heaven" (page 187). That celebrated imaginative touch in Bret Harte's "Miggles," where the outcast girl unconsciously shifts her position, as she tells her story, till she brings between herself and her auditors the figure of the ruined man in whom her love has found at once her doom and her redemption,—a passage, be it remarked, which promised a higher and finer quality of genius than its author has ever again exhibited,—is not more profound or delicate in its conception than the scene in which Mr. Howells makes his two lovers first reveal their hearts to each other while picking grapes, with the grape-vine between them, betraying through that green and swaying curtain the secrets that had shunned the light of day.

It is to be observed, moreover, that "The Undiscovered Country" shows not a taste of that sub-acid vein with which Mr. Howells, in his philosophizing, has sometimes been reproached. His lover, to be sure, is rather ungracious and unlovely at the outset, but that is the type of wooer now most in vogue with

* The Undiscovered Country. By W. D. Howells. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1886.

our novelists, and this not without some foundation in current manners. As to the love-plot, the conquest of the savage and the recusant by the charms of unconscious womanhood is as old as modern literature, at least; though it is not every wooer who begins his attentions, like the hero of the present novel, by savagely gripping the hand of his mistress until he wounds her fingers with her own ring, and then ends them in the conventional manner by putting on her finger a ring of his own selection. Between these two incidents there lies, however, a long train of events,—or rather a few events, skillfully prolonged,—in which the continuous interest lies perhaps less in the love-affair of the daughter than in the developed character of the father.

The opening scenes are laid among mediums and spiritualists, and one must have known something personally of the class described to fully appreciate the admirableness with which Mr. Howells has delineated them all. Mrs. Le Roy, the unscrupulous, kindly, good-natured professional,—Mr. Hatch, the cheery, vivacious half-believer,—Mr. Eccles, the saturnine and suspicious philosopher,—no one ever went a dozen steps into the personal observation of "the phenomena" without encountering each of these types; and the very good-nature of the portraiture makes them inestimable. These are the minor figures, and among them rises the central personage, Dr. Boynton, a creation far more difficult,—a delineation so admirable, indeed, that we are inclined to place him distinctly in advance of any before achieved by Mr. Howells. There is danger that the popular prejudice against spiritualism, or the rather too great prolongation of some scenes in the book, may blind the reader to the remarkable portrayal of this one character. A man of science and yet a dupe,—at once pitiable and heroic,—a dreamer and yet capable of prompt and resolute action,—thoroughly sincere, and yet treading the perilous edge of deception,—a tender father and yet torturing his daughter,—full of the loftiest self-devotion for the race, and yet unsparing to the one human being intrusted to his care,—we have said enough already to show what a remarkable combination he represents. When to this we add that he is from moment to moment at the mercy of the most trivial and unexpected influences around him, so that we see him throughout, not as a fixed and formed character, but as one in the last degree plastic and floating, the study of his development assumes a sort of fascination, and its successful delineation becomes a triumph. The only previous character in whose creation Mr. Howells has shown anything approaching the same power of analysis is that of Don Ippolito in "A Foregone Conclusion," and even his nature is one of far more fixed and definite boundaries, less mobile and florid, therefore less difficult to portray. Besides, the contrasting character in that book, Vervain, is so shallow and insufficient as to make the contrast unsatisfactory and even painful, and there is a certain cynical flavor, especially at the close; whereas, the final impression left by this book is sweet and wholesome.

Dr. Boynton's daughter Egeria, the heroine of the

story,—whose gradual extrication from the involuntary attitude of mediumship is the nominal motive of the book,—remains, despite the author's efforts, in that neutral tint from which it is so hard to rescue one's heroine; nor has modern art yet availed, it may be said, to rescue one's hero, except by the device already mentioned,—of making him brusque and disagreeable. Even this method, however, is becoming worn out; and Ford, the present lover, must, after all, be classed with that dynasty of Warringtons whom Thackeray has bequeathed to all succeeding novelists. He is the cultivated Timon of modern life, who makes his bread by writing for the newspapers, and finds habitually little to esteem in men, except that they are not women. "Oh, yes, your odd friend," said the ladies driving him (Phillips) home from the station in their phaetons"; and nothing hits off the hero better than this slight and essentially Howells-like touch. Phillips himself, the friend who consents to the ladies and the phaetons, we find a little vaguer in outline,—far less marked, indeed, than the fair ones with whom he consorts, especially those inimitable types of boarding-house life whom Mr. Howells has long since learned to indicate with a single stroke of the brush. One might confess, without shame, never to have seen Mr. Phillips; but for an American citizen not to have known Mrs. Perham would be to admit that he had never genteelly boarded.

But the crowning triumph of personal delineation—after Dr. Boynton himself—is to be found in the Shaker household, among whose members the action of the book chiefly lies. It is an equal triumph for Mr. Howells, first to have discovered this wealth of new material, and then to have so thoroughly employed it. The material is, after all, less than the skill. There is an art akin to Miss Austen's, and almost beyond her, in the method in which these people, reducing themselves to an absolute monotony of costume and coloring, of language and demeanor, are yet vindicated in their separate individualities at last, and left as distinct as the world's dress and speech could have made them. Laban and Humphrey and Elihu, Diantha and Rebecca and Susan, stand before us as separate human beings still, like those sisterhoods of commonplace women whom Miss Austen delights to paint, and among whom no two are alike, after all; so that, when a remark is made, we do not need to be told whether Martha or Mary made it. And, supreme among this quaint and kindly company, stands out the sweet and simple image of Sister Frances, lavishing all her wealth of "soft, elastic tenderness" upon the suffering girl, and coming by degrees as near as a Shakeress can to the perilous verge of sin, in encouraging the "foolishness" of the two lovers, watching over their wooing up to the very verge of the betrothal kiss, and then flinging her apron over her head.

It remains to be seen whether this book will win for itself the wide popularity of "The Lady of the Aroostook." It may lose some of this fame by its very merits,—that is, by its profounder study of character; but, unless we greatly mistake, it will bear reading many times oftener, and be the guar-

tee to its author of more lasting fame. There were, moreover, in the previous novel, some faults of taste and management which are utterly wanting here. We have heard some youthful readers complain of it as dull, and there may be some scenes and passages which would have gained by greater condensation; but, in suggesting this, we are admitting all that can possibly be said by way of complaint, and even this may be admitting too much. In delicacy of handling, in fineness and firmness of touch, in that local coloring to which Mr. James is so provokingly indifferent, this book ranks with the best work of Mr. Howells; and in no previous novel has he so trusted himself to deal with the depths of human character. We close it with a faith, such as we have never before felt, in the steady maturing and promise of his rare powers.

Roe's "Success with Small Fruits."*

THE enjoyment with which Mr. Roe's profusely illustrated essays on the strawberry and other small fruits were welcomed, when they appeared by monthly installments in SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY, will be warmly revived, if not a little enhanced, by their judicious enlargement and reproduction in this superb volume. In addition to the discussion of some details which were not so appropriate for presentation in popular form, the author has given us here an entire chapter upon irrigation, which embodies both the novel and the useful side of it. The benefits of profuse watering, when it can be done with proper reference to the expense and income account, are unquestioned; and nowhere are they more appreciable and salutary than when wisely applied to the strawberry. This chapter, however, only professes to give the reader the "first principles" of the practice. As it should be, just enough is said to enable each one to think out and follow up for himself the complicated conditions which diversify the problem. The condensed statement of what irrigation has done in some localities in the British Islands, and in Germany, France and Spain, will, perhaps, strike the reader, who is not familiar with the high culture which sometimes prevails there, with a gentle fillip of surprise.

The author does the strawberry-lover a peculiar favor in the hint he gives, at the end of this chapter, of prolonging his pleasure the season through. He says:

"Where unfailing moisture can be maintained, and plants are not permitted to bear in June, nor to make runners, almost a full crop may be obtained in the autumn."

But, to be brief, it is not too much to say that no earnest grower of small fruits can afford to pass by the information contained in this book. It rightly puts the strawberry first, but it furnishes full and indispensable directions for raising all the edible and marketable berries, and indicates also the pitfalls and delusions into which the too enthusiastic amateur is likely to fall. Mr. Roe's book is never dull, and you see at once that he is experimentally familiar with every branch of his subject.

* Success with Small Fruits. By Edward P. Roe. With illustrations. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.

Lang's "Ballads in Blue China."*

THIS dainty and delicate little volume, with its title-page in azure, and its vellum-paper cover, is the prettiest product of the English press of late, and almost worthy to be placed beside the beautiful work of M. Jouaust and M. Lemerre. It is eight years since Mr. Lang put forth his first volume of poems, "Ballads and Lyrics of Old France," and in that time new fashions have arisen in the making of verse and in the making of books. For now a little while study has been given to the old French metrical forms; and attempts are even beginning to be made to imitate the style in which French publishers have sent forth the poems of the younger Parnassians. With the judgment of a poet of liberal culture, Mr. Lang has chosen that one of the old French forms which has the best hope of permanence in English verse. The *ballade*, far above *rondelet* or *rondeau* or *villanelle*, is flexible and flowing, lending itself readily to irony and scorn, satire, pathos, passion, playfulness or even pure fun. It has its place beside the sonnet, and second only to the sonnet. The "Ballade of Blue China," which gives a title to the collection, appeared in the pages of this magazine but a few months ago; in some measure, it is the best of all, and fully justifies the words of a neat *disain* which appears at the end of the series, and to which are appended the initials "A. D." (The book is dedicated to Mr. Austin Dobson.)

Mr. Lang is multifarious, and as we turn the pages we can see the crossing tracks of his diverging studies. He is a bibliomaniac, and we have the "Ballade of the Book Hunter," and also the "Ballade of True Wisdom"—from a text of Jules Janin's. He has made a prose translation of Theocritus, now just published in England, and so we have a *ballade* to him of Syracuse. He is a folk-loreist, and here is a lightsome double *ballade* of Primitive Man. He is a Scotchman, and we find two *ballades* in dialect. He is fond of old poets, and he gives us here *ballades* translated, one from Horace, another from La Fontaine, and two from Villon. He knows the modern French poets, and we have here two *ballades* after M. Théodore de Banville, who is the resuscitator of the form, and by whose "Trente-six *Ballades Joyeuses*" this collection was doubtless suggested; we miss, however, the fine rendering of the *ballade* from "Gringore," which we admired in Mr. Lang's "New Quarterly Magazine" essay on de Banville. Above all, Mr. Lang is a very clever man, a poet, with a neat humor, and a keen sense of the contrasts of life,—and so we read the *ballades* of "Cleopatra's Needle," and of "Autumn" and "Life." As characteristic as any is this:

"BALLADE OF ROULETTE."

"THIS life—one was thinking to-day
In the midst of a medley of fancies—
Is a game, and the board where we play,
Green earth with her poppies and pansies.
Let *mangus* be faded romances,
Be *faux* remorse and regret;
Hearts dance with the wheel as it dances—
The wheel of Dame Fortune's roulette."

* XXII. Ballads in Blue China. By A. Lang. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co.

"The lover will stake as he may
His heart on his Peggies and Nancies;
The girl has her beauty to lay;
The saint has his prayers and his trances;
The poet bets endless expanses
In dreamland; the scamp has his debt:
How they gaze at the wheel as it glances—
The wheel of Dame Fortune's *roulette*!

"The kaiser will stake his array
Of sabers, of Krupps and of lances;
An Englishman punts with his pay,
And glory the *jeton* of France is;
Your artists, or Whistlers or Vances,
Have voices or colors to bet;
Will you moan that its motion askance is—
The wheel of Dame Fortune's *roulette*!

"ENVOY.

"The prize that the pleasure enhances?
The prize is—at last to forget
The changes, the chops and the chances—
The wheel of Dame Fortune's *roulette*."

Gail Hamilton's "Common-School System."*

THERE are essays well enough in the columns of a daily newspaper, or of a magazine, and there are others which will bear being put into book form. Those which compose this volume fall only under the former class. It may be safe for a clergyman to preach on faith one Sunday and on works the next, because seven days intervene between the two sermons; but when he prints them side by side in a volume, his readers may demand a third statement, which shall be broad enough to include the contradiction of the other two. The contradictions of this book are too numerous to be mentioned. The doctrine preached in the first chapter, that the more capable workman should have the higher salary, though he do less actual work, is implicitly attacked and held up to ridicule; toward the close of the second, on page 31, we are told that "the high school does not bestow anything to be compared to the private academies and colleges." Page 67 says: "The high schools do give pupils, so far as they go, a good classical education." But it is useless to attempt to name the numberless contradictions—the last and crowning one of which is, after attacking all the ideas of the president of Harvard University, to preach and enforce his own doctrine of common-school education only eleven pages after. There are two sides to every question, but the man who sees the two sides as separate and contradictory is not much nearer the truth than he who sees only one.

The book in question, by its comprehensive title, claims to speak for the whole country, but most of its chapters are aimed at the schools of a very small section, and are strongly provincial. Of its sixteen chapters, seven are devoted to a violent attack on the school supervision; the rest attack, one by one, high schools, industrial schools, normal schools, teachers and school boards. After reading them through, one feels as if escaped from an unreasoning cyclone, which has left nothing but ruins behind it—unless, indeed, he should quote: "Here," said Mr. Caudle, "I fell asleep."

But the work of wholesale destruction is not a great one. Fault may be found by any one with anything. It seems a pity that Gail Hamilton should not apply her vigor otherwise than to such wholesale and intemperate denunciations of the schools of a whole country—denunciations supported by long, detailed accounts of individual cases. There are, doubtless, poor school superintendents, and the percentage of poor teachers in the immense total is, perhaps, fully equal to the percentage of poor lawyers, physicians, clergymen or essay writers. But to generalize in the way used in these chapters is unreasonable. To assume that private schools, as such, are superior to public schools, as such, and to give the impression that almost all women teachers are good and hard-working, and almost all men teachers poor, lazy and ill-bred, is foolishness. Logically, to follow the advice of this author, we should at once abolish all school boards, superintendents, normal schools, high schools, principals, and, in fact, all teachers. The remainder would be only school-houses and children. It is easy to criticise and ridicule, in language borrowed from "Pinafore," the common schools of the United States. It is easy for a New Englander to take it for granted that the disagreements of the late superintendent of the Boston schools with the supervisors possess a national interest, and that the schools all over the country "take their pitch" from Boston. But such is no longer the case. The schools of the great western cities do not concern themselves with what Boston does, or does not do, and she who attempts to generalize from that city, while heaping scorn and ridicule upon it, displays only her own ignorance of anything that can be called "Our Common-School System."

The right or the duty of the State to establish, by taxation, schools for the education of all its children, is a question not to be flippantly decided by an assertion, and just where that duty, if conceded, ceases, is another which demands grave consideration and cool discussion. It were well, however, to remember the answer of Matthew Arnold, who, after officially making an exhaustive study of the secondary schools of Europe, replied to one asking: "How shall we improve our primary schools?" "Reform your secondary schools," and to the question: "How shall we reform our secondary schools?" "Reform your colleges and universities." The key of the educational position is in the upper rooms, not in the lower.

It were also well for an author to learn something more about a teacher than she does, when she asserts that "even a veteran teacher cannot do her work well when watched." She might as well say that the Speaker of the House of Representatives could not preside well if there were spectators in the gallery, or that Charlotte Cushman could not have done herself or her part justice if there had been ushers in the aisles of the theater. It were also well for her to know somewhat of some real normal schools, and their results, before she attempts to tell what they are, or are not. Sarcasm is easy, but sarcasm often aims more at self-glorification than at the accomplishment of wise and desirable ends.

* Our Common-School System. By Gail Hamilton. Boston: Estes & Laureat.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

New Hot-Air Pumping Engine.



HOT-AIR or caloric motors of low power are in general use, and fill an important duty in furnishing power for turning light machinery and in pumping water. Some of the best of these have been already described in this department. A new motor designed for pumping water, though the subject of many years of experimenting on the part of the inventor, has recently been built upon a commercial scale, and seems likely to fill a want wherever moderate quantities of water are to be lifted a short distance cheaply. The engine consists of an upright cylinder, cast in one piece, the lower portion being suspended in the fire-box or furnace, while the upper portion is surrounded by a water-jacket. This cylinder is supported in the center by a simple iron table having four legs, and raised high enough to admit the furnace under the table. The furnace under the cylinder may be a small, cylindrical wood or coal stove, with a suitable chimney, or three gas-jets inclosed by a sheet-iron box, having an opening at the top for the escape of the products of combustion. The use of gas is to be preferred to coal or wood wherever it can be obtained, as it is cleaner, cheaper, and much less liable to injure the machine by overheating. The moving parts consist of two pistons, placed one over the other in the cylinder, and their proper connections by means of a walking-beam and bell-crank. The theory of the engine is this: the lower piston, or plunger, is quite long, filling about one-third of the cylinder, and not quite touching the sides and bottom. Studs on the sides of the plunger serve to guide it in the cylinder. The upper piston fits the cylinder air-tight, or very nearly so, and moves up and down in the cylinder

over a portion of the part that is water-jacketed, the upper side of the piston being exposed to the air. The rod for the plunger passes through the center of the piston rod, and both plunger and piston move independently of each other. On starting the fire under the cylinder the air inside becomes heated, and by giving the fly-wheel a slight push the motor starts into operation in this manner: the plunger descends quickly, driving the heated air at the lower end of the cylinder past the sides of the plunger to the upper part of the cylinder, where it meets the piston and forces it upward, and giving the first stroke to the engine. At the same time, the hot air meets the cold sides of the jacketed portion of the cylinder and contracts, makes a partial vacuum under the piston and escapes back to the lower portion of the cylinder, where it is again heated. The fly-wheel carries the plunger down again with a quick stroke that compresses the heated air, and it again expands suddenly and reacts upon the piston above, when the action is repeated. It will be observed that the same air is used continuously, being alternately heated and cooled, expanded and contracted; the conversion from one condition to the other developing the power required to keep the machine in motion and enable it to do useful work. The system of cranks for controlling the movements of plunger and piston is exceedingly simple and ingenious, and in operation the motor works in silence. The pump is placed at the side of the cylinder, and is connected directly with the walking-beam moved by the piston. It takes the water through a suction-pipe and passes it through the water-jacket and thence on to the discharge, the slight absorption of heat in passing through the jacket being of no particular consequence, while the fact that none of the water passes the jacket twice insures a constant supply of cold water in cooling the cylinder. The motor is made in two sizes, the larger size with a cylinder 20 m. (8 in.) in diameter and consuming 420 cubic decim. (15 ft.) of gas per hour, having a duty of 1,400 liters (350 gals.), raised 15.07 m. (50 ft.) an hour. It cannot explode, nor is there danger of fire, and any intelligent person may learn to use it with safety in half an hour.

The Topophone.

THIS novel and interesting instrument is, as its name indicates, an apparatus for discovering the place or position of a sound. Its practical use is to discover the position of a source of sound. Its commercial value will be seen when it is observed that it stands to the navigator in the same relation as the compass and sextant. While the compass points out to the sailing-master at sea the position of a known point on the earth, and the sextant points out his position on the earth's surface, the topophone will prove of equal value in determining the position, and the distance from, of an invisible source of sound, either on land or on another vessel. On approaching a coast in the night and observing a light, the compass indicates, by the aid of the chart and sail-

ing directions, the course to be pursued in entering the port. In like manner, when, in a fog, the sound of a fog-horn is heard, either on the land or afloat, the topophone indicates to the navigator the precise direction from which the sound proceeds, and by simple experiment will give its exact distance. Thus, by the use of the topophone, it would be possible to enter and pass up the Delaware bay and river in a thick fog, and to navigate the difficult and intricate channel as readily as may now be done on a clear night by aid of the lights and a compass. In a fog it is not possible for the ear to decide with unailing precision the direction in which a sound is heard. It can be done approximately by trained pilots, but all persons are liable to be deceived in listening to the sound of a fog-horn, and may be unable to decide within several degrees the direction of the source of sound. No one can by ear decide the distance of the horn, and it is from this aural defect that a great number of collisions at sea and wrecks upon the coast may be directly traced. The topophone points out in a few seconds the exact position of the horn, and in a few minutes will give its distance within a few meters.

The conception of this instrument was based on a correct apprehension of a sound-wave as it exists invisible in the air, its invention was a direct proof of the supposed form of a sound-wave, and it gives the first demonstration of some of the most interesting laws in the physics of sound. A sound, whatever its character, pitch, loudness or source, has been conceived as a globe continually expanding in the air, and composed of a wave formed by a compression, followed by a rarefaction of the air. A continuous sound would be a series of these globes, one within the other, the smallest at the center or source of sound, the largest on the outside, and all continually expanding and spreading outward. It is now easy to understand that, if the hands were sensitive to the sound, we might stretch the arms at full length at right angles with the body and level with the head, and face the sound, when each hand would touch the edge of one of these spherical sound-waves at the same time. In this case, the observer would face the source of sound and look in a direction which would be a radius of the circle formed by the sound-wave. If he now turned away from the source of sound, one hand only would touch the wave of sound. If the hands were sensitive to the touch of the wave, it is easy to see that the observer might turn about till he felt that both hands touched the same wave. When they did, he must of necessity face the source of sound, whether he was able to see it or not. Any position in which the hands did not touch the wave at the same instant would be wrong, and thus, by simply turning about, the observer could discover the direction from which the sound came. This is the theory of the topophone. Its practical application is secured by the use of two metallic resonators, turned in unison with the source of sound. These resonators are placed on a wooden yoke, designed to be worn upon the shoulders, or to be placed upon an upright standard on the ship's deck. From each of these resonators is taken an ear tube (of rubber or metal) that leads to the cabin below, or toward the

observer's head, in case the apparatus is worn on the shoulders in the open air. These tubes unite behind the apparatus and then bifurcate again, and end in ear-pieces designed to fit the observer's ears. In the case of the apparatus placed on the ship's deck, the standard supporting the yoke passes through the deck to a table in the cabin, where it is supported on a pivot so that it may be freely turned about, and cause the yoke to move in a horizontal plane. The table is marked with the points of the compass, and a pointer on the standard serves to show on the table the direction in which the resonators are facing. When the apparatus is worn by the observer, he does not need the compass nor pointer. When, in a fog, the navigator hears a fog-horn and wishes to know its exact direction, he goes to the cabin, places the ear-pieces in his ears and listens to the sound, while slowly turning the apparatus around. Until the two resonators face the source of sound, and each touches the edge of the same sound-wave at the same instant, he hears the horn without change, except that it is somewhat louder. The instant the two resonators receive the wave at the same time, there is a change in the loudness of the sound. It drops to a low murmur, or is altogether extinguished, and he hears nothing. Looking on the table, the pointer indicates the direction of the sound, or, in other words, the position of the fog-horn. In using the instrument on deck, he finds he is facing the horn when the sound is extinguished in the apparatus. In either case he has the desired information, and from his chart knows his position in relation to the horn, though it is shrouded in mist. To ascertain his distance from the horn, he sails a known distance and repeats the experiment. This gives him a base line and two directions from the horn, the three forming a triangle, from which he may easily compute the distance of the unseen horn.

A continuous sound, like that of a fog-horn of a known pitch, gives a series of sound-waves of a known length. Each is composed of a compression and rarefaction separated by a known distance, this distance making a wave length. The topophone is based on this fact: it can be imagined that, if one resonator were advanced in front of the other one-half a wave length, that one would receive the compressed part or crest of the wave while the other was receiving the rarefied part, or the hollow of the wave, and if these met in the ear through the tubes the hearer would receive two sensations—a compression and rarefaction at the same time. The result would be either a confusion of sensation or a neutralization of the crest and hollow of the wave; in other words, nothing—or silence. The most striking feature of the topophone is in the arrangement of the tubes that lead the sound from the two resonators to the ear. One tube is half a wave length longer than the other, and thus, while the resonators are in a line and receive the wave at the same time, one ear hears the crest while the other hears the hollow, because the one or the other has taken longer time to travel through the longer tube. The tube being a half wave length longer, crest and hollow reach the ear at the same time, neutralizing each other and producing

silence. The topophone has been fully tested upon the coast. The one objection that has been raised to the instrument is, that fog-horns are of various pitches, while the topophone is of no use except when nearly in tune with the note of the horn. On the other hand, it may be observed that the United States fog-horns used on our sea and lake coasts are sirens, and capable of any pitch. In point of fact, they are all used upon very nearly the same pitch, it having been

found that treble C, of about 260 vibrations per second, is the best note for such an alarm. Steamer whistles are, it is true, of various pitches, but it is certainly no more difficult to compel vessels to use whistles and horns of a uniform pitch than it is to compel them, as now, to use lights of a uniform color.

The topophone is the invention of Professor Alfred M. Mayer, and reflects great credit upon the inventor and upon American science.

BRIC-À-BRAC.

I Promessi Sposi.

A SONNET IN DIALOGUE.

With full indications of all the stage business, entrances, exits, etc., etc.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

SHE, a young lady, betrothed to him in his cradle, but has not seen him since.

HE, a young gentleman, betrothed to her in her cradle, but has not seen her since.

Time: the early summer of 1880.

SCENE. A summer-hotel piazza. Door C., leading to hotel parlor. Steps R., rising from hotel garden. Rustic-rocking chair, L. C. Sunset effect toward end of scene.

SHE (entering door C. from parlor). Is this not Edwin? Or do I mistake?

HE (entering up steps R.). 'Tis Angelina! (crosses C. and shakes hands) whose life with mine shall blend—

SHE (interrupting impatiently). So said our parents! but the fates forefend!

HE (aside, joyfully). She loves me not! (aloud, with affected grief) Do you our troth forsake?

SHE (energetically). Better a promise than a heart to break?

HE (with false pathos). And is our long engagement now to end?

SHE (with feminine candor). I always shall regard you as a friend.

HE (hypocritically laying his hand on his heart). But how shall that be balm unto this ache?

SHE (with consoling wisdom). Wedlock, alas, is oft a state of strife!

HE (changing tone). To marry us was but our parents' plan.

SHE (with returning coquetry). You'll never be my husband, sir, I fear (sits in rocking chair, L. C.).

HE (anxiously). Pray tell me why you cannot be my wife?

SHE (with hesitating frankness). Well—I'm engaged—to—to another man!

HE (greatly relieved and highly exultant). And I've been married now for nigh a year! She starts up with ill-repressed and feminine dissatisfaction. He lights the masculine cigar of independence.

TABLEAU.

[CURTAIN.]

J. B. M.

The Archery Meeting.

A LAWN of velvet; reared at either side
A flaring target like a viking's shield;
A brave old mansion; here and there descried
Fair groups in courtly attitudes afield,
Such as quaint Watteau painted;
With bows of lancewood, tufted shafts ablaze
From gaudy quivers, and costumes to match
July suggestions—limpid greens and grays,
Light-blues and lilacs, such as lift the latch
To make extremes acquainted;
And sweet, low laughs, like voiced smiles, that blend
With drip of bird-trills from lawn's end to end.

Then one by one, in soft or manly pose,
The archers alternating, man and maid;
Shafts notched at string, adjustment of slim bows,
The sweep from arm's-length unto shoulder-blade,
The arrows sharply whistling.
Nine for the bull's-eye, seven for the red,
The drab five counting, and the black but three,
While, circling round the outer white, are spread
The errant units, till the targe we see
Like a thronged marsh-pool bristling.
Then tallies marked, the shafts regained, and then
The sward walked over, to begin again.

No dream, I trow, of greenwood sports of old,
Such as Maid Marian's, with her outlawed frères,
Attends this latest freak of fashion's mold—
No quivered bravery of red compeers
Its modish current jeopards;
But all is gentle, suave—a goodly share
Of parlor graces with free movement blent;
Formal, polite, high-bred and debonnaire,
It still repeats the nice impression lent
By Watteau and his shepherds,
Where picturesque and etiquette impart
Their odd companionship to mannered art.

A snowy cloth; a luncheon rarely heaped;
The laughter jocund now that lately purred;
The meeds apportioned and the honors reaped;
With bow-and-arrow wit that takes the word
From smiles and looks of greeting.
And over all a spirit and a charm
Of ease conventional—of pastime held
In leash from gush, with naught to give alarm
To that reposeful stateliness compelled
By grace with skill competing.
No harm done, and the end in view attained—
The blind god through fresh paces led and trained.
NATHAN D. URNER.

The Ballade of the Candidate.

Who is it stands, without retreating,
In thirsty morn and twilight late,
With warmth unwonted all men greeting,
Who is it stands by the outer gate?
It is—it is the candidate
Whose backbone is thus oft deflected;
His name is on the Boss's slate;
He begs that he may be elected.

By day he does his duty, treating
To meat and drink both small and great;
He feels his pocket fast depleting;
He cannot bear to contemplate
The doubt he cannot but create,—
The thought that he may be rejected,—
The dread that makes him desperate.
He begs that he may be elected.

At night his dreams are few and fleeting,
He faintly sees his future fate;
He fears the foe may try "repeating,"
Or fraudulently perpetrate
Some vile attempt to captivate
Such voters as are disaffected.
In fright he wakes unfortunate:
He begs that he may be elected.

ENVOY.

Voters! whose voices guide the state,
Now shall ye find, were he dissected,
No principles within his pate;
He begs—that he may be elected.

ARTHUR PENN.

Indecision.

I LOVE her! Words cannot express
The joy with which her presence fills me.
The soft touch of her hand, her dress
Against my arm with rapture thrills me.
I yearn to call her mine, but still
(Excuse me if my sorrows trouble you)
She says I am her dearest Will,
And writes it with a lower-case w.

Fresh as a rosebud newly born
With morning's dew-drop still upon it;
Graces that ne'er did queen adorn,
Worthy of poet's noblest sonnet;
A heart as sunny as a bird's,
Ah, were I free my life to pledge her!
Were I but sure she'd find my words
Sweet as her heroes' of the "Ledger"!

I sang to her an old, old song,
(An excellent hint from Coleridge taking)—
The tale of one whose heart had long
With untold love been slowly breaking.
I ceased; but though upon her face
Love, pity, maiden shame were blended,
Instead of Genevieve's embrace
She only murmured, "That is splendid!"

Queen of home arts, she seems to cast
Sunshine and song 'round all who meet her.
No rare Madonna of the past
Was ever purer, gentler, sweeter.
A home with her—but no, I fear
It cannot be. How *could* I bear
To hear her play, year after year,
Her single piece—the "Maiden's Prayer"?
JACOB F. HENRICI.

Uncle Esek's Wisdom.

THOSE men whose brains are few but active, are the most successful in business.

Monuments do not prove very much after all; some of the wisest and best men who have ever lived are buried, no one knows where.

True merit is always a little suspicious of praise.

There is no suffering equal to fear, for it has no limit.

It is generally safe to converse freely with an unreserved talker, but when a man lets you carry on all the conversation it is well to be on your guard, for the probability is, he is taking your measure.

There is no strength in exaggeration; even the truth is weakened by being expressed too strongly.

One reason why we all grow wise so slowly, is because we nurse our mistakes too fondly.

Men owe their resolution, and most of their success, to the opposition they meet with.

Building air-castles is a harmless business as long as you don't attempt to live in them.

Unfortunately, the only pedigree worth having is one that can neither be transmitted nor inherited.

The more virtuous a man is the more virtue does he see in others.

A strong man is one whose passions stimulate his reason and whose reason controls his passions.

The divinity of charity consists in relieving a man's needs before they are forced upon us.

A man is great, just in proportion to his superiority to the condition of life in which he is placed.

A weak man is worse than an insane one, for the latter may be cured or kept harmless.

Charity is a first mortgage on every human being's possessions.

A man cannot do good nor evil to others without doing good or evil to himself.

That man whom you can treat with unreserved familiarity, at the same time preserving your dignity and his respect, is a rare companion, and his acquaintance should be cultivated.

He who loves to read, and knows how to reflect, has laid by a perpetual feast for his old age.

Opportunities are very sensitive things; if you slight them on their first visit, you seldom see them again.

One of the kindest things heaven has done for man is denying him the power of looking into the future.

Mankind all suffer alike, but some know how to conceal their troubles better than others.